

NOTES

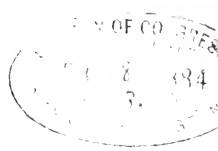
- TAKEN IN -

SIXTY YEARS.

"Let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."—Paul to Corinthians, v. 9.

BY RICHARD SMITH ELLIOTT,

Of St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.



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EXTRACT

FROM JOHN BUNYAN'S Apology for his BOOK, taken from an edition of PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, printed in 1715. As John died in 1688, these lines are probably 200 years old, and we must give them a chance to survive till A. D. 2084.

“ More than twenty things, which I set down;
This done, I twenty more had in my Crown;
And they again began to multiply
Like Sparks that from the Coals of Fire do fly.
Nay, then, thought I, if that you breed so fast,
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
Should prove *ad infinitum*. * * * * *
* * * * * Yet I did not think
To show to all the World my Pen and Ink
In such a Mode; I only thought to make
I knew not what: Nor did I undertake
To please my neighbour; no, not I;
I did it my own self to gratify.
* * * * *

“ Thus I set Pen to Paper with Delight,
And quickly had my Thoughts in Black and White.
For having now my Method by the End,
Still as I pull'd, it came; and so I penn'd
It down; until it came at last to be
For Length and Breadth the Bigness which you see.

—Well, when I had thus put my Ends together
I showed them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify:
And some said, let them live; some, let them die;
Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so;
Some said it might do Good; others said No.
Now I was in a Streight, and did not see
Which was the best Thing to be done by me:
At last I thought, since ye are thus divided,
I print it will, and so the Case decided.

“ For, thought I, some I see would have it done,
Though others in that Channel do not run:
To prove, then, who advised for the best,
Thus I thought fit to put it to the Test.”

NOTES TAKEN IN SIXTY YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY BUT NOT APOLOGETIC — FOREFATHERS — DATE OF AN IMPORTANT EVENT — PARALLEL BETWEEN N. BONAPARTE AND THE WRITER — EXILE — EARLY RECOLLECTIONS — OLD-SCHOOL PEOPLE AND TIMES — THE LADY TEACHER'S CONUNDRUM — LINES ON A TRUE-HEARTED MAN — SELF-PROPELLING NORMAL SCHOOL — HINT AT DESTINY.

Ben. Franklin, Sol. Smith and Horace Greeley have written of themselves and their times. So have Arago, Lamartine, and many others. Abler men than I, no doubt; but, because Jupiter is a great planet, do we say the little star shall not twinkle? And why, then, may not I, too, write modestly of myself and my times?

As it would make the book too big for any writer to tell *all* the truth about himself, I need not tell distasteful things. It is therefore a safe business to write a Memoir, as anything one would rather not tell can be left out; and if I think of any dubious things in my own life, I can pass them over. Great slices of the actual life of any man must be thrown aside, whether he or another tells the tale; but if the reader hankers after the untold, thinking it might be savory with peccadillos or the like, let him imagine the void filled with his own shortcomings, and he need not care to feast on those of men no better than himself.

Noah Webster (whose blue-backed spelling-book is remembered with lingering affection from childhood) defines a Memoir to be "a history composed from personal experience and memory; a history lacking method and completeness." This definition was made for me, as what I aim to write, while autobiographical to some extent, and reminiscent, will be apt to lack method and completeness. Still, though my little dish may not be very nutritive or high-flavored, it may yet have the spice of variety, and, like the famous ragout of Theron Barnum's old City Hotel, may turn out to be the best dish of the kind to be found anywhere.

As I am of sad and melancholy temperament, it may happen that a streak of something like humor may now and then get into my work, as the naughty gray gets into Madame's hair, but I shall keep all such out as well as I can.

I trust not to be too egotistical; but egotism in print is not always offensive. On the contrary, it is sometimes very pleasant, and we give our hearts to the writer, even while he gossips only of himself. He may, indeed, be only doing what we would like to do for ourselves, if we could do it as well. It is egotism in talk that wearies and offends. We cannot put the talker on a shelf when tired of his chatter.

Necessarily I must write of myself, but will treat of so many other persons and so many things, that my personality will be only a string to hang pearls on, as I shall write mainly of what I have seen, read, or heard, rather than of my own sayings and doings. There may not always be pearls on the string, and the men and things may at times be more like the dried apples hung up of old by the chimney, or the red peppers festooning the adobe houses in New Mexico; but the apples and peppers are good enough when properly served up.

I am not prompted to write by vanity or inordinate self-appreciation. Unfortunately, I have always been lacking in vanity and self-esteem, which are qualities essential to the best use of the faculties. Conceit and confidence in one's self are convertible terms, and self-reliance is the parent of achievement.

Washington Irving, in his fiction of Diedrich Knickerbocker—so like truth that he doubtless believed the story while telling it—begins at the creation of the world, but I shall not go back so far, as it may be granted that this was a very passable world even before I came into it, but has grown amazingly since. Nor shall I weary the reader with tedious ancestral details. Let it suffice that my forefathers were among the first families of Pennsylvania, in old Cumberland county, having found it convenient to leave the British Isles after the rebellion of 1745. Good people in their way, those forefathers, but on the losing side in politics, and hence had to come over the salt sea. They were rebels again in 1776, but were transmuted into patriots by winning the fight. But behold how one's fate may be influenced by circumstances entirely beyond his control! If the Stuart heir had won his crown, those forefathers of mine might never have come over the sea, and I might never have been born at all, or born a foreigner.

As events turned out, I was born in Pennsylvania, on the tenth day of July, Anno Domini 1817.

Tradition holds that I was a remarkable child. Everybody within hearing remarked on my infant utterance, crude as it was. I could out-scream any child in the State. "The crossest baby in the Commonwealth," they said of me, and likened me to Napoleon Bonaparte, who from all accounts was one of the most petulant and disagreeable children that ever lived. His parents, however, loved and admired him, and mine loved and admired

me. But here the parallel between N. B. and myself seems to end. There has been little other parity in our careers. He grew up in a time of turmoil, and had a chance to fight his way to the Consulate and Empire. I grew up in a quiet time, when there was no chance to pick up a crown at the point of one's sword.

N. Bonaparte is, I think, the most illustrious character in profane history; and in some respects the most detestable. He did wonders, but with all his genius he lacked good sense, or he would never have marched to Moscow. That Russian campaign began his ruin. But in common life men are constantly marching to Moscow—prosperous for a time, and then periling all on some big enterprise, that fails at last and ruins them. Commerce, manufactures, mines, and even politics, are full of these Napoleons, who bravely march on, and perish. The world often gains by their ventures, but they must abdicate and go into exile all the same. On his lone isle in the South Sea Napoleon dictated a skeleton Memoir. I write a truthful one from unmerited exile in the sad solitude of crowds.

My first recollection is of a wrong suffered. My loving mother spanked me for throwing into the fire one of my socks, and as I was really not guilty, this unjust punishment filled my little heart with agony.

My next recollection is of a horrible dream, when, in the silence of the night, the room was filled with the "bears" which I had been assured would "eat" me if I was not "good," just as those bears in the Bible ate the little bad boys who mocked Elisha. Each foot seemed to be as big as my body; I could not move or cry out, and expected every moment to be devoured.

My next recollection is of an effort in science. I asked my father how fire was made, and he replied "by flint and steel." There the investigation ended. I knew fire was made by flint and steel, but what these were I did not find out till some time afterwards.

Thus my three earliest recollections are of a wrong suffered, a dream of horror, and a fruitless pursuit of knowledge. False testimony brought the injustice. The dream was the action of imagination, excited by the sad fate of the naughty boys who perished for saying "go up, thou baldhead." I had almost wept for those little boys. My failure in science was my father's fault; he ought to have replied more fully to my question, as with due encouragement I might have become a philosopher. Children wish to learn, and their education goes on to advantage long before they go to school.

I cannot recollect much of my first school. There was a shallow pond near it, and one winter day the boys were sliding across it on ice so thin that it bent under us. At length it broke, and I went down to my armpits. I was nearly frozen when I got home, where I was "warmed up" as they called it, with a whipping. This I thought unfair. I felt the honest resentment of an injured boy, and determined to go on the ice again, thick or thin, the very first opportunity.

All I remember clearly of this school is that we had for reading books the "Introduction to the English Reader," the "English Reader," and the "Sequel to the English Reader"—all containing pieces suited to the different classes. One of my favorite pieces was that beginning—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door:"

and I always had before me in imagination the figure of that old man. How deeply I felt his woes! He was a real old man to me, and I longed to actually see him in his rags and tatters, and give him something. The sympathy for the needy excited so long ago is hardly worn out even now, yet the old man of the poem was possibly not real, but only a fancy man all the time.

A poem rehearsing the dispute of three travelers about the color of the chameleon interested us so much, that we hunted along the fences, hoping to find chameleons, and ascertain their color for ourselves. The "Three Warnings" (by Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend and patron) was also a favorite. It is a pretty little poem, with a moral:

"On neighbor Dodson's wedding day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room
And looking grave, 'You must,' said he,
Quit your sweet bride and come with me.'"

But Mr. Dodson, just married as he was, did not like to go, and begged off—finally getting a promise from Death that he would give him three warnings before calling again. Years passed, and Dodson was happy. At length Death called, when the old man, surprised by the visit, told him he had not had the promised warnings. Death inquired the state of Mr. D.'s health, when it appeared that he had an ailment in his legs, his hearing was defective, and his eyes were failing; whereupon Death says to him:

"If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnin'
So come along, no more we'll part,
He said, and touched him with his dart."

I do not know what kind of poetry or verses they read in schools now-a-days, but I doubt if they have anything better liked by the pupils, or indeed of more intrinsic value, than the pieces in the old books which we had and enjoyed before the advent of the book agent.

My next school was in a log cabin, with a door on one side and a window on the other. The window was made by cutting out a log, fixing a frame in the opening, and pasting greased paper over it as a substitute for glass; and along the window, inside, a smooth board was the writing desk. We made our "pot-hooks and hangers" on the old-fashioned fools-cap paper, with untrimmed edges and unruled surfaces, that we ruled ourselves, using *lead pencils* made by pounding bullets into the required shape. Our pens

were genuine goose quills, and it was a matter of no little pride with the "master" that he could make and mend a pen skillfully. I do not remember the name of that master, but he may have been of kin to the one who taught in the "Deserted Village," as told by Dr. Goldsmith, for in the families where he boarded round, as well as among his pupils,

"The wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Our studies at those primitive schools were reading, writing and arithmetic. To read aloud well, to write a fair round hand, and to "cypher through the book," were accomplishments. I could read passing well, but fell behind in writing and cyphering. My gift of reading aloud so well may have been hereditary, as my good father, even before I was born, and while he was yet quite a young man, had great local repute for his excellent reading of the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July.

A later school was taught by a lady, but all I recollect of it is, that coming in late one afternoon, I found the pupils all posed by the question: "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" None could tell, and when the question was put to me I gained much credit by the hap-hazard reply, that I supposed it was Mr. Zebedee himself. But I have never had any adequate means of verifying the correctness of this answer.

There were no common schools in Pennsylvania then. Tuition had to be paid for by the "quarter," and in some rural districts the teachers "boarded round," a week or two at a time in the homes of the pupils, as part of their compensation. My dear old friend and neighbor, Professor J. L. Tracy, who in his youthful days taught school in that state, has often told me of his varied and piquant experiences when he boarded round among his patrons. The good professor (who in his time did so much to advance education in Missouri) was in later years ever busy giving pleasure and instruction with his pen; but the grass now grows over his resting place. Only a year before he was taken from us, a distant correspondent having inquired what manner of man he was, whose writings were so pleasant and profitable, the reply was given by me in verse, not unpleasing to my valued friend:

THE PROFESSOR.

My friend, the Professor, a worthy good fellow,
Like an over-ripe apple, is somewhat too mellow;
Yet still he gets round rather lively 'mongst men,
For one counting up nearly three-score and ten.

Only give him a pencil, and spread a blank page,
You'll get vigor of youth with the wisdom of age;
And Addison, Goldsmith, or Irving, I think,
Never let better English flow out with their ink.

This genial old stager, with heart undefiled—
 No statesman e'er wiser, and simpler no child—
 Looks over all nature, all science, all art,
 And tastefully culls for our use the best part.

Though ever deserving of Fortune's good will,
 He's left in old age with a pocket to fill;
 And his days that ought rightly to pass without toil,
 Are given to labor "to make the pot boil."

Still, onward he plods, bearing gaily his load,
 That does not get lighter, though down hill the road;
 And as friend or as neighbor for all has a smile—
 The true-hearted man in a world full of guile.

From about eleven to thirteen years of age I attended the town academy, "footing it" three miles from the farm. The academy, with its belfry covered with bright tin, was regarded as the shining light of the region, and pupils came even from adjoining counties. The principal and his wife were the faculty, and the advanced scholars acted as monitors; so it was a kind of self-propelling normal school, as the State did not tax the people to educate any one for a profession, whether fitted for it by nature or not.

Like hundreds of others, I look back and see that I must have been an idle student, and wasted my time. I could learn rapidly enough, but could as readily forget; and though the higher branches were taught in the academy, even Latin, Greek and mathematics, yet I never got beyond geography and grammar. I was pretty well acquainted with Lindley Murray, and got some idea of natural philosophy by hearing the class recite, but the recitations in history were a bore. As to spelling, I was usually at the head of the class, seeming to have a natural gift for spelling, which, like my gift for reading aloud, may have been hereditary, as my father was in his younger days a printer.

It is the happy belief of the present day that the means of education are beyond all precedent; but as far back as I can remember there were abundant means for all who had the gift and determination to learn; and I might have been an accomplished scholar if I had been blessed with talents, industry and perseverance to improve my opportunities. I think, too, they must have had good schools where Goldsmith, Addison, Pope, *et al.*, were taught. My parents wished me to continue at school, but I chose rather to quit at the age of thirteen, and work on the farm. But, though schooling had stopped, my education still went on, and after the age of fifty-three years the learning of the farm came into practical and beneficial use, in such manner as to justify the supposition that a special providence may have led me to quit the academy. A very useful episode of an unpretentious career, affecting large interests, could not have occurred if I had kept on at school, instead of working on the farm. I will tell of this in due time, and show how it was that events of much importance might have never taken place, if I had staid at school as my parents wished. "Kismet" says the Musselman, meaning DESTINY.

CHAPTER II.

AN OLD TOWN—THE OLD JUNIATA TRAIL—THE NEW TURNPIKE—BELL TEAMS AND INTER-STATE COMMERCE—GREATEST MEN OF EARTH—AN OLD TAVERN AND COOKERY—COUNT RUMFORD—SCIENCE IN STOVE OVENS—LEARNED DISQUISITION ON GROG—PANTALETTS ON PIANO LEGS—A PLAIN ST. LOUIS MECHANIC.

My native place, Lewistown, having over 4,000 people now, is in the charming valley of the Juniata, in the centre of the great State of Pennsylvania. Although not a "City," but an old-fashioned "Borough," with its "Burgesses," and without any City Counselor or Marshal, or a big tax fund, it is yet more than a Centenarian, however deficient in the modern improvements of municipal management. The first house was built in 1755; the county organization dates from 1789. It is a brisk town for honest business, but so slow in some respects that they have never had any defaulting treasurers, and I think the county has not had a trial for murder in sixty years, nor any robbery worth naming in all that time.

Penn's purchase notwithstanding, they used to have Indian troubles in that region, and thrilling narratives of the perils and sufferings met and endured by the pioneers might have been written, if pen and paper had not been rather scarce. Tales of brave adventure and of savage deeds were told round firesides three score years ago, by the ancient people to whom the arrow, tomahawk and scalping knife had been realities.

From a very remote day a trail for pack-horses from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, along the Juniata and over the Alleghenies, had been used in carrying supplies to the people west of the mountains; and many a bar of iron, bent to rest on the pack-saddle, was taken over to the waters of the Ohio, and perhaps even reached St. Louis, then an innocent village, with unlocked doors, and fiddles played without notes. Early in the century the trail was changed to a wagon road.

When I was old enough to run with a little kite, my bare feet were hurt on the sharp stones of the new "turnpike" through the town. On this road teams of six horses, often with bells on their hames, drew large covered wagons, laden with merchandise for the "backwoods," which meant western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and parts beyond;—a rather indefinite term for a region then more distant, in the time required to reach it, than Old

Mexico is now. The wagons had but little return freight, but what they had, if the drivers replied truly to inquiring boys, was mostly "ginseng and feathers." Ginseng, a plant with a small taper root, and a taste resembling that of liquorice, was gathered in western Pennsylvania, and I believe exported to China. My friend Mr. Murtfeldt tells me that the dry ginseng root is worth its weight in gold; but this must be the price in China, or it would have been dug up for currency in the flush times when gold was 180 above paper par. Fisk would have sold "short," and settled with ginseng, making a fair profit on the tinware traded for it. The drivers were probably quizzing the boys, and must have had furs and peltries in their wagons, to make even a moderate load for teams of Conestoga horses, then common in Pennsylvania, and in build, weight and power fully equal to the Norman stock imported of late years. Our old inter-state commerce needed no regulation by any Mr. Reagan in Congress, or by any state board of commissioners, but was very much facilitated by our new turnpike road, notable as the first highway of the kind in that part of Pennsylvania.

A very dim recollection floats through my brain of a two-horse vehicle, which must have carried mails and passengers, before the turnpike road was made; but after that great highway, as it was then considered, came into use, four-horse coaches appeared, and their drivers, in the estimation of the boys, were the greatest men of earth, with their lofty seats and their long whip-lashes. I pity the modern boys, who never see men as great as our old stage drivers. To children of a larger growth, the stage, its driver, and passengers, were objects of interest, as shown by the gatherings at the tavern door to greet their arrival.

But do you know, My Dear Lady, how they cooked at the old tavern? Not in a "Charter Oak," or a "Superior," or a "Brilliant," or in any thing else like a modern cooking stove. None such were then in existence. Count Rumford originated the cooking stove in 1795, but it had not reached our secluded valley. The cooking of our tavern was done at a liberal wood fire, in the ample kitchen hearth, with pot, and skillet, and frying pan, and dutch-oven, and waffle-irons, and griddle, together with the "tin kitchen" for roasting the beef, or turkey, or saddle of venison. Such roast turkey as you never saw, my young friend, and cannot have, from the oven of a common cooking stove or a hotel range. The tin kitchen was a half-cylinder, placed horizontally before the fire, with an iron rod to impale the turkey. Sometimes a turkey would be hung up by a string before the fire to roast, when on court days two turkeys were needed for dinner. Bread and pies were baked in a brick oven, like the old-fashioned ovens used by public bakers. The only stoves then in use among our people were the "ten-plate" and the "Franklin;" the latter set into the fire-place, and both used only for heating. The stoves, as also the pots and other like things, were all cast at the iron-smelting furnaces; no foundries having then been established in the interior. The changes during sixty years in household and kitchen arrangements are great, but as a rule the cooking has not

improved. On this point, Prof. John H. Tice, the philosopher of Cheltenham, suspends his meteorological studies, or his regulation of the weather, long enough to write:

“Those whose remembrance runs back half a century, when cooking stoves began to come into use, will recall the fact that their sainted mothers, while lavish in praises of the handiness, convenience and general performance of the innovation, uniformly made one objection to it, namely, that in baking and roasting it did not come up to the old standard. All persons who have passed the meridian of life recall with zest the fine and delicious flavor of the tender beef, pork, lamb, turkey, etc., roasted before the open fire, and hence their own experience can bear testimony to the reality of the maternal objection.”

Prof. Tice then tells us that Mr. Giles F. Filley, of St. Louis, has lately made a scientific discovery, and applies it to cooking stoves with most gratifying results, both as to saving of fuel and cooking and baking. As Mr. Filley has been making stoves for about a third of a century, anything to which he gives sanction ought to be reliable, and hence I note his discovery. He had observed that the iron door closing the feed hole of his cupola became very hot and soon burned out. This was costly, and he conceived the idea of using a wire screen to protect the workmen from the heat. The screen arrested the heat, but to his surprise did not itself become heated, as the iron door did. Here was something new, but was mainly valued as saving expense in renewals of the door. Some time after the use of the screen began, several of the rival stove-makers having vaunted the merits of their oven doors, fitting very closely, and even made double, with non-conducting material between the plates, Mr. Filley began to insist that instead of greater heat in the stove oven, some means of modifying the temperature was required; and he decided to try the effect of wire gauze doors on a Charter Oak oven. The experiment indicated that by using the gauze, baking and cooking could be done with less wood or coal. But the most striking result is, that the gauze doors to the oven, Mr. Filley says, enable our womankind to bake and roast with all the old time perfection. Granting this, I can hardly master the reasons why the stove does better work; but if forced to give an explanation I would say: 1st, That in 212 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer—the limit to which water can be heated, unless confined, as in a steam boiler—nature has apparently given us a measure of the heat required in cooking our food, as we see in the boiling process; 2d, That if in baking or roasting we go beyond this measure, as in a stove oven with close iron doors, we may have a temperature not only unnecessary but injurious; 3d, That the gauze doors, which modify the heat in the oven of the stove, keep it at about the measure of heat received by the turkey in the old tin kitchen; and, 4th, That with the close iron doors the heat in the oven may rise much beyond 212 degrees, even to 400 or 600 degrees, and by hardening the outside of the turkey or loaf may interfere with the proper roasting or baking. Such would be my

theory, and if the facts do not agree with it, some one of the learned scientists may provide a better.

I am not, however, so certain of my theory in regard to the effects of the gauze doors of the cooking-stove, as I was in Cincinnati during the Commercial Convention of 1870, in regard to "sour mash." To help along a resolution in the interest of the Kansas Pacific Railway, I indulged in courtesies to some of the delegates, and observing two or three of the gentlemen about to take what are called "ponies," I remarked that nature, in the fermented juice of the grape, seemed to have kindly indicated the proportion of alcohol which it was safe to have in any liquid going into the stomach, and that "straight" potations were likely to be injurious.

"You observe, gentlemen, that this sour mash contains probably 50 per cent. of alcohol. Now, I dilute it with water till the proportion of alcohol in the glass is only about 15 per cent., and therefore" —

I was talking learnedly, and as my guests were politely attentive—even holding their ponies in check—I might have elucidated further but for the puffy old Teuton behind the bar, who broke in —

"Dot ish goot—haw, haw!—dot ish goot now; but you dinks, Doctor, maybe *I* not put water enough in dem wiskeys?"

A question so pertinent from a Cincinnati vender of anything capable of adulteration would spoil any discourse; but my theory is sound. As a beverage, whiskey and water—or "grog," as it used to be called, after old Admiral Grogan of the British navy—is safer than plain whiskey; but if anyone says that water is better than either, I will not gainsay him. Less than sixty years ago the laborers on public works were regularly served with "jiggers" of whiskey several times a day; but we are past all that. We now know that alcohol is not essential to labor. Not a drop of distilled liquors, or even beer, was permitted by Col. James Andrews at the South Pass Jetties during the four years of their construction. Here is a better temperance lecture than Gough could deliver, so far as the necessity of stimulants is concerned.

The Commercial Convention at Cincinnati was held only thirteen years ago. Col. Caleb G. Forshey, representing Texas, had resolutions to pass in favor of "translatitudinal," or north and south, railroads. My resolutions were in favor of a railroad to the Pacific on the 32d or 35th parallel of latitude. Caleb and myself were regarded by many in the Convention as harmless enthusiasts, but they kindly let our resolutions pass. Look on a map now, and see how far our "visionary" projects are already outrun by realities!

If Count Rumford (born plain Benjamin Thompson at Woburn, Massachusetts, in 1753, and Counted in Bavaria for eminent public services) could visit St. Louis now, it would do his old eyes good to see the perfection to which the cooking-stove, which he was the first to suggest and contrive, has been brought. The emulation of makers is constantly originating what are alleged to be improvements in the stove itself as well as in the utensils used

upon it. Bridge, Beach & Co. with their "Superior," and Buck & Co. with their "Brilliant," will claim to equal if not surpass even the Excelsior Company's "Charter Oak," while other makers will kindly advise you to avoid all three and take theirs.

But one thing puzzles me. With all our improvements in cooking-stoves, ranges, and other domestic machinery, My Dear Young Lady, you seem less fond of the kitchen than your grandmother, whom I remember as a girl fully your equal in beauty, and possibly your superior in useful education. She did not disdain the knowledge that enabled her to make your grandfather's home a model for its victuals, virtue, and happiness. As a little boy, I used to think it nice to see her in the kitchen, helping your great-grandmother, and not turning in scorn even from the skillet or griddle. On wash-days I have seen her actually dipping her pretty hands in the suds, and it is no secret that she was always particular to iron her own things. The other little boys saw her, too, and we often said to each other that when we got to be big men, we would get girls for wives knowing as much as she. I wish a book had been printed about your grandmother, and about *her* mother too, as it might be of use to some girls now-a-days, who know so much about everything but the essentials of a comfortable home. It is funny, too, to think of, that your grandmother, who could cook a good dinner at the old fireplace, if necessary, had the only piano in town, except Mrs. Lawyer Anderson's (whose hair was so red), and was the first I ever heard playing on that instrument. Very different it was, with its spindle-legs, from the pianos we have now; but when the time came that folks in our town (fifty years ago) spoke only of the "limbs" of the chicken on the table, and it was indecorous to say "legs," the two pianos were dressed in pantallets, as a proper concession to the delicacy of the age.

The late sage of the St. Louis bar, John F. Darby, in his book of reminiscences, said of Giles F. Filley, that he is a man "whose conduct would entitle him to honor and respect in any age or any country." I concur. Mr. Filley's life is a lesson. Born in Bloomfield, Connecticut, in 1815, he came to St. Louis in 1834, and became apprentice to his brother, Oliver D., to learn the tinsmith trade; the sterling O. D. Filley, hater of shams, and whether in the Mayor's seat, or in the "shop" from which it was so hard to tempt him, valued most by those who best knew him. Serving out his time, Giles was taken into partnership by O. D., and was afterwards, for a few years, engaged in the crockery business. But it was his destiny to be a manufacturer rather than a trader, and, having sold his crockery interest, he started the stove-making establishment which has since become the extensive works of the Excelsior Manufacturing Company of St. Louis; whose product since its organization has been over a million stoves,—of which over four hundred thousand have been the cooking-stove named "Charter Oak." (I never knew what Longfellow meant in his poem, nor why any concern should be called "Excelsior," merely because a fellow with a flag went up a mountain and perished; doing no good to anybody, un-

less a foolhardy climb is a pattern to be imitated instead of an example to deter.)

With a clear head and indomitable will, and ever liberal and just to all in his service, Mr. Filley has put at defiance all strikes and efforts to interfere with his business. He has managed his affairs in his own way, and has been eminently successful. I suppose he has enough and to spare; but he is entitled to indulge in reflections of a higher order than those arising from even a splendid business career and the gaining of a competence. The tale is brief, but I think it can be told of no other business man, past or present.

A friend, whose paper Mr. Filley had endorsed, was unfortunate. The amount involved was over a million dollars. Mr. Filley might have compromised for a percentage on the dollar; he might have given up all his estate to the creditors; or he might have hidden a part, given up the rest, and gone free. But he did neither. With daring and stubborn integrity, and with courage and fortitude, beside which all heroism on the battlefield is dwarfed to insignificance, he said in substance to the creditors: "I can only pay part now, but give me time and I will pay the last dollar of every claim."

He did pay. The amount, principal, interest and charges, footed up over thirteen hundred thousand dollars.

Comment can add no strength to the tale; but I wish my book could live through the ages to perpetuate this record of Giles Franklin Filley, unexampled, I believe, in the annals of business men. Long years hence, if by a strange caprice of fate this chapter should be preserved, I trust the youth who may read it may feel inspired to emulate the integrity of Mr. Filley, if he cannot equal his illustrious achievement; and the remotest descendant of this plain St. Louis mechanic may refer with pride to his ancestor.

SOCIETY VERSES.

The night without is dark and drear,
 The night within is bright and clear,
 O Lady fair!
 The terrors of the storm appal,
 Yet for a smile I'd brave them all,
 O Lady fair!
 The smile denied, to me so dear,
 Life, like the night, is dark and drear,
 O Lady fair!
 And now my prayer
 Can only be, that life for thee
 May, like the night within, be bright!

CHAPTER III.

MINE HOST AND HIS MATE—OLD-TIME TREATMENT OF GUESTS—TOMATOES COME IN—CIVIL ENGINEERS—THE CANAL—FIRST MOUNTAIN RAILROAD IN THE WORLD—THE PACKET AND ITS CAPTAIN—PULLMAN A PLAGIARIST—A SUPERB ORATION TO MR. CLAY—THE FIRST PRIEST—THE CLOCK PEDDLER—HOW ROCKS WERE BLASTED—QUEER DESTINY OF A TRUE MAN—FIREWORKS—OLD-TIME MINING.

The tavern to which our stages drew up so proudly was no "hail-fellow-well-met" hostelry, where you could venture on any indecorum. Mr. Patton was a gentleman of the old school, as the phrase runs, with manners matching in grace and stateliness the sterling worth of his character. The hostess was a mate worthy of her lord. If their son Benjamin, the learned judge, yet survives in Ohio—as I trust he does, hale and hearty as when we met in Washington six years ago—let him tell his grandchildren that if they can equal the virtues of their great-grand-parents they need do no better. The ladies in Baltimore, grand-daughters of the dignified host, mated as they are with the proudest lineage of Maryland, need never blush for their own. But can we any more take our ease in our inn? Midst the hurry and rush I often look back to the old tavern, so grand in my childhood, and envy the guests who had the chance of improving in manners by those of their host. The old building yet stands, but nevermore will a landlord, with the air and dignity of a Chatham, hand out the leather slippers and place the boot-jack; and nevermore will Uncle Billy Tazwell, itinerant barber, come around with his pot of water, and his soap and razors and scissors, to display his skill on the sojourners. The modes and the manners are as obsolete as knee-breeches.

The old customs faded away as tomatoes came into use. Cultivated for ornament as "love apples,"—so called for some unknown reason, as they did not influence love in any way and were not needed for that in our valley—they were at length discovered to be edible; but, like oysters, we had to learn to eat them; and oh how the tale would go round among the folks, that other folks had tried them! They were the town talk, as were the first oysters, brought up in the shell from Philadelphia, by Major Peacock, favored by the stage drivers, with whom he was not close at nipping time. But the tomatoes made their way and got on all tables. Soon the school-

master no longer punished a refractory pupil by making him eat a raw tomato. Soon the bow-and-arrow boys no longer enforced the same penalty on the urchin who missed the target. And by the time tomatoes had fairly established themselves, other innovations came, and the sweet seclusion in which the people had been so happy was lost forever.

The civil engineers came up the Juniata Valley, and it seemed as if the whole outside world was about to break in on us. I was nine years old, and with other boys wanted to have a look at them. We had heard Indians talked of from infancy, and expected to see the "Engineers" in scant raiment, and with tomahawks and scalping knives. We organized an exploring expedition to Jack's Creek, a mile and more away, and found some gentlemen in caps and short coats, with high boots outside their trousers, and also tents, and brass mysteries on three legs. Novel enough, but not as we had imagined, and boyhood's fancy was exploded. Forty-nine years later, in 1875, speaking of this first sight of civil engineers, in a circle of the profession at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, met as an Advisory Board on the Jetties, one gentleman spoke up — "I was in that party, as a rodman." It was the first service in the field of William Milnor Roberts.

They were surveying for the "canawl." Our exports, mainly "wheat and whiskey," had been sent to market in arks and keelboats, floated down the Juniata into the Susquehanna, and thence to tide water. The arks were rude structures, similar to the flatboats of the Ohio, but sharp at both ends, and were never brought back. The keelboats returned, pushed up stream by poles, against the ends of which the boatmen placed their shoulders, and then by walking from stem to stern, literally propelled the boat by the use of their legs. Some of the first models of steamboats exhibited at Philadelphia (in the days of Fitch and Rumsey, before Fulton was heard of), had pushing sticks at their sides similar to the old Juniata keelboats. Fulton did not invent the steamboat. He put into practical use the ideas of others. Give him his due, but let us not forget Fitch, Rumsey, Evans, and other "visionaries." Even the Spaniard at Barcelona, so long before them all, should not be forgotten.

The cargoes brought up the Juniata comprised groceries, hardware, general merchandise, and gypsum — the latter for use as a fertilizer on corn and clover. To push a boat up our little river with poles was transportation under difficulties, but bore no comparison in toil and hardship with the upstream navigation of the Mississippi and Missouri, in early days. Laeledge and Chouteau, Lewis and Clark, Campbell, Ashley, Sublette, and their associates, were heroes of energy and perseverance, and seem to have been special creations, intended or predestined for the rugged work they did.

The advent of the engineers was a great event in our town and valley, but belief in the "canawl" was by no means universal. "It will break up the bell-teams, and ruin the taverns;" and upon the whole it was rather to be regarded as an invention of the evil one. This feeling did not wear away till expenditures on the work put more money afloat than had ever been

known before; and then prejudice yielded to interest. Money is a capital teacher, and nobody was ruined after all.

Pennsylvania, with a population of only 1,049,458 in 1820 and only reaching to 1,348,233 in 1830, had entered on a scheme of public works which ultimately cost about forty millions of dollars, and many tax-payers were seriously alarmed. But the debt is now, I believe, pretty well wiped out, and the benefits of the bold policy remain. The little episode, more than forty years ago, of default for a time in the payment of interest—a lapse which elicited the caustic letters of Rev. Sidney Smith—is now forgotten. At this day, the states need not run in debt for public works. Corporations build them for us, and we escape the taxes for construction, but are happily left free to growl at the manner in which they are operated,—while our transportation charges are less for the service rendered than those of any other people on earth.

It was in its day a great work, that canal up the Juniata, and when one looks back to it, the profession of civil engineering is seen to have achieved triumphs. There were great engineers fifty or sixty years ago,—as fully equal to the problems then to be solved as our great engineers are to the problems to be solved now. The viaduct at the Relay House on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, built fifty years ago, is for symmetry and strength unsurpassed by any modern work in stone, and is a noble monument to Benjamin H. Latrobe, the engineer. At Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, there is a wooden bridge built by Theodore Burr in 1812, which has been in use for wagons and foot passengers ever since, and whose wooden arches may be studied by engineers now with advantage. A stone bridge of two arches over the creek at my native town, is older than I am, and will last longer.

But our canal, which began on the Susquehanna, could not be made continuous to Pittsburgh. The Alleghenies intervened, and from Hollidaysburg on the east flank of the mountains to Johnstown on the west, the Portage Railroad of thirty-six miles was built; the pioneer mountain road of the world on any line of travel. The rise from its east end to the summit was over 1300 feet, and over 1100 feet from its west end. To surmount this elevation it had inclined planes, from lower to higher levels, and up and down these the cars were moved by stationary engines and long cables. Some years after the road came into use, loaded canal boats were taken up on cars and carried from one side of the mountain to the other, as Mr. Eads will take up loaded ships and carry them by rail from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean.

The Tehuantepec Ship Railroad will be a parody on our old Allegheny Portage road, but a parody much grander in its composition than the original piece. The building of it is only a question of genius and money. The world does not question the genius of Mr. Eads, and I have faith that he will get the money; and when the road is completed, the world will wonder at its simplicity and ease of operation. It will also wonder at the stupidity of a Congress that could not understand or appreciate a work so grand, so

desirable, and so distinctly American. With money enough provided, I have no doubt Mr. Eads could build a bridge across the British Channel, if John Bull would let him; but John's dread of "French invasion" is so great that he is afraid of the tunnel under the sea, and the proposal of a bridge would be a red flag in the arena. "It wouldn't do, you know."

I have noted the advent of the stages and their drivers when our turn-pike road came into use; but what is human glory after all? The canal came, with packet boats for passengers, and where was the glory of the stage driver then?

"Gone, like the snowflake in the silver fountain,
Or as the daylight fades o'er vale and mountain."

For the boat captain outshone any driver that had ever held rein, or sounded his brass horn as he swept proudly round on a high trot to the tavern door. The stages still ran, and carried mails, for boats could not run in winter;—but the charm had gone out of the driver. No more the expectant gatherings at the tavern portal; they were down at the canal, to greet the packet. And when the boat came gliding into the lock, and her captain, fearless on her bloodless deck, gave the sonorous order—"Snub her!" what was Wellington at Waterloo to him!

And in sooth not to be despised were those canal packets:—kitchen at the stern—table from end to end of the cabin—three square meals—and at night a double tier of shelves on each side for beds:—what was all this but comfort and luxury, if not grandeur, even less than forty years ago? Eating, sleeping, and the journey still going on! What are the dining cars and the sleeping cars of that ubiquitous George M. Pullman, but a bold-faced plagiarism after all? And George M. never owns to it, that he has copied the old packets. True, his cars are elegant and sumptuous, and roll along faster than the serene packets; but you can't go on deck to sit on the trunks, sing in the moonlight, or duck your head at the cry of "low bridge!" Nor can you have some youthful Garfield, incipient President, driving your locomotive, as you might have had driving the team on the towpath. Nor can you enjoy, and study, and analyze the scenery from car windows, at forty miles an hour, as you could from the quietly gliding packets.

And then our rival packet lines, the "Pioneer" and the "Good Intent;"—what ardent emulation, with three horses to each boat, tandem on the towpath! Noble ambition to excel! And when Henry Clay came along on his way to Washington, what a chance for the village orator to speak at him, and all of us to hear him in response, 'as we sailed' from one set of locks to another! No hurried hand-shake on a platform, or speech from the tail of a car (with the engine bell petulant) can reach the sublime in trip oratory. Only the calm interior of the canal packet or the steamboat cabin can assure us this. And oh, the generous pride we felt, when our own orator, Lawyer Fisher (who had written the "Life of Charles Ball, a Black

Man," not inferior in many points to even Uncle Tom's Cabin)—made the best speech on the whole line, though I can only recall one sentence addressed to Mr. Clay: "Sir, your fame is as broad and as deathless as the winds of heaven!" Mr. Fisher closed with this comprehensive sentence. Altogether it was a superb piece of oratory, and Mr. Clay looked as if he had never heard the like before.

The packet along the Juniata is gone forever. The old canal itself, once the pride of a commonwealth, was, when I last saw it, reduced to the base uses of a few sluggish freight boats, and is possibly now abandoned. The State sold it to a soulless corporation. But peace to thy ashes, Captain Jacob Libhart! In thy day thou wert an exemplar. Easy it is to be royal on a throne; but to be royal on a packet boat; to sit a prince at head of table; to tread the deck, every inch a king! Such wert thou, oh Jacob, Captain of the Daisy Diller! Can ever Pullman conductor equal thee? Compared with the cabin or deck of a packet, what is the aisle of a car?

The work of making the canal brought to the quiet town and valley an irruption of "outside barbarians"—engineers, contractors, laborers, and others. The most distinctive character and greatest curiosity was the Catholic Priest. There were so many "navvies," that the coming of the Priest was an advantage to the community as well as to the people under his care. He was a blessing all round. But a Catholic Priest was a new thing, and when he appeared in the streets, mild and humble as he seemed, he was gazed at by all as a curiosity, and by some, perhaps, as a sort of monster. Many of our people had never seen a Priest, and could not easily understand that he might possibly be on the road to salvation as well as themselves. The Priest was perhaps a bigot, but those who looked askance at him were his peers in bigotry. For there used to be bigots, long ago, when people were earnest in their faith. But Father Mullaly quietly did his work, and got up his little chapel, with the cross on its peak. It is there yet; and if the Priest or his chapel ever wrought harm, I have not heard of it.

Religious toleration had not been the strong point of our home people. Intensely in earnest, as a quiet and thoughtful people are apt to be, they held godliness to be the one thing needful; but they did not always realize that others, not of their line of faith, might have and enjoy it, and might, by the grace of the Most High, even be of the "elect." A more liberal spirit is abroad now, but holiness has not gained. The Priest is no longer a curiosity or a dragon. But sincerity and earnestness in religious matters do not seem to increase as intolerance dies out.

Another new character was the Yankee clock peddler. I am not sure but it may have been Sam Slick himself, Judge Haliburton's friend, who drove up to the farm gate, asked to stay the night, and after supper showed us a gaily painted wooden clock—one he "didn't care to sell," as he wanted it for a sample; but he *could* go back to the warehouse and get another, if need be. We had an eight-day clock in a tall oaken case, that had been in

the family for unknown years, having, I think, come over the sea in 1745;—but something was wrong with it, and standing still as it did (Father neglecting to have it repaired), its hands only pointed to the right time twice in twenty-four hours, and then not reliably. Mr. Slick opened the case and looked in, but shook his head. He might try to repair the clock, he said, as it had no doubt been a first-rate goer in its day, but in fact he only understood wooden clocks, and if one of these did not work just right he could easily whittle a wheel or two into shape. But he was “skeery” about meddling with the brass wheels, and “didn’t calculate to get the hang on ’em, and might make it wuss, or suthin’.” Then he opened the new clock, and showed the family all the little wooden wheels, greatly to the edification of the children; and finally thought he could leave it till he came round again, when if we “act’ly wanted it,” he would let it stay for twenty-five dollars. Of course the clock remained, and kept the time as well as it could. But I am not unhappy in the reflection that the Priest is a fixture in my native town, and that the peddler of wooden clocks at twenty-five dollars each is gone forever.

We had a mark on the porch, and when the shadow of a particular post reached it, we knew it meant noon; and it was neighborhood opinion that if our old clock had been sufficiently repaired to keep full time in cloudy weather, we might have got along without paying out so much money for a new one, and setting an example of extravagance to the rural folks about us. For the “Squire,” as Father was called, having bought a Yankee clock, every farmer in the township must have one, and everybody wondered how they had got along all their lives without the “time o’ day.” Fortunately the sun still gave us the shadow of the post to regulate the new clock by.

The “red rock section” of the canal, near our farm, required a great deal of blasting. Holes were drilled by hand, coarse blasting powder was poured in, a copper rod was inserted, and clay “tamped” in till the hole was filled. The copper rod was then drawn out, and fine powder poured in for priming. The slow-match was a strip of brown paper—the traditional brown paper of which the “parcels” in the old English novels was made, and which was used for wrappers in stores before the days of bags. The strip had been soaked in a solution of saltpetre. When adjusted to the priming, the workman would touch a coal of fire to one end of it—and get out of the way.

No safety-fuse then; no steam or atmospheric drills; no nitro-glycerine, giant powder, dynamite, “lithofracteur,”—or other villainous compounds. The large-hearted Sylvester H. Laffin, philanthropy incarnate, (busy as the bee, but diffusing sweets as he gathers them), had not yet appeared. Queer destiny, that one whose goodness lights with steady beam the business circles of St. Louis, and whose personal record is a continuous glow of excellence,—a magazine of virtues,—should head the list of dealers in things that only do their service by a flash and explosion, leaving wrecks behind, or sending death ahead.

But all Laflin's fuses and powders, all Judy's fireworks, can never equal to me the long line of blasts put off at the red-rock section of our old canal the night before Christmas (the workingmen's welcome to the day), more than fifty years ago; when all the farm boys declared in Pennsylvania vernacular, that it was "better nor a circus," which was saying a great deal. Yet our old-time mode of drilling and blasting was slow, compared with modern work. We were only one step advanced from the mining process, when fire was built against the rock to make it break out easily—or, as a high-tony writer in a magazine would say, in Johnsonian phrase, facilitate its fracture.

CHAPTER IV.

RAILROADS LONG AGO—STEAM CARRIAGES—DE CAUS, CUGNOT, SAVARY, WATT, SYMINGTON, EVANS, TREVETHICK, AND OTHERS—FRANCE LEADS WITH A STEAM CARRIAGE—MURDOCH'S MODEL SCARES THE DOMINIE—A TOLL-TAKER FRIGHTENED—WATERS AND STEPHENSON—FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN AMERICA—ALL ABOUT RAILROADS—NAPOLEON'S IMMORTAL BOMBAST—EGYPTIAN POEM.

I have been writing of times sixty, fifty, forty years ago. Yet what changes! The great Pennsylvania Railroad, exemplar for the world, with its two, three, or four tracks, and more rails in many parts of it than Eads will have in his great Ship Railway; with its utmost perfection of equipments, except as lacking useless ornament—and its army of operatives, disciplined to more than military exactness—now bears through the Juniata valley and over the Alleghanies a commerce of people and things infinitely beyond any estimate that any sane man could have conceived sixty years ago. The population of the United States is about five times what it was then, but the domestic commerce of the country has augmented in a ratio much greater, and the census, as I will show in a future chapter, does not now measure the forces of the people as it once did.

In those childhood days, when the pack-horse and his trail were not yet forgotten by the elders, and the heavy wains rolled westward to the inspiring music of the bell-teams, few of our people knew anything of railroads or locomotives, and nearly all were slow of belief in them, or at least *they* never expected to see them. As a highway to penetrate all regions, to stretch across continents, to carry things almost as cheaply as they could float, and to whirl people along by day and by night cheaper than they could walk, and on the average as safely—and to make fortunes for the directors and managers—the Railroad, even amongst the most enlightened, was not even dreamed of.

Yet railways were very old things, the first line of wooden rails for coal wagons from the mines to the water-side having been laid by "Master Beaumont," near Newcastle, England, in 1630. Roger North describes these roads and rolling-stock in 1676: "Rails of timber from the colliery down to the river exactly straight and parallel, and carts made with four rowlets fit-

ting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw four or five chaldrons of coals." A century later, Arthur Young writes: "The coal-wagon roads from the pits to the water are great works, carried over all sorts of irregularities of ground so far as the distance of nine or ten miles." At the time of the Scotch rebellion in 1745, a railway existed from Tranent coal pits to the harbor of Cockenzie, "and a portion of the line had the honor of being selected as a position for Gen. Cope's command at the battle of Prestonpans." Some of my forefathers may have been unwise enough to be in that battle—on the weaker side—and so had to run over to Ireland.

These wooden tracks were the germ of our modern railway; although the people of Egypt and Baalbec may have had similar ways on which to move the great stones of pyramids and temples. The first iron rails (cast-iron plates) are supposed to have been laid down in England as early as 1738. In 1776, John Curr laid a cast-iron railway near Sheffield, but the miners got up a riot and destroyed it, and Mr. Curr had to hide in the woods three days to escape their fury! Benjamin Outram laid rails in 1800, and hence our term "tram-roads," called after the tail-part of Benjamin's family name.

Solomon de Caus, who was shut up in the Bicêtre of Paris for his supposed madness, is believed to have been the first to conceive the idea of employing steam for moving carriages on land as well as ships at sea. No record is more sad than that of de Caus. Marian de Lorme, in a letter dated Paris, 1641, describes a visit paid to this celebrated mad-house in company with the English Marquis of Worcester. "A frightful face appeared behind some immense bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed, 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that adopted it.' 'What has he discovered?' asked our guide. 'Oh,' replied the keeper, 'something trifling enough; you would never guess it; it is the use of the steam of boiling water. This man is named Solomon de Caus; he came from Normandy, four years ago, to present to the king a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages—in fact, there is no end to the miracles which he insists could be performed. The Cardinal sent the madman away without listening to him. Solomon de Caus, far from being discouraged, followed the Cardinal wherever he went, who, tired of finding him forever in his path, and annoyed at his folly, shut him up in the Bicêtre. He has even written a book about it.'" The Marquis of Worcester studied the book, and portions of it are embodied in his "Century of Inventions."

Savary, Watt, Symington, and other Englishmen, in the last century, entertained the idea of steam-carriages, but did not reduce it to practice. The first model of a steam-carriage of which there is any account, was constructed in France by a Frenchman named Cugnot, in 1763. He afterwards built an engine on the same plan; but when set in motion it projected itself onward with such force that it knocked down a stone wall, and, its power being considered too great for ordinary use, it was stowed away in the Arse-

nal Museum at Paris. Oliver Evans, the American inventor, in 1772 invented a steam-carriage to travel on common roads, but for lack of funds was not able to put it into operation.

The first English model of a steam-carriage was made in 1784 by William Murdoch. It was on the high-pressure principle, and ran on three wheels. It was very diminutive, standing little more than a foot high, and the boiler was heated by a spirit lamp. One night Murdoch determined to try the working of his model locomotive, and for this purpose chose the walk leading to the church about a mile from the town. The walk was narrow and bounded by hedges on either side. It was a dark night, and Murdoch set out alone to try his experiment. Having lit his lamp, the water began to boil, and off started the engine with the inventor after it. He soon heard distant shouts of despair, and, on following up the machine, found that the cries for assistance proceeded from the worthy pastor of the parish, who, going towards the town, was met on this lonely road by the hissing and fiery little monster, which he subsequently declared he had taken to be the Evil One in proper person. No steps were taken by Murdoch to embody his idea of a locomotive carriage in a more practical form.

In 1802 Richard Trevethick and Andrew Vivian, of Cornwall, took out a patent for "methods of improving the construction of steam-engines, and the application thereof for driving carriages, and for other purposes." They built a steam-carriage, and it is said that "this was the first successful high-pressure engine constructed on the principle of moving a piston by the elasticity of steam against the pressure of the atmosphere"; but this only applies to England. Oliver Evans, at Philadelphia, had previously built and operated a high-pressure engine. The steam-carriage of Trevethick and Vivian, the first ever constructed for actual use on common roads, was, on the whole, tolerably successful, and the makers determined to exhibit it in London. Coleridge relates that "while the vehicle was proceeding along the road at the top of its speed, Vivian descried ahead of them a closed toll-gate, and called out to Trevethick, who was behind, to slacken speed; but the momentum was so great that the carriage proceeded some distance, coming dead up, however, just on the right side of the gate, which was opened like lightning by the toll-keeper. 'What have us got to pay here?' asked Vivian. The poor tollman, trembling in every limb and his teeth chattering, essayed a reply: 'Na-na-na-na'— 'What have us got to pay, I say?' 'No-nothing to pay! Dear Mr. Devil, do drive on as fast as you can!—nothing to pay!' " The carriage was exhibited in London, but never came into useful service.

In 1804 Trevethick constructed a locomotive for use on railroads, and it succeeded in dragging after it several wagons at the rate of five miles an hour, but it proved a practical failure. To get rid of the waste steam it was discharged into the smokestack through a pipe at right-angles. "Trevethick was here hovering on the verge of a great discovery," but he was not aware of the action of the waste steam in contributing to increase the draft, as in

1815 he patented fanners to urge the fire. Yet his locomotive, "although unfitted for actual work, was a highly meritorious production, and its invention may be said to constitute an important link in the mechanism of the steam-engine."

In Trevethick's day an imaginary difficulty tended to retard the adoption of the locomotive. This was the supposition that the "bite" of the smooth wheels on the rail would not be sufficient to enable the engine to draw a heavy load; and his engine had projections or knobs on the wheels, which of course caused great jolting of the machine. In 1811 Mr. Blenkinsop, of Leeds, took out a patent for a racked or toothed rail, laid along one side of the road, into which a toothed wheel of his engine worked. Engines on this plan began running on the railway from the coal mines to Leeds, three and a half miles, in 1812, and continued for some years to be one of the principal curiosities of the neighborhood. This was the first instance of the regular employment of locomotive power for commercial purposes.

In 1812 a locomotive, made by Chapman, was tried near Newcastle, to drag itself along by a chain stretched from one end of the road to the other, and passed once around a grooved barrel-wheel under the engine. It was soon abandoned. Another remarkable expedient was adopted by Mr. Brunton, in Derbyshire, who, in 1813, patented his "Mechanical Traveler," to go *upon legs*, working alternately like those of a horse! These, and other similar contrivances, projected about the same time, show that invention was actively at work, and that many minds were laboring to solve the important problem of locomotive traction upon railways.

In 1813, at the Wylam colliery, owned by Mr. Blacket, experiments were made to test the adhesion of smooth wheels on smooth rails. Wm. T. Waters, of Toronto, Ontario, states in a late publication* that his grandfather, Thomas Waters, "late of Gateshead-on-Tyne," is entitled "to the honor of the construction of the first traction locomotive." It was built mostly "at his works at Gateshead, with the assistance of his son, Thomas Waters, Jr., and a man named Hudspeth, who were the only three men that ever touched the machine or engine." This engine, Mr. Waters says, "was made to the order of Wm. Hedley, viewer of Wylam colliery, who, with my grandfather's assistance, invented traction." "It is eight miles to Wylam colliery from Gateshead, and my uncle, then a lad of 18, made a trolley with a crank [the first handcar?] on which he and Hudspeth used to go to Newburn at night or at the end of the week, and also to take material and tools to their work. Wm. Hedley and my grandfather thought an engine might be made to pull the wagons instead of horses (having seen the trolley), and the trial of the first traction engine began. To determine this point [the adhesion of smooth wheels] Hedley had a carriage constructed, placed upon the railroad, and loaded with iron; two, four, and six loaded wagons were attached to it; the carriage itself was moved by men at four handles. Hed-

* See letter of Wm. T. Waters in "Railway Age," Chicago, March 22, 1883.

ley took notes of the weight of carriage and iron, and of the loaded wagons, and when the wheels revolved without drawing the wagons. The weights were repeatedly varied, but with the same relative results. This experiment, which was on a large scale, my uncle, Thomas Waters, had previously tried on a small scale. But tubes out of the colliery were used before that, on a road of smaller gauge, in Mr. Blacket's grounds, to obtain privacy. After that, Mr. Hedley ordered my grandfather, Thomas Waters, to construct an engine. How could Stephenson be the father of the locomotive? I would not detract one tittle of the celebrity of Mr. Stephenson in making certain improvements. Now, it has often been asserted that Stephenson made the first engine, and by some others that Hedley made it, but the truth is this: Hedley perfected traction; Thomas Waters, Jr., invented and made the first trolley and crank; and Thomas Waters [the grandfather of William T. of Toronto] made the first engine, to the order of Hedley, for Blacket to use at Wylam colliery." Mr. Blacket opened his purse for these experiments at Wylam, as Lord Ravensford did for Stephenson at Killingsworth.

In 1814 George Stephenson's first locomotive was placed on the railway of the Killingsworth colliery. After a year's use, it was found that the cost of hauling by horses and by steam was about equal. Mr. Stephenson then turned the escaping steam into the chimney through a pipe curved upward, and the power of the engine was at once more than doubled; combustion was stimulated, the capacity of the boiler to generate steam was greatly increased, and the effective power of the engine augmented in the same proportion. This experiment gave life to the locomotive. It was followed by the multitubular boiler and the coupled driving-wheels. Mr. Stephenson's engines continued for seven or eight years at work on the Killingsworth coal road without attracting any general attention in England. Mr. William T. Waters claims that a second locomotive, built by his grandfather in 1814, had "a return-tube in the boiler, and also had the exhaust-pipe carried into the chimney and upturned therein." I have never before seen any denial of Stephenson's right to the credit of this vital feature of the locomotive.

It is no wonder that little was known of railroads or locomotives in our quiet region along the Juniata sixty years ago. It was only in 1823 that the act of Parliament for the Stockton & Darlington railroad, in England, was passed—a road projected by the quaker, Edward Pease, and laid out by George Stephenson—the first railroad in the world for general commercial purposes, and opened for traffic in 1825. In that year the civil engineers were preparing to invade our Juniata valley, and the Stockton & Darlington railway began a revolution in the habits of the human race which is already more wonderful than any other on record.

The first railroads in the United States were built to carry gravel, stone, anthracite coal, and other heavy materials. All were short. One was built on Beacon Hill in Boston, in 1807; one in Delaware county, Pennsylvania, in 1809; and one at Bear Creek Furnace, Armstrong county, Pa., in 1818. The

tracks were composed of wooden rails. Other short roads, similarly constructed, were built in various places. Prior to 1809, Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, urged repeatedly in public addresses the construction of a passenger railroad from Philadelphia to New York, and in that year attempted to form a company for this purpose. In 1812 Col. John Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey, published a pamphlet recommending the building of a passenger railroad from Albany to Lake Erie, but his suggestions were not heeded.

In April, 1823, the State of New York chartered the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company to construct a canal and railroad from the coal fields in Pennsylvania to the Hudson river at Rondout; the railroad, 16 miles long, from Honesdale to Carbondale, to carry coal, was completed in 1829. In 1826, the Quincy railroad, in Massachusetts, 4 miles long, was built to haul granite to the port of Neponset; the rails of wood, strapped with iron. In 1827, the Mauch Chunk railroad, 9 miles long, was built in Pennsylvania to connect coal mines with the Lehigh river; the gauge was 3 feet 7 inches, and the wooden rails were faced with iron. In 1826, the State of New York chartered the Mohawk & Hudson railroad, for freight and passengers, from Albany to Schenectady, 47 miles; work was not begun till 1830, and the road was opened for travel in September, 1831.

On February 28, 1827, the State of Maryland chartered the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. Work was begun July 4, 1828, and in 1829 the track was finished 6 miles, and "cars were put upon it for the accommodation of the officers, and to gratify the curious by a ride." This was the first road in the United States that was opened for the conveyance of passengers; it was finished to Ellicot's Mills, 13 miles, in 1830. The Washington branch was opened to Bladensburg in July, and to Washington in August, 1834.

The Charleston & Hamburg railroad, in South Carolina, was chartered in December, 1827. A locomotive was placed on it in 1830. The road was completed in September, 1833, a distance of 135 miles; at that time it was the longest continuous line of railroad in the world. The rails used on the Charleston and on the Albany road were of wood, with flat bar-iron nailed on them. The track of the Baltimore & Ohio consisted of cedar cross-pieces and string-pieces of yellow pine 12 to 24 feet long and 6 inches square, with iron bars on them. The flanges of the wheels were on the *outside*. After some miles of this kind of road had been made, long granite slabs were substituted for the cedar cross-pieces and pine stringers. "Iron strips were laid for miles and miles on stone curbs." Before the road had been finished to Point of Rocks, in 1832, "wrought-iron rails of the English mode" had been laid on part of the line.

About this time various patterns of rolled iron rails were in use in England. The first of these was the fish-bellied, invented and patented in 1820, and which fitted into cast iron chairs. The larger part of the Stockton and Darlington road, thirty-seven miles long, was laid with rolled rails of this pattern, weighing twenty-eight pounds to the yard. On the Liverpool and Manchester road, "the rails used were made of forged iron, in lengths

of fifteen feet, and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds each."

The Clarence rail was an English improvement; it rested on chairs, but did not have the fish belly, its upper and lower surfaces being parallel. These rails were used on the Allegheny Portage road, in Pennsylvania, finished in 1833. On a part of the Philadelphia and Columbia road, opened in 1834, flat rails were laid either on granite blocks or wooden string pieces, but the larger part of the track had Clarence rails. On the Boston and Lowell road, completed in 1835, stone cross-ties were at first laid, some of which were in use as late as 1852. On one track of this road the H rail was laid; this rail rested on chairs, and had a web similar to that of the T rail.

Many years elapsed after the first railroad was built before any other than flat rails were made in America. All the heavy rails were imported from England. Up to 1843 there were no facilities for the manufacture of heavy iron rails, to supply the wants of the 4,185 miles of American railroad existing at the beginning of 1844, and of a few hundred additional miles then projected. The first heavy rails were rolled in 1844, of the U pattern, at the Mount Savage Iron Works in Maryland. The first T rails made in America were rolled at the Montour Mill at Danville, Pennsylvania, in 1845.

The T rail, now universally used on American railroads, is generally supposed to be of English origin; but it was invented by Robert L. Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey, in 1830, and was first laid on the Camden and Amboy railroad. It did not come into general use until after 1845. The first made of these rails were only sixteen feet in length. The first rails thirty feet in length were made at the Cambria Iron Works at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1856, but there being no demand for them they were used on the tracks of that company at their works. The first thirty foot rails rolled on order, were made at the Montour Works in 1859. The first sixty foot, or double length rails, were rolled at the Edgar Thompson steel works, Pennsylvania, in 1855; and that company, in 1876, exhibited a steel rail at the Centennial Exhibition one hundred and twenty feet in length, weighing sixty-two pounds to the yard. The rail mills in the United States have now a capacity of three million tons of iron and steel rails per annum. More than nine tenths of the rails rolled in 1882 were of steel.

The first locomotive, the "Stourbridge Lion," did not touch American soil till I was twelve years old. At a convivial meeting in 1855, Major Horatio Allen, engineer of the Erie Railroad, described in a speech the first trip made by a locomotive on this continent:

"Where was it? And who awakened its energies and directed its movements? It was in the year 1829, on the banks of the Lackawaxen, at the commencement of the railroad connecting the canal of the Delaware and Hudson Company with their coal mines—and he who addresses you was the only person on that locomotive. The road had been built in the summer, the structure was of hemlock timber, of large dimensions, notched in caps placed far apart. The timber had cracked and warped from exposure to the

sun. After about three hundred feet of straight line the road crossed the Lackawaxen creek on trestle work about thirty feet high, with a curve of three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet radius. The impression was very general that this iron monster would either break down the road, or leave the track at the curve and plunge into the creek. My reply was, that it was too late to consider the probability of such occurrences; there was no other course but to have a trial of the strange animal, which had been brought here [from England] at great expense; but that it was not necessary that more than one should be involved in its fate; that I would take the first ride alone, and the time would come when I should look back to the incident with great interest. As I placed my hand on the throttle valve, I was undecided whether I would move slowly, or with a fair degree of speed, but believing that the road would prove safe, and preferring, if we did go down to go handsomely, and without any evidence of timidity, I started with considerable velocity, passed the curve over the creek safely, and was soon out of hearing of the cheers of the vast assemblage. At the end of two or three miles I reversed the valve, and returned without accident to the place of starting, having thus made the first railroad trip by locomotive in the western hemisphere."

Pioneer of wonders, good Major Allen! Unconscious of the great future; for if I had told thee, then, that in fifty-four years there would be more than 110,000 miles of railroad in the United States, and 250,000 in the world, derision would have curled thy shaven lip!

As late as 1829, two distinguished engineers, Mr. Walker and Mr. Rastrick, solemnly advised the use of stationary engines, instead of locomotives, on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, then nearly completed; but Stephenson insisted on the locomotive, and at a competitive trial in October, 1829 (for a prize of 500 pounds), the Rocket ran at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and settled the question. In 1830 the road was opened with locomotives.

Peter Cooper built the first locomotive made in America, the "Tom Thumb," and ran it on the Baltimore and Ohio road in August, 1830. It was a small affair, rather a working model than an engine for service, and Mr. Cooper was his own engineer. To make a tubular boiler he used gun barrels. "The Best Friend of Charleston," the first American locomotive for actual service, was built at the West Point foundry in New York City, and put to use on the Charleston and Hamburg railroad in South Carolina, in 1830.

The idea of hauling cars by horses was not given up for some years after the first railroads were constructed in the United States. I think horses or mules were used for a time on the Pennsylvania state road from Philadelphia to Columbia. On most of the levels of the Allegheny Portage railroad the cars were drawn by horses. In 1837, when I first saw it, this road had but one locomotive.

Another old time idea was, that railroads should be used like common

roads, and every citizen be at liberty to put on his own cars, just as he could put his wagons on a turnpike road, and pay tolls. Very crude and absurd it all seems now; but the Pennsylvania state road, from Philadelphia to Columbia, was for a number of years operated simply as a highway for vehicles of transportation owned by individuals. The "Commonwealth" furnished the track and all motive power, but the cars were private property, and tolls were paid for the use of the track and hauling the cars. Laughable enough, now, is it not? But it was a very serious matter then, especially as the "Superintendent of Motive Power" was a state officer, and belonging of course to the political party in power, was always charged by the party not in power with stealing all he could. In course of time the cars came to be owned by companies, and individual owners disappeared; but I have forgotten at what time the State undertook to provide both cars and engines, and to charge freights on the goods instead of tolls for use of track and hauling. Years ago the road passed from the ownership of the State to that of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. A prolific source of partisan corruption was closed up, but the interest of party contests fell off sadly. Patriotism waned as profit fled.

As our first railroad had, generally, only the "flat rail"—bars of iron spiked on stringers of wood or stone—they were very imperfect, but were a great deal better than none; and I feel no shame to confess that we were very proud of them. No great speed was made or expected. Accidents were not unknown; but there was one peril which we escape on the T rail. Sometimes the end of a flat rail would turn upward, pierce the car bottom, disturb the passengers, and be decidedly unpleasant, if it did not destroy life or limb, or throw the car from the track. These intruding rail-ends were called "snakeheads."

The cars first in use were small affairs. The "burden cars," as freight cars were called forty-five years ago, were boxes, a little longer than their width, and had a wheel at each corner. Three or four tons made a load for one of them. Cars and engines have been in course of improvement ever since the first were put on the track; but the locomotive, with all its varied improvements, and its greater weight and power, is in essentials—steam blast, tubular boiler, and connecting rods—the same as when George Stephenson's Rocket, in September, 1830, ran thirty miles an hour on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, astonished the Duke of Wellington and killed Mr. Huskisson.

There were no telegraphs for a number of years after railroads were in use; but the managers nevertheless ran their trains, and we got along. The world can do without a great many things it has never enjoyed. I do not remember what the speed was on our railroads in early days, but probably about fifteen miles an hour as a maximum for passenger trains. On the Baltimore and Ohio branch to Washington, in 1841 and 1842 (when I had not yet risen above political life), we sometimes made twenty miles an hour, passing a mile post every three minutes by the watch; but I think this was

above the average, and was a special blessing vouchsafed to the office seekers, enabling the expectants to reach the capital quickly, and the *disappointed* to get home before their borrowed money had all run out.

The Telegraph, tried and enjoyed, in 1844 as a curiosity, between Washington and Baltimore, was opened for general business April 1, 1845. But I need not here write of the Telegraph, or more of our magnificent railroad system; for if fully described this year, their extension and expansion would require a supplementary description next. When Napoleon's Army was marching past the pyramids, he said to his soldiers, in immortal bombast, "Forty Centuries look down upon you!" I never knew what he meant. I hardly think the dead centuries look down on any body. But let them look at our railroads—if they can.

FORTY CENTURIES.

Old kings of Egypt squandered life and limb
 Their grand, mysterious Pyramids compiling;
 The stately sepulchre, the monarch's whim,
 The victor's trophy—piling.

But what are those dead monuments to-day?
 Stupendous stones, telling of wondrous labors!
 Compared with them how grand our iron way,
 Making remote men neighbors!

Sleep on, old king! nor heed the vapor scream,—
 Start not from cold sarcophagus in panic;
 Rest, mummy monarch! ignorant of steam,
 And modern world's mechanic.

Eloquent your Pyramids of wasted toil—
 Our roads of progress, culture and facility;
 Monuments the one of human wrong and spoil,
 The other of utility!

No lofty Pyramid, no Karnac's fane,
 No Sphinx, no Memnon, calls up emulation;
 We rather turn to where your flooded plain
 May teach us irrigation.

Sleep on, old king!—why wake up now to find
 Your vaunted glory treated as prepost'rous?
 GEORGE STEPHENSON, in service to mankind,
 We rank above SESOSTRIS!

His day is past, the monarch of the Nile—
 Gone are his vassel kings, and tribute votive;
 Yet was his courtier, with a fawning smile,
 Moved by a *loco-motive*!

CHAPTER V.

PERCUSSION CAPS—FLINT LOCKS—MY UNCLE A GOOD SHOT, BUT LOST CASTE—BROTHER DAVID SHOOTS ONCE—A SERMON ON KING DAVID—COLT AND MAXWELL'S REVOLVERS—DESTRUCTIVE MATCHES—PRIMITIVE IRON WORKS—PIONEERS IN IRON WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI—OLD FREEDOM WORKS—LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF—PROGRESS IN IRON MAKING—PER CAPITA IN POUNDS AT SEVERAL DATES—PRESENT CAPACITY OF PRODUCTION—MINERAL FUEL—PENNSYLVANIANS AND THE CELESTIAL STREETS—THEY GIVE UP THE TARIFF.

The picturesque and ever beautiful valley of the Juniata, to be famous in story and song when written, had no railroad for a dozen years after I had left it. In my younger days people could be amazingly happy without railroads, or telegraphs, or photographs, or sundry other things now by use made essential to comfort. They could be happy with only flint-lock guns.

The percussion cap and lock were invented about 1822, but new things made their way slowly into the interior, and I first heard of the new gun-lock in 1826. My uncle told of a percussion lock he had seen on a gun in Baltimore, where he had been to sell iron and buy "store goods." He was an "Iron-Master," and had the Hanover Works in old Bedford county, in the "cove" below McConnellsburg, near the Maryland line—a serious, quiet, tall gentleman, who could lean over to the right, rest his left elbow on his ribs, and, with a long flint-lock rifle balanced on his extended hand, take off a squirrel's head at eighty yards. He was a little proud of his skill, too; and when the workmen practiced at "shooting-mark," he would walk over to the ground about the time they got through, borrow a rifle from some one—and win the turkey, though he never claimed it. Impressed with the value of the percussion lock, he was quite effusive in his description of it to the hands—and lost caste sadly. They could respect his general probity and his marksmanship, but not his heretical notions about gun-locks, as they took no stock in new-fangled things. Crack shots as they all were with flint-locks, they cared for nothing better than their fathers had, but "only wished they could have a fellow there with one of those new contrivances"; they would soon "show him how to shoot."

This notice of gun-locks is put here in order that the younger readers may understand a phrase once used by Henry Clay when his party had lost

an election: "Pick your flints and try it again!" The innocent youth of the present day, raised on percussion locks, fixed ammunition, and breech-loaders, cannot understand the record of our great and glorious country if they do not know what flint-locks were. Let them think of George Washington, of Daniel Boone, of Andrew Jackson and his "Hunters of Kentucky" at New Orleans, and all the flights of the American eagle before percussion locks were known! Then let them disparage our old flint-locks if they can.

The people were fond of shooting in old Bedford county long ago, but, while they insisted on fair play in a fist fight, they were yet so sadly lacking in "chivalry" and so low down in civilization that they did not shoot each other. About 1840 my brother David, then a law student in Bedford town, was sent to a remote township to attend an "arbitration"; for in those primitive times the parties in cases of dispute would often agree to "leave it out to men." Of course there was a gathering of rural folks, and rifle practice, with the common result of "driving the nail"; and after they had all taken a shot and bragged a little on their skill, David remarked that he "didn't consider that sort of thing shooting at all."

"Well, Mr. Lawyer, what *do* you call shootin'? And what's better nor drivin' the nail?"

"I'll tell you what shooting is. Anyone can drive the nail. No judgment required for that. Hold steady, sight at the nail, pull trigger, and there you are. But to put the bullet so close to the nail as just to leave paper enough to hold up the mark—that's shooting."

And then he was about to mount his horse, when the man who had before spoken, and who had just reloaded his gun, handed it to him with the request that he would show them "how to do that sort of shootin'." A piece of paper the size of a dollar was tacked to a fence-post 80 yards distant; he slowly raised the gun (intending, if he missed the post, to say that he could only rely on his own rifle) and blazed away. To the astonishment of all, and most of himself, he made the very shot he had described, and was famous at once; but as he rode homeward he made up his mind never again to shoot in Blacklog township. The young lawyer was named David after a plain neighbor of the family, and not after the sovereign upon whom Rev. E. Carter Hutchinson, nearly forty years ago, preached in St. Louis one of his terse, vigorous, and instructive sermons, taking for text the phrase, "David was a man after God's own heart." I listened to that sermon with much interest, as there were passages in the life of David that had always seemed to me a little irregular, to say the least, and I was curious to know how he would treat them. The Rector of St. George's Church, who never preached a dull or stale sermon, touched charmingly on the youth of David, and his celebrated duel with Goliath, and then traced his career as he rose higher and higher—his conduct as a warrior, and as a judge in Israel—giving him the exalted character to which he is no doubt justly entitled;—and when I was about to conclude that the dark spots were to be passed over without even a sweep of the whitewash brush, the Rector said, in his forcible and impres-

sive way, "In the matter of Uriah the Hittite, David must stand on the same platform with other sinners!" Not another word; and there, oh sinners, David stands among you yet!

A splendid fellow he was, that brother of mine: among the very first to mount the castle top at Chapultepec, when Scott's army captured the City of Mexico; but fated to perish at last under Blunt, in 1862, on the Kansas border. And all the rest but one are gone; of eleven boys, only two of us left. Only two, and one an old foggy,—myself; probably the only man who laments the flint-locks, or thinks the invention of the percussion lock has had more evil than good results. There is said to be in the Tower of London the model of a revolving pistol two or three hundred years old. It came to nothing. The revolver could only work with the percussion lock, happily not then invented. But at length it came into use, and in due sequence came Colt (or rather Maxwell, said to have prompted Colt) with the murderous weapon. But suppose there had been no percussion lock, no Colt or Maxwell, and no revolver;—would there be the same killing spirit abroad? Would our record be stained with countless homicides? Would human life be so cheap? Would laws be needed against concealed weapons? Would labor be taxed as it is for expenses of jails and criminal courts? Would Judge Lynch hold his summary court as often as he does?

To moralize or grumble is fruitless. The facts of science and art cannot be changed. Chemistry, donor, in the last eighty years, of so many good things for the useful arts, gave us the fulminate for the percussion cap, and we must bear the consequences. Chemistry also gave us (about fifty years ago) the friction match—a great convenience for good uses, and also for bad; a gift of inestimable value to the incendiary. Even the nibbling of a rat may burn your store or dwelling, which he never could have done with the old "tinder-box," and its pine splints touched at the end with brimstone. Millions of property and some lives have been destroyed by the friction matches; and we might have been a richer people and fully as happy if we had kept on lighting our fires with "flint and steel." I anticipate the pert and pertinent query—"what are you going to do about it?" And I answer—nothing.

In a regular autobiography, the writer must go from point to point seriatim; but in a Memoir like this he may hop round like a sparrow and pick up anything he likes. So I now go back to the age of five or six years, when I first saw a furnace smelting iron ores. My uncle was then at Freedom Iron Works, near my native town, and having no children, he and my aunt often had me to stay at their home. He had a furnace and a forge driven by water power; for in that day, the steam engine, now so common, was unknown in our valley, and indeed in many parts of Pennsylvania. It was only twenty-five years or so since Trevethick in England, and Oliver Evans in Philadelphia, had shown what high-pressure steam could do, thus supplementing the work of Watt, and providing for the future locomotive, of which all of them had dreamed dreams. If any of our home people

believed in the steam engine at all, they did so on "evidence of things not seen;" but water power was abundant, and steam was not needed.

My uncle's furnace made about six tons of pig metal in twenty-four hours. The blast was made in two large wooden tubs, in which wooden pistons were alternately pushed down by cams on the shaft of a water-wheel, and drawn up by balance beams, with weights on their ends; and the blast from each tub went through its own pipe to the one tuyere of the furnace. The reservoir tub, for both pipes to blow into, and thus equalize the blast and let it be delivered in a single pipe to the furnace, had not been invented. The tuyere was of clay, kept in shape by the "founder," who with a long-handled spatula would plaster it with fresh clay when needed. The blast pipes were partly of wood, and I think hot blast had not been dreamed of. Yet our furnace was on a level with the best of that date.

I suppose the first iron smelting furnace west of the Mississippi, near Caledonia, Missouri, had blast apparatus similar to that of my uncle's furnace. I have not been able to get the name of its builder or the date of its erection, probably sixty years ago. A few years past, I saw the primitive machinery of a furnace and forge driven by water power, at the Maramec Iron Works of Mr. James, in Crawford county, Missouri, where a remarkable spring, worth a trip from St. Louis to see, has power for large operations. The early iron men, who built the furnace near Caledonia, and the works at the head of the Maramec, brought equal courage and skill to these useful enterprises. The first furnace at the Iron Mountain of Missouri, built by James Harrison in 1842, had a steam engine and iron blast apparatus, as had also the Pilot Knob Works, built by Lewis V. Bogy and Conrad C. Ziegler, a few years later. Wm. James, Sr., Samuel Massey, James Harrison, Lewis V. Bogy, Conrad C. Ziegler, and the (to me) unknown builder of the Caledonia furnace, are entitled to be held in remembrance as pioneers of iron for all of the continent west of the great river. Some of them perhaps had in boyhood no better school house than the one I have noted, with greased paper for window glass; but all were men of sterling abilities. Harrison had a wonderful capacity for affairs. Bogy was educated at the academy in Kaskaskia, and while a student registered his intention to reach the Senate of the United States, and in later life intention became fact.

The old wooden blast tubs have had their day, and are only interesting as having helped to make iron for us when we had nothing better. Away at the Freedom Iron Works in Pennsylvania, where I first saw the tubs, with the balance beams alternately bowing over them as if alive, and when the pistons were drawn up the "clup, clup, clup" of the valves inside puzzling my boy brain,—what did I see on my last visit? Immense iron blowers driven by ponderous steam engines, and Bessemer "converters," and enormous iron rollers, and other remorseless contrivances, to turn out long steel rails, and locomotive tires, and other great products. And the works are not called "Freedom" any more; which is perhaps well enough,

owned as they are by a great corporation, and the "hands" no longer the same as those who were happy under my good uncle, unknowing of strikes, and free as the deer often brought down with their flint-lock rifles. But the corporation is not niggard in providing homes for the workmen. It has long rows of dwellings for their use, and possibly the people are as happy as in the long ago, though in a different way.

The works are now called "Logan," after the famous Mingo chief, whose home was three miles off, at the head of the picturesque gorge called "Jack's Narrows," where the tumbling Kishaoquillas creek makes its way through Jack's Mountain, grinding the best axes in the world at Mann's factory as it rushes on. Logan, the chief, was an honest man, and a helpful friend to the early settlers. He was a native gentleman, and valued his honor. Thus, when he and Judge Brown had been shooting mark at a dollar a shot, and the Chief had lost five shots, he at once brought out five deerskins in payment; and when the Judge wished to refuse taking them on the ground that the shooting had been for sport and not for gain, Logan insisted, asserting that he should have required payment if he had won, and so was in honor bound to pay when he had lost. The punctilious Chief no doubt belonged to one of the first families of the Mingo. When game began to grow scarce, Logan moved to a new home on the Ohio river, had all his family murdered by white men, took a fearful revenge, and made (as reported by Jefferson) one of the most pathetic speeches in any tongue.

I would like to have two pictures: one of the Freedom works as they were sixty years ago (including the old mansion where I had my first earache, which my aunt cured by a roasted onion); and one of the Logan works as they are now. Such pictures would forcibly illustrate the progress of iron making and manufacture in three score years, greater than the most sanguine imagination could have bodied forth.

In nearly all parts of Pennsylvania there are now furnaces making five, ten, or fifteen times as many tons of iron per day as could be made by any furnace of my childhood days. And great rolling machinery has taken the place of the forge hammers that used to shape the bar iron and plowshares. There were then no rolls to draw out the iron, and no steam hammers for heavy forging. Cort, in England, had introduced puddling, but it had not reached our quiet region, where we wrought out so much bar-iron and so many plowshares to be carried westward over the Alleghenies, and some even to the Mississippi at St. Louis, where Henry Shaw dealt in Juniata iron sixty years ago.

No—we still had the old forge-hammers, thrown up by arms on a water-wheel shaft, against a spring beam, and coming down with force to lick into shape the glowing "bloom" on the anvil. Unless you have seen it when young you cannot understand what a grand sight it was to boyhood's eager eyes: the ponderous but unwearyed hammer with its measured strokes—and the stalwart hammerman, active as a prize-fighter, skipping about in front of it and with his big tongs dexterously turning the iron on

the anvil, and proud of bringing it to the desired shape. No—you have never seen it, and have never felt your little but then honest breast swelling with ambition to be a hammerman! And when work went on in 'the dead waist and middle of the night,' the sound of the hammer floating over the valley and echoing from the neighboring hills, and mingling with the voices of the stream—what music more delightful ever crept into the drowsy ear?

It was a slow way to make iron compared with present modes, but the old iron was excellent, and the world had all it needed or wished. It wants a great deal more now, even in proportion to population. Our fifty and more million people need a great deal more iron to the million than our ten millions did when I was a boy. Railways, iron ships, steam-engines, and machinery in forms innumerable and almost incomprehensible, multiply the demands for iron and steel, and will continue to multiply them. But with blast furnaces in the United States able to make 8,000,000 tons of pig-iron a year, and Bessemer-works to make 3,000,000 tons of steel, demands will not outrun supplies. Prof. Liebig said that the civilization of a nation is measured by the soap consumed. I think the degree of power can be fairly measured by the iron produced. Counting (for ease of figuring) 2,000 pounds to the ton, the iron production in Uncle Sam's domain stands for the years noted:

TABLE SHOWING IRON PER CAPITA PRODUCED FROM 1810 TO 1880.

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Population.</i>	<i>Iron in Tons.</i>	<i>Iron in Pounds.</i>	<i>Share to each Person.</i>
1810	7,229,814	54,000	108,000,000	15.00 pounds.
1820	9,654,596	20,000	40,000,000	4.10 "
1830	12,866,020	165,000	330,000,000	25.50 "
1840	17,069,453	315,000	630,000,000	36.90 "
1850	23,191,876	564,755	1,129,510,000	48.70 "
1860	31,443,321	821,223	1,642,446,000	52.23 "
1870	38,558,371	1,655,179	3,310,358,000	85.67 "
1880	50,155,783	3,835,191	7,670,382,000	132.00 "

The decreased production of 1820 as compared with 1810 was owing to a general break-up of industries after the last war with Great Britain, of which the present younger generation knows little, and can hardly find out anything. Starting with 1830, which may be considered the starting year of railroads, when the value of the locomotive was no longer doubted, we see that in the half century the iron production per capita rose from 25½ to 133 pounds; or more than five times as many pounds to each person in 1880 as in 1830. This great increase did not go into big guns to kill people, but into railroads, ships, boats, engines, and machinery of all kinds to produce wealth, diffuse comfort, and (if people would only be good) to promote happiness.

All iron in my early days was made with charcoal as fuel. It is only a little over forty years since the smelting of iron ores with mineral fuel began in America; and it began in Pennsylvania, always noted for her production of iron, and for demanding the "protection" of her great industry. Most estimable patriots the Pennsylvanians are, and devoted to the metal most useful of all; but I scout the tale, set afloat by the envious, that the people of the "Keystone State," as they delight to call their Commonwealth, believe the Celestial streets to be paved with pig-iron instead of gold; nor do I credit the assertion of the unregenerate, that every Pennsylvanian so fortunate in the hereafter as to tread the golden streets, longs even there for a tariff on iron to promote domestic production! No—no. When a true Pennsylvanian enters Paradise, he gives up (I do verily believe) the "tariff on iron," but probably never before.

Our production of iron is a measure of power that statesmen will take note of; but all men in high places are not statesmen. Too many are like the amateur operator in "futures" of the grain market.

"Were you a bull or a bear?" his friend inquired.

"I was neither. I was an ass."

What I did to urge forward the smelting of iron ores by the use of anthracite coal, cannot be told. Editors of newspapers may imagine it. If I had files I could show that "we" did not spare effort to circulate information in regard to mineral fuel elsewhere, and to encourage its use in Pennsylvania, forty-four or forty-five years ago. But what matters all this? Newspaper fellows don't expect credit for all the good they do in *this* world.

CHAPTER VI.

SUNDAY TOPICS—NO DAILY PAPERS IN THE COVE—CHRISTIANS—MY GOOD AUNT—THE GREAT CORPORATION—THE AGGREGATE SOUL NOT DEAD TO THE HUMANITIES—CAMBRAI'S CIVILIZATION—THE CITY OF PULLMAN—A VERY SIMPLE PROBLEM—HUMAN NATURE NOT ANGELIC—PATRIARCHAL POSITION—PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS—ARISTOCRACY—OLD TIME LITERATURE—THE ALMANAC—EXPERIMENT IN PNEUMATICS—ALSO WITH PROJECTILES—MY UNCLE KNEW MORE THAN GEORGE WASHINGTON—NIAGARA TO BE UTILIZED—A BOY'S PLEASURES AND TROUBLES—EARLY STUDIES IN GEOLOGY—A SELF-DEVOTED OX—IDENTITY OF THE BOY.

That tariff on iron! I first heard of it more than fifty-five years ago, in the Presidential contest of 1828. It has been a topic for discussion ever since, but whether from lack of statesmanship or other cause, I am not required to decide. I was then at my uncle's iron works in Bedford county. He was strongly in favor of the tariff, and talked of it on week-days to his visitors and the hands; but the latter were mostly "Jackson men," and voted against my uncle's side at elections. On Sundays the tariff was laid aside; and the subjects of Predestination, Free-will, Foreknowledge, Omniscience, Fixed Fate, and Sins of Omission and Commission, were then up for discussion, as secular topics were not suited to the sanctity of the sabbath, although it was "a work of necessity" for the furnace to run.

Pious Presbyterians they were, my uncle and aunt, but their mansion—"the big house," as it was called among the hands—opened as hospitably to the Methodist Circuit Rider as to the Presbyterian Minister, and their sectarian horses had equal stalls and fodder. Elaborate discussions of religious questions often took place, the preachers of course participating, but all conducted with courtesy and dignity, though frequently enlivened by wit and humor worth preserving, but lost forever as the moments fled, like so many good things that you may have said, My Dear Reader. That anybody ever changed the opinion of anybody else, or yielded a shred of his own, I do not aver; but they talked and argued very earnestly, and with a fullness of information on religious history, creeds, doctrines, and sectarian distinctions, not likely to be displayed in any home circle now, and that would be incomprehensible in many. In remote neighborhoods like our "cove," people did

not then enjoy the advantage of daily newspapers, full of murders, fires, suicides, accidents, outrages, and horrors of all kinds, for family delectation. Books were scarce, and there was little periodical literature. Hence for intellectual entertainment they read the Bible and "Commentaries" on it, and thought and talked of the mysteries of Creation, God's Providence, Adam's fall, Salvation by Atonement, the doctrine of "Election," the power of Saving Grace, and cognate subjects; not forgetting to give the Pope and his people a rap now and then.

Truly, I think my uncle and aunt were Christians in thought and deed. Blessed with faith and hope (of which Col. Ingersoll would rob poor humanity), they had no more doubt of the truth as they believed it to be, than they had of the stream in the cove, and the mountains on its sides. Righteous they were in all things; and I am sure that even the tariff on iron was desired by my uncle as much for the benefit of the laborers, and of other iron workers, as of himself. They had at heart the welfare of the folks about them. My aunt had her Sunday school for the children of the work people, taught the Bible class herself, and distributed tracts as regularly as the sacred day came round. Not only did she visit the mothers at their homes, to see that all went well with them, but had them to come up, one after another, to spend an afternoon in her own "sitting-room," in order to instruct them in needlework and other economies, and raise their thoughts to a higher plane by improving conversation. If any were in distress, she was the Lady Bountiful; and in cases of sickness would carefully administer sage and elder-blossom tea, and other potent remedies. Memory fondly lingers in retrospect of her good works. At the great iron establishments we have now, such as the Logan in Pennsylvania and the Vulcan in Missouri, there is no one like my revered aunt, who died but a few years ago, past eighty, after a life of unselfish goodness. No more the owner knows personally his "operatives," as my uncle did the "hands" at his furnace and forge. No more the lady of "the big house" illustrates in her daily life the best teachings of her religion, and lives only to confer blessings. The great corporation—an incident and necessity of our changed conditions—has no separate soul, no wife, no Lady Bountiful; no eye to recognize the grimy toiler, and no heart to soften in tenderness toward him.

Yet the aggregate soul of the great corporation is not dead to the humanities. Railroads have hospitals for the "weary, wounded, sick and sore," of their lines. The Cambrai Iron Works of Pennsylvania, covering by various departments three miles in length of territory in the western flank of the Alleghanies, and giving employment to ten thousand persons, have most complete arrangements for their intellectual as well as material wants—a concert room, a lecture hall, a course of free-hand drawing, of mechanical drawing, and of geology and mining engineering;—no one is discharged except for cause; the disabled and infirm are taken care of, and there are no strikes. Pullman's name is perpetuated in a little city built by his car company, that does for the comfort, safety, cleanliness and culture of his employees, what

his cars do for the convenience, comfort, and luxury of travellers. I have faith that the aggregate and corporate soul, although not capable of eternal salvation, is not entirely beyond the reach of humane impulses; especially as self-interest goes hand in hand with righteousness, so far as ample ministration to the welfare of those in their service is concerned. Day by day stronger minds are needed to manage the great enterprises; and the capacity to run a long line of railroad, or a manufacturing concern covering acres of ground and employing thousands of hands, must in time solve the problem of binding the servants of the corporation to its interests by making its welfare and prosperity the surest pledge of their own. It is a very simple problem; but greed is often blind, and only wakes up to great truths after its head has been thumped a little.

How much good my aunt really did among her people, I was too young to judge. Perhaps their self-respect was elevated by her teachings, and their occasional association with one of her rank and character. Such ought to have been the result. But human nature is not angelic. Mrs. Sarah Jones, the wife of a forgerman, was on her way to the mansion one afternoon, when I overheard one of her neighbors saying to another, "There goes Sal Jones up to the big house to rub against quality!" But possibly the one sneering thus had not yet herself been up to the big house, and a rub against quality may subsequently have smoothed down her asperities, when envy no longer inflamed.

The owner of iron works in Pennsylvania fifty or sixty years ago was often the most important figure in a wide district, and held a position somewhat patriarchal. Neighboring farmers found a market for their products at his works, and at times their teams were employed in hauling ore or coal. Naturally enough the Iron Master, his family and clerks, superior to most of the people near them in education, culture, and manners, ranked as "quality." For there were patricians and plebeians in those "good old times." Judges, lawyers, doctors, and the principal "storekeepers," constituted in the towns a sort of aristocracy, and held themselves rather above the commonalty, made up of mechanics, the lesser shopkeepers, and so on. The lines were not very distinctly drawn, but they existed, and the social boundaries were not often stepped over. Farmers of the old families and owners of grist-mills in the country were "quality" if their intellectual development and personal deportment warranted. Solid worth, however, always had its due respect; and when Fred. Holman had got rich in Philadelphia, and paid our native town a visit, he was recognized as a gentleman, although his good old mother had sold cakes and beer and taffy to raise means for his schooling — not malt and hop beer like that made by Joseph Dysant at the big spring, but "small beer," made with molasses and other harmless things — a most refreshing beverage, now obsolete. The Pennsylvanians used to have a great deal to say about the "aristocracy" of the Southern planters, but I think there was as much of the caste feeling in their own State as elsewhere. Nor did position depend on pecuniary circumstances.

Families of but moderate means often balanced their poverty by their pride, and never thought of themselves as less than the social equals of any. It was not a pride offensive or injurious to anybody high or low, but only a feeling that they were of right ladies and gentlemen, above mean things, and with a record entitling them to top seats so long as they behaved themselves.

Beyond the Bible, the Commentaries on it, the Psalm and Hymn books, and the book of Common Prayer, our literature was not extensive. I remember the Waverley Novels, Thaddeus of Warsaw, and the Children of the Abbey, as books that I heard talked of long, long ago; and Scott's poems were read and Burns' songs were sung by the fireside. Montgomery and Campbell were also popular; and everybody read Rasselas, the Vicar of Wakefield, and the Deserted Village. Pope and Young were much enjoyed by the elderly folks. Milton was held in high regard, but, I think, not much read, nor is he now. Moore was tolerated, but Byron was considered wicked. Shakespeare's works and a few of the better plays of later authors were not unknown. It would do me good to hear the songs of Burns again as I used to hear them in our home circles. Many of the people were of Scotch-Irish descent, and their hearts warmed to the minstrelsy of the plowman poet. The Almanac was an important annual; in some quarters it ranked next to the Bible, and was about as safe a weather-prophet as any since.

While I was in Bedford county my uncle tried an experiment in Pneumatics. He had built a new furnace up the creek from his old works, at the base of a swell affording easy approach to its top (there being no machinery then to hoist the ore and fuel); but the waterfall was a thousand feet or more away, and the question was, whether to put the water-wheel at the furnace, and carry the water to it in a costly forebay, or to put the wheel and blast apparatus at the fall, and carry the blast. This would be a question easily settled now, but the science of Pneumatics has advanced since 1827. My uncle reasoned that if a pipe would carry air forty feet, it would carry it a thousand feet, or more; and although the "Founder," or chief man in operating the furnace, had no faith in the plan, yet the pipes were laid and the machinery started. It operated beautifully. The blast not only reached the furnace, but was more regular in its pressure than any known before; and other Iron Masters came over from the other side of the mountains to see the new arrangement. I was not a little proud of that experiment, as its grand success restored to my uncle among the hands some of the credit he had lost the year before by his heresy in regard to gun-locks, and we all thought him a man of wonderful knowledge.

The reader smiles, perhaps, at my good uncle for not *knowing* that the blast could be carried; but let us remember that in those days there had been no drilling of tunnels through the Alps, or even in gold or silver mines, by the use of compressed air; no transmission of packages in tubes; no atmospheric motors on railways; no sinking of piles or piers a hundred feet

under water, as at the St. Louis Bridge, imitated by Rœbling, without acknowledgment, at Brooklyn; and no scheme of a tunnel under the British Channel, only possible by the use of carried air. Brunel's costly experiments with air-tubes on the Great Western Railway in England were not tried till 1845. Lord Cochrane did not patent his air-lock till 1831; William Bush put forth his views in 1841; and Pfaunmuller's plans for the Mayence bridge were only developed in 1850. In truth, we now know a great deal more than my uncle did, and he knew more than George Washington, for George had never seen a percussion gun-lock. We now know that if we had Niagara utilized (as it will be some day), it could be made to generate enough electric force to light up almost the whole State of New York, and have power enough left, with adequate "compressers," to drive all the engines in Buffalo, and dispense with steam. When in the future some enterprising Buffalofor gets a patent on all these things, he must buy up all my "Notes," or they will throw him out of Court when he claims Royalty.

The blacksmith also tried an experiment, in projectile force. A stove-plate had been broken, and, as a new plate could not conveniently be got, it was important to mend the old one. Castings were then quite coarse, as all were made at the furnace, and how to drill holes in the plate was the question; but if the holes could be drilled a strip of iron could be riveted on to hold the pieces together. Having no drill, for tools were not as plenty as in modern shops, Mr. Alexander, the smith, marked the pieces of the plate with dots of chalk where the holes were wanted, set them up one at a time, and with his rifle at a rest shot through each of them. The holes were clear and distinct, the stove-plate was soon restored to duty, and Mr. Alexander took high rank as a knowing and handy man. He was talked about even on the other side of the mountains, as far away as London, in Franklin county, where they had a tilt-hammer to draw nail-rods, and where Thomas A. Scott was born. The principle involved in Mr. Alexander's exploit was the same as that now applied to the projectile designed to penetrate a ship's armor, and some cannon-ball maker may have heard of our smith's success with the stove-plate; but Mr. Alexander had never heard of armored ships, as none had then been thought of. He may have heard some one say, that you can shoot a tallow candle through an inch-board if the powder charge is right. With all a boy's interest and wonder, I witnessed that unique feat of drilling, which I doubt not was the first of its kind, and may possibly have been the last.

I ought to have been happy at my uncle's, but do not think I was. Pleasures I had, but boys are sometimes not gifted to enjoy the serenity of happiness. My pleasantest hours, I think, were those in which I wandered off alone, up the mountain side to the coaling grounds, where the colliers told me how to manage the mounds they called "pits"; or down the creek to the quarry, where the fossil shells in the blue limestone excited my wonder, and puzzled my juvenile philosophy. It seemed strange that the Creator could have spared time in the six days of world-making to put all these curi-

ous forms in the rocks; but I thought it very kind of him to finish off the rocks in layers, so easily taken out for building houses, as well as for use as flux in the furnace. I would often lay aside my fishing-rod and muse at the quarry, trying to think it all out; but I never took any of the other boys into my confidence. I felt that the rude urchins could not understand the rocks, or the impression they made on me; and it would have seemed profanation to let them know the inquisitive awe with which I regarded the wonderful contents of the quarry. It is long since I have learned how philosophers account for the shells in the limestone, and for the length of the "days" in which the world was created; but I can never forget my first studies in Geology at the old stone quarry, and I fear that I have never since been quite so near to the Creator as when musing there as if in his very presence.

The boy's troubles! My little water-wheels and tilt-hammers in the run would not always work well, and sometimes the rain would come in the night and sweep them away. My kites would fly, but I never could get a long enough string. I wanted to shoot, but had no gun. Don't tell me that the boy of nine or ten years finds life all sunshine. His wants outrun his means as certainly as in maturer life. I could swim with any boy of my years, but others could catch more fish — though I could wade along the shores of the dam and get as many leeches on my bare legs as the best of them. I could go tolerably well in a foot-race, but I went down as a wrestler. With the bow and arrow I could hit as near the mark as any; and I was the first to find out that the tap of a pin at one end of a saw-log could be heard by a boy with his ear against the other end — an experiment in acoustics that even attracted the attention of the schoolmaster. But I was a poor fighter and disliked the "code," which required a boy, if challenged, to fight, or else lose caste as absurdly as among grown men. Tom Mills challenged me to a fist-fight, and I had not courage to refuse. He was a better fighter than I, and I had to "holler enough." In fact, I had too much, and have disliked fighting ever since.

When I look back so far it seems at times as if the boy fishing for trout that so rarely came to land, or feeling proud of the leeches on his ankles, or trying to fight Tom Mills, or wandering up the mountain to where the charcoal was made, or musing over the shells at the quarry, — was not ME, but some other boy, and I am almost sorry that the boy WAS me, as he appears not to have amounted to much. Yet he had a tender heart; for on butchering-day in the fall, when a yard full of cattle and a pen of hogs were killed, as usual at that season (the forge being stopped, and all hands aiding to slaughter and dress the animals), he soon tired of the sport of blowing up bladders and bursting them to enjoy the noise, and began to pity the poor dumb brutes destined to death; and when the last ox, having seen his companions one by one driven to the gate and shot down, came up of his own accord to the fatal spot, and quietly awaited the swift bullet in his forehead, the boy could bear it no longer, but went to his aunt in tears, declaring

between sobs that he would never, never eat another piece of beef as long as he lived!

Yes—in writing of long-gone scenes and events, identity seems at times merged into some-one else; but a gleam of sunshine on the landscape, the flitting of a cloud-shadow along a hillside, the purling of a rivulet, the note of a familiar bird, or the whites of the leaves as they turn up in the summer breeze, foretelling a shower, as we used to believe—all just as they gleamed, and flitted, and purred, and sang, and turned up to the summer air, in early days—may illuminate old memories, and bring me back at once to the exquisite identity of boyhood, and then I am sure that the boy was never anyone but ME after all, and I try to think as well of him as I honestly can.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD-TIME HARVESTING — WHISKEY IN THE FIELD — BARNs — TRAMPING OUT GRAIN — FLAILS — FIRST THRASHING MACHINES — SHAW'S HAY-RAKE — CAST IRON PLOWS — ARTHUR LONG'S MOLDBOARDS — HOME-MADE SHOES — WOMAN'S WORK — COUNTRY PLEASURES — SINGING SCHOOLS AND APPLE BUTTER MAKING — A QUILTING PARTY — MRS. KOCHANOUR NOT PRESENT — SHOOTING STARS OF 1833 — PERIL AND PANIC — A STAR POEM.

The first harvesting I ever saw was on the slope of a hill on Judge Edmiston's farm, where some men were reaping with sickles, now gone out of use entirely, I believe. The cradle was then in use, too, and it was an inspiring sight to see four or five muscular cradlers leaning to their work, and swinging their cradles in unison—deftly dropping the cut grain behind them for the rakers and binders who followed. Animation and suggestion of utility were blended in the scene. It was the poetry of rural work in motion, and very proud of their skill were those cradlers. The man who could hold the lead was a sort of hero, while the ambition of others to equal him had the pleasant result of helping on the work. My good father always applauded the efforts of the emulous and smiled on the strife for excellence, as it brought down his wheat and rye the more rapidly.

Harvesting meant some hard work, but not a little jollity and enjoyment. It was a jocund season; there was often much merriment, and many a meagre joke was greeted with fat laughter. The world was bounded north and south by mountains, and though it was open at both ends, few of the people ever got out of the valley. But we had innocent gaiety enough. When at last their bodies were laid to rest, their souls mostly went upwards; for Thomas Paine was unknown, and there was no Col. Ingersoll to rob them of hope and give nothing in return.

In the present age of "Prohibition," the reader may be shocked to learn that in the harvest fields of central Pennsylvania three-score years ago, the use of whiskey was almost universal. Neighborhood distilleries furnished a limpid liquor obtained from rye, and the general rule was for each farmer to get "a bar'l o' whiskey for harvest." The fluid was sometimes colored by putting toasted dried peaches into the barrel, but it was still in a very raw condition, though free of deadly drugs.

Once in my life I got drunk. I was but a child, and having strolled to the harvest field, was told to stay in the shade of the tree, where the whiskey jug and water pail were sheltered from the sun. Having seen the men pouring from the jug into the tin cup and drinking, I wondered what it was that was so good they smacked their lips after partaking of it. So, after they left, I poured and sipped. The result was a "solitary drunk." I think there was no exhilaration at all, but dreadful nausea, and a very sick but unconscious child was carried home to sleep himself sober. Whether or not there was any moral deduced from this occurrence by the use of a switch I do not recollect, but probably there was, for it was not customary then to spoil the child by sparing the rod. I have ever since been opposed to the use of whiskey in harvest, and that little indulgence in grog has lasted me more than sixty years, as I have never been carried home from that day to this.

Although whiskey was so liberally used in those old days, I cannot recollect that there was much drunkenness. Certainly the results of whiskey drinking were not of violent character, as I cannot recall any murders or serious affrays during my boyhood. This may have been owing to the purity of the liquor. Fist-fights were expected on the 4th of July, on "muster day," when the militia paraded, and at elections, but no deadly weapons were used, and the combatants were usually good friends again when sober. The fights grew out of ambition to be the best man of the neighborhood, rather than animosity, and homicide was then so rare that a single murder would convulse with horror the entire commonwealth.

Even in my boyhood the question came up, whether harvesting might be done without whiskey, and the notion spread that it was worth while to try the experiment. One farmer after another substituted buttermilk, switchell (water with molasses in it and a dash of vinegar) and other harmless beverages. That was before the day of the "pledge," but the experiment succeeded.

Farmers of the present day may wonder how the crops could be gathered without improved mowing and reaping machines. But our fields were not large, and I think there was never any hay or grain lost for want of harvest hands and implements. Many mechanics and others from the towns took to the fields, as the daily wage was tempting (even if paid in grain) and they liked the fun and jollity of the harvest season. Everybody knows how wonderfully harvest machines operate now, and they are needed on the great prairie farms. Dalrymple could hardly save his wheat on that big farm in Dakota with the sickle and cradle, but he might use the heading machines, described by Pliny as used in Gaul at the date of the Roman conquest. This was the prototype of the headers used in California—only in the Gaul machine "the cart went before the horse," as the machine was pushed by an ox in shafts.

Most farmers in our region, as in other parts of Pennsylvania, had barns large enough to hold all their hay and grain, and if barn room was short,

they would carefully stack it, with generally a thatch cap to shield it from rains. The cap rested on four posts, and could be raised up as the stack grew in height. Nothing better has ever been contrived for out-door storage of grain in sheaf. The barns all had plank thrashing floors, on which the wheat was "tramped out" by horses, and many a weary ride round and round the barn floor I have had to endure, sometimes nearly frozen, as this work was mostly done in the winter season; but boys then went through such experiences, and did not know enough to complain. It was an ignorant age, and we did not recognize hardship even when undergoing it. I used to try to stand up on the horse, like the men in the circus, but could not manage it well, and at last concluded that I was not born for success in "the ring," nor have I figured to advantage in any "ring" in all the long years since. My circus pranks, trying sometimes to play clown, used so to disgust our trusty old farm hand, Hughy Ramsey, that a picture of his face, with its wrinkled expression of contempt for all circuses and clown-imitators, would beat anything Cruikshank ever designed.

Instead of burning our wheat straw, as western farmers do, we had long racks in the barnyard filled with it for the cattle to eat at will. They thought it worth eating and did not starve. The racks were generally made of rails crossing each other, resting on a pole, with their ends in the ground. We always had abundance of manure to haul out at the proper season.

Rye was thrashed with flails, now gone out of use, and the straw was often used for thatching. It made good roofs for barns, outhouses, stack-caps and sheds. Rye straw was also cut short and mixed wet with rye meal (chopped rye we called it) for horse feed in summer. We also used oats for horses, but rarely corn, except in cold weather, and then fed in the ear. We had a notion it was too "heating" for summer use.

The thrashing machine (invented by a lawyer, Menzies, in Scotland, 1750, and run by water power) was coming into use in central Pennsylvania more than fifty years ago, but in a modest way. A drum or cylinder with spikes sticking out "like quills upon the fretful porcupine" (as Mr. Shakspeare has it) revolving in a case also having spikes in it, was our first machine, in which a sheaf at a time could be fed. It was driven by horse power. The straw and chaff were flung out on the barn floor, and thrown out of the way by men with forks; and the winnowing was done in a fan mill turned by hand. Whether "tramped out," or thrashed by the machine, we were very careful in cleaning our wheat, as it was a matter of pride to have it weigh always upwards of 60 pounds to the measured bushel. When very young, I saw a primitive horse-power threshing "machine"—a conical shaped log from the largest tree to be had, with wooden pegs projecting from its surface; the small end held by a ring on a post in the middle of the floor, and a horse at the large end to pull it around on the grain. I think it was not patented, but while I could not point out the farm where I saw this rare machine, I can show the pretty little vale where the farm is situated. An-

other unpatented machine of those days was a revolving hay-rake, invented by Mr. John Shaw, an intelligent gentleman in the neighborhood, but who, for some unknown reason, did not apply for a patent. It was constructed precisely as the first wooden revolving hay-rakes, which came into use some years later, and which perhaps yielded some one a fortune, who may have seen Mr. Shaw's rake and got a patent on it.

Jethro Wood's cast iron plows made their appearance in the Juniata valley, about the time I gave up school and went regularly to work on the farm; but our old-fashioned plow, with its iron share, edged with steel, its "coulter" of the same metals, and its wooden or cast-iron moldboard, was our great reliance, especially in rough ground or in sod. Thomas Jefferson (a gentleman of some note a hundred years ago, fated to be much spoken of for putting in shape the daily talk of the times as the Declaration of Independence, although he did much greater things, and who died synchronously with John Adams on the Fourth of July, about the time the engineers began to survey for our "canawl") is said to have been the first to trace mathematically the curves which the moldboard of a plow ought to have. Perhaps he was, for he was a philosopher, and could even teach the stone-cutters at work on his pet, the University of Virginia, how to handle their tools and shape the material. But Arthur Long, who made plows in my native town, had a surer way of getting the curves, by noting where the moldboard clogged or scoured, and modifying it accordingly till perfection was attained. This was science, if science be, as once said Prof. Swallow, the eminent and unrewarded geologist of Missouri, "the essence of human experience." But we had no plows fixed to ride on; no sulky cultivators, or other contrivances for easy tilling. We literally followed the plow, and likewise trudged after the harrow.

Often have I been amused in late years by discussions in agricultural papers on rotation of crops, the use of "plaster" as a fertilizer, the benefit of clover, and so on — all matters of course in my native county when I was a boy. We "rotated" as regularly as the seasons came round; we had our luxuriant fields of clover, and the estimation in which plaster (gypsum) was held is attested by the fact that it was brought up the Juniata river in keel-boats pushed by poles, long before the canal was made. We farmed better sixty years ago than the people in some parts of the country do now; but there is no use in telling the conceited moderns this, as they would not believe it.

One old-time custom of farm-life is happily, for the youngsters, at least, known no longer. Sole and upper leather, and tanned calfskin (the latter for the women's shoes) were provided, and the shoemaker came round once a year to make up our foot-gear. If he came late, woe to the boys. There was no help for us; but if the farm-boy nowadays should find his feet in the condition ours were sometimes in as the cold weather got ahead of the shoemaker, the pseudo-philanthropists would howl over him — and he would perhaps howl, too. But we were used to it.

It is a modern belief that our farm-life, half a century ago, was fearfully laborious. As we kept sheep for wool as well as for mutton, and also flax for its fibre, and were not yet past the spinning-wheel and hand-loom period, woman's work was constant, and sometimes tolerably hard; but it was always cheerfully performed. It was also customary in Pennsylvania for the women folks to do the milking, as the Yankees had not yet set the example of "pailing the keows." It would seem as if the old-time women had a hard life; but women now give a great deal of time and labor to things unknown in the ancient and simpler days; and I think our old-time women enjoyed, perhaps, as much leisure as their rural sisters do now. The men did not regard farm-life as unduly toilsome. Among the boys it was a matter of ambition to turn a good furrow, and among the men to mow neatly and cradle skillfully, and, in short, to do all their work well. We had our aspirations in the line of duty, and the pride in our calling that sweetens labor.

We had our pleasures, too, all the sweeter for the usefulness of our lives. We went to "meeting" on Sundays, and saw, and were seen. Each young buck was proud of his horse, and the proudest of all was the one whose stirrup-leathers were the longest in proportion to the length of his legs, and who could ride a prancing steed with only the toe of his boot on the stirrup-iron—as proud as a fine lady at Saratoga with a long-tailed gown. In fall and winter the weekly singing schools, the merry sleighing parties, and other innocent recreations, were joyous enough to compensate for many days of toil. The "apple-butter boilings," when we met at farm-houses, pared and cut apples, stirred the boiling material in the big copper kettle hung in the wide chimney, and played plays, and got chaste kisses from the pretty girls—what could unsophisticated and moral youth want more?

Among the rural folks there was less caste than in the towns, and more social equality. The divisions were rather sectarian than social, especially as regarded the Dunkards, who kept to themselves, speaking the Dutch language dialectically, and making everything count on their farms; the men with hooks and eyes on their coats instead of buttons, and wearing their beards long, though shaving the upper lip; and the women in "short-gowns and petticoats" (jackets to the waist and blue skirts), with white caps on their heads and straw bonnets with low crowns, and the broad brims drawn down at each side: a most worthy people; not given to lawsuits, but helping each other, and never in the poorhouse. I think Joseph Kochanour's folks in Lancaster county were Dunkards; but when Joseph moved his family to Mifflin, having bought a farm joining ours, he had laid aside all external signs of the peculiar people, and was "one of the world's men." We neighbored with them, and, soon after their arrival, Mother, having one of those quilting parties so much enjoyed by farmers' wives and daughters, I was sent to invite Mrs. Kochanour to come over and spend the afternoon, and get acquainted with the farmer-ladies present. I did not see Mrs. K., but on my return was very proud of my mimicry; for when I repeated, with

proper accent, what Joseph had said, "I not dinks she goes ofer; she's too onhandy"! and all the quilts went off into ecstasies of laughter, I thought Mr. Kochanour must be the funniest man alive, and myself the best mimic; and I began to think myself funny, too, when I sent them all off again in another peal of merriment by simply saying, "If she don't know how to quilt, she might take a needle and thread, and learn!" Never a quilting-frame had such exuberant hilarity around it; and it was long after there had been an increase in the Kochanour family before I was old enough to guess how the fun had come in, and why Mr. Kochanour's odd phrase provoked so much laughter.

In November, 1833, turned of 16 (having from the age of 14 been edging into the pleasures of adolescence), I was at an apple-butter party on the night of the great meteoric shower, when thousands of stars were apparently darting towards the earth and more following. We were all badly scared. The world—that seemed so good and nice, when possibly doomed—might be coming to an end, for all we knew: some prayed, and others (not in good practice) earnestly tried to. But with all our fright, and the final day of earth possibly dawning, we still, with sublime presence of mind in the midst of appalling peril, stirred the big kettle, and did not lose the apple-butter.

The display of "shooting-stars" in 1833 was the most remarkable on record. The American Journal of Science gave an account of it, but it has never been accounted for. The meteors, the Journal says, "began to attract notice by their frequency as early as 9 o'clock P.M., November 12, the exhibition being strikingly brilliant about 11 o'clock; but most splendid of all about 4 o'clock, and continued with little intermission till darkness merged into daylight. A few fire-balls were seen even after the sun had risen. The entire extent of the exhibition is not known, but it covered no inconsiderable portion of the earth's surface. Everywhere in the United States the first appearance was that of fireworks of the most imposing grandeur, covering the entire vault of heaven with myriads of fire-balls resembling sky-rockets. On a more attentive inspection, the meteors exhibited three distinct varieties: the first consisting of phosphorescent lines apparently described by a point; the second, of large fire-balls that at intervals darted along the sky, leaving numerous trails, which occasionally remained in view for a number of seconds, and in some cases for half an hour or more; the third, of undefined luminous bodies, which continued stationary for a long time. The meteors all seemed to emanate from one and the same point. They set out at different distances from this point, and proceeded with immense velocity."

Many more particulars are given in the Journal's account of the "shooting stars," but I have given enough to convey some idea of the wonderful spectacle which we rustics were fortunate enough to witness. No wonder we were scared. Nothing equal to it had ever been seen or heard of. We could not possibly know what it meant, and I do not know yet; but most

if not all, of those who witnessed it when I d'fd, at the lone farm-house by the side of the turnpike, where they now dig sand out of the ridge and carry it two miles on wire ropes to the railroad for the use of glass-works at Pittsburg, are gone from earth, and up to the stars, as I trust. But, I repeat, in the midst of what might have been "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," we saved the apple-butter, and I look back to the saving of that apple-butter as a heroic achievement.

THE METEORIC SHOWER OF 1833.

November's evening, calm and clear,
 No token gives of peril near;
 November's night, with brilliant sky—
 Her stars and planets fixed on high—
 Tells naught of changes coming on,
 With strange and dread phenomenon.
 And jocund youth and smiling age
 In sportive toil alert engage;
 With nimble fingers deftly pare
 The aromatic apples there;
 And in the chimney's wide expanse
 The bubbles in the kettle dance;
 While turn about, as chance may fall,
 We stir the butter, each and all.
 The scene is joyous, bright, and gay,
 As lads and lasses join in play.

But lo! what dire portent appears
 To chill our hearts with sudden fears—
 To check life's current in the vein—
 To paralyze the startled brain?

The stars, unfastened from on high,
 Promiscuous fall from out the sky,
 And fiery balls terrific roll
 From zenith off to either pole.
 Some wandering Sun in upper air
 Seems shattered into pellets there;
 Like incandescent hail they fall,
 And doomed is our terrestrial ball.

O fearful scene! In dire dismay
 Some pray, and others try to pray—
 As if a jealous God we please
 By bending unaccustomed knees;—
 And some, in trembling accents, say.
 "Can this—can this—be Judgment-day?"

The tardy hours of fear and fright
Wear on as slowly wanes the night;
And still the fearsome, fiery shower
New terror brings from hour to hour.
With myriad burning missiles hurled,
Lost! lost! this unregenerate world!

At length, O joy! the night is past
And welcome dawn is here at last.
With daylight comes new courage, where
So late were terror and despair.
Like spirits only bold at night,
The vagrant stars all shun the light;
The Sun his regal sway resumes,
With radiant beam the day illumines—
Into his molten breast has drawn
The meteors all that fled at dawn.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOING TO MILL LIKE HENRY CLAY—DULL'S MILL—ROLLER MILLS—ABRAHAM AND ULYSSES—TOO MODEST—WORK AND RECREATION—THE SERPENT IN THE GARDEN—B. FRANKLIN, THE PRINTER—AMBITION PULSATES—THE OLD GAZETTE BOUGHT—OLD TYPES AND OLD PRESS, LIKE THOSE OF FRANKLIN—INKING BY BALLS—INK ROLLERS—THE RAZOR, A FIRST PUBLICATION—AN ORIGINAL POEM—MAC IVOR'S POEM—FACT HAS OUTRUN FANCY—HENRY'S COILS AND MAGNETS—MORSE—AMATEUR EDITING—HARRISON FOR PRESIDENT—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR—A SPICY SHEET—BACKWOODS PAPERS—THE PENNY PRESS—ORGANS AND EDITORS IN OLD TIMES—SPECIAL PAPERS—FIRST RAILROAD PAPER IN THE WORLD—MORGAN'S COMMISSARY—ARMSTRONGS AND ELLIOTS—INDEPENDENT PAPERS—UNFOUNDED ALARM OF THE GOOD MINISTER—LONGING FOR A CHANGE—GOOD ADVICE, BUT HARD TO FOLLOW.

Working on the farm I was useful, especially with horses. In earlier days I had gone to mill with a bag on a horse, as Henry Clay did when a boy in Virginia; for which exploit, when we ran him unsuccessfully for President, we bragged of him as the "mill-boy of the Slashes"; but when promoted to drive two horses (neck-yokes at the end of the pole and check-lines having been introduced by Yankee immigrants), I took several bags in a wagon. Dull's mill was an old fashioned affair, driven by water; but I think our bread was sweeter than any now made with patent flour. About the time I began to go to mill with the wagon, the plan of making flour with rollers instead of stones was invented in Switzerland, but it did not come into prominence till 1839, when roller mills were built at Budapesth, in Hungary. Within the last twenty years this mode of reducing wheat to flour has been adopted in American mills as a "new process," and patented, of course; but the pretty flour produced is not likely to leave as many old men and women sixty years hence as we have now.

I never could split rails as Abraham could, nor cut cord-wood like Ulysses; but I hauled wood to town to sell, and having risen a peg as a teamster I had a better team than Ulysses when he hauled wood to St. Louis from his Gravois clearing, as I had four horses and he had only two. I do not wonder that he gave up the wood business, and proposed to act as county surveyor. I only wonder at the stupidity that could not understand or

value the applicant. But Ulysses was himself in fault, as he had too much modesty, which is often fatal to advancement. In view of the positions he has since occupied, he is as modest and unassuming yet as he needs to be.

I rather enjoyed some kinds of work. The consciousness of achievement is pleasurable, and my days went by not unhappily. There was abundant exercise for all the mind I had in the details of farm life—the growth and maturity of the crops, the changes of the seasons, and the curious phenomena of the weather which always gave us rain on our clover hay. What with “gigging fish” at night, lighted by a pine-knot fire on the canoe enabling us to see the game at the pebbly bottom of the river, together with the diversions mentioned in the preceding chapter, and trying to skate in winter, I had all the recreation I cared for; and I might have remained on the farm as an “honest farmer,” devoting my energies to agriculture both as a science and an art, and possibly might have risen to be a Professor in some Agricultural College (supposing a practical farmer ever to get into such a position), if I had not unfortunately read the life of Benjamin Franklin.

That was the Serpent in the Garden.

I did not much relish Franklin's maxims about money-getting, so attractively set forth in his Poor Richard's Almanac, as I thought them rather sordid and mean, our folks having always had high notions of generosity, liberality, benevolence, and all that sort of thing, so much more praised than practiced; but the important and suggestive fact was, that B. Franklin, starting in life A PRINTER, had become a distinguished man. The fever of ambition began to pulsate: I must be a printer too, and achieve distinction! I knew that there had been hundreds and thousands of printers, from Gutenberg down, my own excellent father among them, and but one Franklin; but they had possibly not tried hard enough to equal him, and might have lacked talent and ambition. At all events, a printer I must be, and father went to the town (his own birth-place as well as mine) and bought the old “Gazette,” which he had started in 1811 and sold in 1814; so that after an interval of nineteen years he again became its owner, in order that I might learn “the art, trade and mystery” (as the old Indentures of Apprentices termed it) of printing.

Writing this for printers, let me say that the Gazette office would not rank high now-a-days: old and worn types, and an old Ramage press, mostly of wood, with a stone bed, a screw to send down the wooden platen, and requiring two pulls of the “devil's-tail” to print one side of the little paper. Very primitive, indeed, that old press; but I reflected that it was as good a press as ever Franklin had. When very young I had seen the types inked by beating them with two balls or cushions on handles, as in Franklin's day, and had admired the dexterity displayed in handling the balls, the inker having his ambition to excel, like anybody else; but the “art preservative of all arts,” as we used to fondly style it, had so far progressed in 1833, that the ink was put on with a roller made of glue and molasses, melted together and molded round a core of wood. Inking the types with a

roller was about the only change in the art as known in our Gazette office since Franklin had given it up, except that the use of the long *s* had been discontinued. Printing-presses to be run by steam were coming into use in cities, but muscular power sufficed in the villages.

Father was editor, residing on the farm, three miles up the valley. I began at once to set type, and, like Franklin, drank only cold water. I also determined to imitate him in setting up something "out of my head" as soon as possible. I tried to think out something "original," but nothing presented itself, and I decided to turn into verse a funny thing I had seen in the Almanac. A little piece had amused me in prose, as the funny things in the Almanac always did, and I thought it would look well as *poetry*. So I set it up in type, and here it is—my first publication:

THE RAZOR.

"Say, Johnny, where's my razor now?

I want it here to use it."

"I've had it openin' oysters, Dad."

"You rascal—did you 'buse it?"

"No!"—"Rub it on a brickbat then,

And what I tell you, mind it—

If you ever use it so again,

I'm blowed if you sha'n't grind it!"

Happy the time of life when a thing like this can amuse; but few writers can present a first publication so brief, so dramatic, and without a waste word; an epic with all the unities, and the climax at the close. In this effort I went beyond Franklin, who wrote out his first verses with a pen; and when one or two of our exchanges came in with my piece copied, I felt all the warm and delightful glow of successful authorship! True, Sir James Mackintosh, in his *Life of Sir Thomas More*, says, "the greatest facility of versification may exist without a spark of genius"; but I had not then read Mackintosh, and thought my verses a little uncommon, as I still think they were. But paraphrasing did not satisfy, and I soon after set up in type a poem entirely original, as the intelligent reader would acknowledge if I could give it in full. It had four verses, but I can only recall the first two lines and the title—*On Time*:

"O Time! why dost thou hasten on,

And still pursue thy trackless way?"

A posing question, to be sure; but Ivan MacIvor, the jour. printer (who played the key-bugle of evenings), disputed the assumption that Time "hastens," and said it was going at the same old pace it had started with; or at least since the day of Ptolemy there had been no change; and he also denied the "trackless way," for "the way of Time," he insisted, "can be followed by the wrecks, like the caravan-way across the African desert, marked by the bones of perished animals." What a savage critic he was!

But if all young writers should be handled as severely as Ivan handled me, few would dare to write at all. To show me how to write usefully he set up a poem of his own, of which I remember four lines :

“An hundred years hence what a change will be made
 In politics, morals, religion, and trade!
 In statesmen who wrangle, or ride on the fence,
 How things will be altered an hundred years hence!”

Half of the hundred years (lacking less than one) are gone, and the changes are greater than even the Scotch fancy of MacIvor could have pictured. They will be still greater in the last half of the term. We cannot forecast them, if we may judge from the past; for nobody fifty years ago, however expansive his imagination, had any adequate conception of the future then impending. Possibly some cosmical influences, of which we are unconscious, have been operating on the human mind to stimulate the rapid advancement in all arts and sciences, except the art and science of being good and happy. As to extra-mundane agencies, let some philosopher trace if he can the connection between the meteoric phenomena of 1833 and the development of electro-magnetism, basing his inquiries on the fact, that about the time of the great display of “shooting stars” Professor Joseph Henry was bringing to perfection his electro-magnetic discoveries, with his wire-coils and magnets, which enabled Professor Samuel F. B. Morse to bring into use the “Electro-magnetic Telegraph”! The master-minds of both these men were for years working towards the same result, and the name of Henry should ever be associated with that of Morse.

At harvest time Father said he would stay at home, and we could drop one number of the Gazette; but I got up the types for all that, and he wrote a paragraph of excuse for lack of editorial. I sent him proofs and he let me issue the paper. I had set up a communication assailing several politicians of the Democratic party, and commenting roughly on some local occurrences. He supposed it to have been handed in by some partisan of our side, and while he thought it too bitter and personal for good taste, concluded to let it appear. It raised a hubbub, and everybody wanted to know who had written it, but could not find out. It was generally credited to James T. Hale, a young lawyer of fine abilities, afterwards in Congress. The sensation created was immensely flattering to me, as well as the supposition that Lawyer Hale had written the article which I had in the Franklin manner “set up in type out of my own head.” Never have I had anything in print that gave me more pleasure; but why Franklin should have bragged of setting up his ideas in type without first writing them down I am at a loss to imagine, as thought can as safely be put into words at the printer’s case as at the desk.

During the winter of 1834-5 Henry K. Strong, editor of the *Intelligencer* at Harrisburg, was warmly urging the selection of General William Henry Harrison as the best Whig candidate for the Presidency; but few or no

papers were then joining with him. I wanted Father to come out in the Gazette for Harrison, but he was too cautious, although, having been himself a soldier in the war of 1812, he had a high opinion of the General. Finally, in May, 1835, while the editor was corn-planting, I got up an editorial, a column long, taking ground for Harrison, and carried the proofs out to the farm. He hesitated—feared that it might not be prudent just yet—but would be in early next day and consult party friends. I walked demurely back to the office, and by breakfast next morning had the paper on the streets. Our party friends were all pleased, and when my good father got to town he was warmly congratulated on the step he had taken, but he never once told *how* he had taken it. After the Gazette had come out, papers in all parts of the State, and in other States, gave their voices for Harrison, and four years later he was nominated. Human events are so varied and complicated that effects cannot sometimes be with certainty traced back to their causes, and hence, while my editorial in the Gazette may have caused the nomination of Harrison, it would be impossible at this date to prove the fact, but I am sure no one can prove that it did NOT effect it.

My editorial interferences, and my general “perversity,” as my good and indulgent father called it, began to be too much for him to endure, and in August, 1835, he gave me the paper. I was eighteen years old, and when my full name was printed at the head of the Gazette as “Editor and Proprietor,” it seemed rather strange that the world had got along so far without much aid from me, which it would surely need in the future. It was the only time in my life that I exercised much power of imagination, and I fancied myself a much more important personage than I really was.

The Gazette was a small affair, and I could only raise money for a couple of bundles of paper at a time, enough for one issue, but these I brought from the warehouse on a wheel-barrow, just as Franklin used to wheel his paper in Philadelphia, to show that he was a hard worker and not above his business. I had never told anyone that Franklin was my model; but Mr. Frank McCoy, the genial proprietor of the warehouse—one of those quiet but knowing men who see into things—would say very pleasantly as I moved off with my wheel-barrow, “Go ahead, my boy; that’s the way Dr. Franklin did. Never forget Dr. Franklin!” And I never did forget him.

Eighteen years old and an editor—helping to shape the destinies! It was grand to be so early in life one of the arbiters of the world’s fate. But when once sounding my trumpet a little at home, I was cooled down by the remark of Father, “Nonsense! I was only eighteen when I started the paper in 1811.” As I write this, he still reads the weekly issue of the Gazette, in his ninety-first year—the oldest man on the continent to read a paper founded by himself, nearly three-quarters of a century ago.

Considering my imperfect education and deplorable ignorance of almost everything the humblest editor of a village journal ought to know, I got along tolerably well with the newspaper. The few patrons were, I suppose,

easily satisfied, and I heard no complaints. On the contrary, it was the general opinion that I got out quite a spicy sheet, and the way the Gazette bandied epithets (and what Father, who was always a gentleman, styled blackguardism) with the rival paper of the town, elicited genuine admiration. Very paltry it all looks now in the retrospect, yet it is some consolation to remember that the Gazette was about on the level of other "country papers" in Pennsylvania at the time.

It is not very creditable to the old Commonwealth that in those days the newspapers in the States westward, the "back-woods," were as a rule larger, better printed, and better edited than the Pennsylvania papers, outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. I can only account for this by supposing that most of the active, intelligent and enterprising young men had gone west, or that the western people were more liberal in the support given to their papers than the people of Pennsylvania.

THE PRESS generally has greatly improved in the last fifty years, not only in mechanical execution and multitudinous issues, but also in what may be regarded as its *morale*. The tone is higher. There is less personal abuse; less vituperation, detraction and calumny. Vile enough many papers are yet, no doubt, but for genuine blackguardism—to use Father's favorite term—the papers about the time of my accession to the editorial chair are entitled to the stakes. I refer only to the editorial tone. So far as "news" and varieties of crime are concerned, the papers of the early days were spotless compared with those of the present. The year 1835, in which I became an editor, is notable as that in which the "penny papers" in New York first began to compete successfully with the "six-penny dailies," as the Courier & Enquirer, Journal of Commerce, and other large papers were styled. The New York Sun and New York Herald both date from that year. James Gordon Bennett, Senior, was a man of rare qualities for the work he undertook, and all the power of the big dailies could not put him down or squelch his Herald. He may be regarded as the founder of cheap daily papers, but he never played polo, or got fuddled.

The great papers fifty years ago were journals of OPINION as well as fact. We have no such journals now; no PARTY ORGAN leading or driving the democrats or republicans. Then the Washington City Globe, Richmond Enquirer, Richmond Whig, New York Courier & Enquirer, Boston Post, Boston Atlas, Albany Argus and Albany Evening Journal dictated opinions and policy to their respective parties. The National Intelligencer at Washington, always courteous and dignified, had a circle of readers who thought only as the editors told them to think. Gales & Seaton and Francis P. Blair at Washington, Thomas Ritchie and James H. Pleasants at Richmond, James Watson Webb at New York, Thurlow Weed at Albany, and Charles Green and Charles Buckingham at Boston, and even Isaac Hill with the New Hampshire Patriot at Concord, and Gideon Welles, with his Hartford Times, were all noted men, and each had more power over the

public mind than any individual editor now. Horace Greeley in later years secured an immense circulation for the New York Tribune, but as an individual was regarded rather with affection and esteem than deference.

The special papers, devoted to separate branches of manufactures or commerce, to medicine, law, mining, milling, the drug trade, hardware, stoves, and so on, have almost entirely grown up in the last fifty years. Bicknell's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector was an old-time financial paper, not much needed now to describe counterfeit notes. Hunt's Magazine, edited by Freeman Hunt, an able monthly publication, used to tell us all about great commercial and financial questions. But after Bennett began his financial articles in the Herald, other dailies followed, and people could not wait for weekly or monthly issues. The Public, edited by W. M. Grosvenor at New York, now undertakes, I believe, to treat comprehensively of commerce and finance. But individual bankers, merchants, manufacturers, railroad managers, and speculators of all kinds, now assume to do a great deal of their own thinking, and value journals for facts rather than for suggestions and opinions. The "editor" is fast becoming a caterer rather than a counselor.

It is a queer and generally unknown fact, that the first railroad journal ever issued was published at Rogersville, Tennessee, 1830-31. Clinton Armstrong was then publishing a religious monthly magazine, of Calvinistic character, and in addition issued weekly for one year the Railroad Advocate, telling its readers all about railroads, so far as then known, and urging their construction. John A. McKinney, of Rogersville, was a believer in rapid transit by rail, and in an address, published in Mr. Armstrong's Advocate, told the folks in butternut jeans, that if they had a railroad a man might breakfast in Knoxville and dine in Abingdon! In 1845 Clinton Armstrong removed to St. Louis county, Missouri, to the well-known homestead of the family near Kirkwood, where his sons yet reside. My brother, Major Wm. P. Elliott, who, as Commissary of Gen. Morgan, once paid a hasty visit to some points in Ohio, and was for several months hospitably entertained in one of the State edifices at Columbus, and afterwards in a National mansion called Fort Delaware, some ten years ago was a railroad magnate and operated the Rogersville and Jefferson road in Tennessee. He never recovered from disease contracted at Fort Delaware, and was summoned to his rest in 1878, lamented by all who had ever known him. He was a man of peculiar ability, and with a memory so retentive, that, having once lost a batch of his accounts as Commissary covering several months, he was able to make duplicates embracing every item. In youth he spent some time in a drug store at Utica, New York, where, as he once told me, he paid \$2.50 to Roscoe Conkling for legal services, the first fee R. C. ever received! Fancy the elegant and dignified ex-Senator taking a \$2.50 fee now! Clinton Armstrong was no doubt a descendant of the Armstrongs, neighbors of the Elliotts, on the Scottish border, a hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago;

and possibly his ancestors and mine may in unruly times have jointly looked after the "dumb, driven cattle" of their southron neighbors. They had a pretty name for the trade—"cattle-lifting."

The great dailies of the cities care no longer to be party organs. They are too independent. Forty or fifty years ago, anyone with a few hundreds or a few thousands could start a newspaper, could run it at small cost, and might imagine himself an Atlas with a little world of his own to hold up. Few or no reporters were needed, and there were no telegraph outlays. Now it takes hundreds of thousands to establish a daily paper; its current outlays are enormous; and it either loses or makes an immense amount of money. When well on its feet, it cares little for competition, thinks the public cannot do without it, and is proud of its freedom from party shackles. It may even be insolent, if it pleases, in its treatment of its own party; but what can the party do?

I remember nothing of great public importance as occurring while I published the Gazette, but as illustrating the religious views and feelings of that day, I may state that some broad claims and plans of extending their church had been put forth by zealous Roman Catholics, and the Protestant mind in some quarters had taken alarm. Imagination, no doubt, magnified the danger of Romish aggression. A series of articles was published in the Gazette, from the pen of a distinguished Presbyterian minister, showing conclusively that (in his opinion) the Roman Catholics were surely taking this great country, and in a few years would rule it absolutely, leaving us poor Protestants hardly the coats on our backs! Among other fearful things, the readers were assured that the Mississippi Valley was the chosen scene of Romish domination, and that even then, in the city of St. Louis, if a wandering Protestant happened to encounter a Catholic Priest in the street, and did not at once take off his hat, it would be unceremoniously knocked off, and very likely his head get a thump in addition, as a lesson in good manners and deference to the Clergy. The minister had been a lawyer of renown, but had given up lucre for the service of his Divine Master, and in his ably written communications expressed the sincere convictions of himself and thousands of others.

Eight years after I was in the city of St. Louis, and met a Catholic Priest on the sidewalk, near the cathedral. As we drew near to each other, I took off my hat to him, and the Priest took off his hat to me! I have never known any man to be disturbed for not taking off his hat on a like occasion; and now, instead of any *religious* denomination interfering in any way with the freedom of others, we have the spectacle of avowed unbelievers holding their infidel meetings undisturbed; and we seem to have all the liberty in spiritual matters that we need for the good of either soul or body.

The Presbyterian minister, sincere and earnest in all good works, exaggerated the danger of Romish domination and the lamentable consequences to ensue. Nearly fifty full years have gone, and yet here we are, not dominated injuriously by anybody, or, to all appearance, likely to be. For many

years a son of the good minister has been a worthy and prominent citizen of St. Louis, largely engaged in her commerce, and with a proud record of beneficent labors in great enterprises. Never yet came his hat off, except voluntarily, as a gentleman's hat should, to a Catholic Priest or any other Dominie; and I trust that he will agree with me, that if this great country shall survive till ruined by Romish domination, it will live long and prosper. But the views and fears given to the public in my old Gazette were held and entertained fifty years ago by many good and honest people, sincerely anxious for the religious welfare of the country. Bigots you may consider them, but they were also earnest patriots. Always anxious for the right, they would have been glad to save every immortal soul, but, like all who are true to their convictions, would have preferred to save them precisely as they were saving their own.

The wretched old types and awkward old press of the Gazette (although a connecting link with Franklin) were a constant source of irritation and unhappiness. The rival establishment had a newer and better outfit, and issued a better looking paper. I had no means to get new materials, and hence began to long for a change. "Put plenty of brains in the paper," Father said, "and it will look well enough, no matter how it's printed"; but this advice, for obvious reasons, was hard to follow.

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGE OF BASE—THE PATRIOT BOUGHT—A PAPER FOR GOOD-NATURED PATRONS—QUEER TURN IN FLOUR TRADE—JACKSON CENSURED—BENTON'S EXPUNGING RESOLUTION—SOLITARY AND ALONE—CARICATURES OF THE MISSOURI SENATOR—CONSTITUTION EXPOUNDED—THE QUAKERS—A SHAD-BELLY COAT—AN UNREGENERATE BOY—THE LITTLE GATE IN JERUSALEM—BLUE BLOOD—WORTHY PEOPLE—AN UNHAPPY EDITOR—A DREADFUL DEBT—DECISION TO ABSCOND—ODOR OF ECCENTRICITY.

Thirty miles northward, in the shiretown of an adjoining county, a "newspaper office" was for sale, with a full assortment of good type, and a Washington press, with an iron bed and iron platen, and by toggle-joint pressure printing the entire side of the "Patriot" at one pull; the establishment contrasting most advantageously with the old "Gazette," mere relic as the latter was of Franklin's day. By the stage, winding upward on one side of intervening mountains and downward on the other, like a miniature of the famous "grade" in California, down which Hank whirled Horace Greeley, I made the journey to Bellefonte, inspired by novel scenes, and indulging day-dreams of life in the world outside of my native valley. I bought the concern. The price was one thousand dollars, all on credit, as the paper was held by a junto of politicians.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and I looked forward to a career of success, among people who had not known me as a boy and would only know me as a man. I expected to enjoy that better appreciation among strangers, which consoles the migrating youth for affections he may have left behind him. This change of base occurred early in 1836. I worked steadily in my new location; discussed current topics carefully; wrote for the paper an occasional letter from Washington, as "our own correspondent;" printed all Judge Burnside's articles on the Bald Eagle Navigation; tried a feeble joke once in a while; had every week a very original poem from the schoolmaster, generally in very blank verse; and upon the whole, got out a paper that satisfied the good-natured patrons, and of which I was then by no means ashamed. The poems of the schoolmaster were regarded as gems, but were rather lugubrious, treating of sor-

row, disappointment, affliction, and so on, all of which, however, his vivid imagination pictured as blessings in disguise.

For some months my life was as pleasant as I perhaps had a right to expect. Bellefonte was noted for its cultivated society as well as for the rare charms of its location and surroundings; and while the beauty and magnificence of the valley and mountain scenery delighted the eye of taste, the heart was refreshed by the sweet communion of elegant social life. The forty-six years which have fled since I last looked on the decorous town may have wrought changes in its home life, but the loveliness of the landscape and the sublimity of the mountains must remain.

A little reversal of foreign trade, which occurred in 1836, may be worth noting. So great was the scarcity or so high the price of flour in the United States, that supplies were imported. This was about as queer an occurrence as the importation of potatoes early in 1882. Prolonged dry weather in 1881 had cut short the potato crop, and hence the importations; but I do not remember why the importation of flour took place forty-six years before. It may have been caused by a short crop of wheat the year previous, or by the expanded currency of state banks inflating prices in 1836, previous to the collapse of 1837.

During 1836 a prominent topic in politics was the "expunging resolution" in the Senate at Washington. Some time previously the Senate had passed resolutions censuring President Jackson for having ordered Roger B. Taney, then Secretary of the Treasury (1833), to cease depositing the government moneys in the old United States Bank. Senator Benton subsequently offered a resolution to expunge the resolutions of censure from the records of the Senate, and he persevered till his resolution was finally passed in March, 1837, and "black lines" were drawn across the face of the Senate journal. It was in urging his expunging resolution that Benton used the phrase so often quoted—"Solitary and alone, amidst the jeers and taunts of my enemies, I set this ball in motion," and for years the Whig humorists thought it great fun to put the Missouri Senator in caricatures as an ill-odorous insect rolling its ball.

The Whigs cried aloud against "the mutilation of the record," as we called it. We thought, or said, that the expunging action presaged dire calamities, and we mourned our lost native land. But things have gone on as if no expunging had ever occurred, and the whole matter is nearly forgotten. Even Benton himself will, I suppose, be in time forgotten, as so many other strong men have been, and must be; but I suppose it is a sort of consolation to small men to know that they may possibly rank with statesmen at last, when the memory of them all will be "dissipated in the cold umbrage of oblivion."

The Senate, I think, erred in undertaking to censure President Jackson. The makers of the Constitution did not intend that one branch of the government should asperse or scold at another. Once begun, such action might lead to interminable squabbles—a sort of prize fight between the

President and the Senate, to see which could hit hardest. If the President goes wrong the remedy is in impeachment, and not in any spasmodic action of the Senate. But Benton's expunging resolution was unjustifiable. It was at best only putting the opinions of one set of Senators against that of a previous set, and it left a precedent of tampering with the record that might become pernicious. By a simple and innocuous resolution the Senate of 1836-7 could have expressed its dissent from the action of the censoring Senate, and this is in effect all that Benton's expunging resolution did. I have here put in a few words the gist of the arguments on both sides of the censoring and expunging questions, wearily debated in the Senate. All beyond what I have said is mere amplification. Yet, while I can compress a dozen speeches into a few lines, I have never been a Senator, nor even a candidate for the office.

Several families of Quakers had their beautiful homes in Bellefonte when I printed the "Patriot." They were wealthy; some owned iron works; all lived serene lives, and wore shad-belly coats. I esteemed the Quakers very highly; I thought it would be nice to be like them—or at least to have a Quaker coat. So I had one made—a very serviceable summer coat, of brown Holland, with maroon binding and claret-colored buttons, the skirts having the orthodox curve. But the first time I wore it (and I might have been guilty of something a great deal worse, as I was only nineteen), I heard an unregenerate boy in the street calling to his playmates as I passed:

"Lookee there, boys!—there goes the strange bird in the Almanac!"

What the strange bird in the Almanac was, I had no idea; but I laid aside the shad-belly coat, and did not try the Quaker costume any more. The boy may have come to a bad end for all I know.

Yes—I really liked the Quakers. They were kind, hospitable, and I think the cheerfullest and politest people I was ever among. But, then, they were all well-to-do or rich, and I have a theory that it must come easy to be kind, and hospitable, and cheerful, and polite, when one has plenty of money. I would like to test this theory; for, after all, the decisions of experience are safer to rely on than mere theory, however reasonable it may appear. A friend assures me that there are rich folks in the world who are neither kind, nor hospitable, nor cheerful, nor polite;—who are not even just. These, he says, are the ones who are to find it harder to get into the kingdom of Heaven than it was for the camel to get through the little gate at Jerusalem called "the eye of the needle;" but oh, Col. Ingersoll!—oh, Brother Beecher!—what is to be done with such, if you deny us our old-fashioned place of punishment?

There were in Pennsylvania long ago some breeds of people who seemed to justify the belief in "blue blood;"—families in which talents and high principles were apparently a matter of course;—a kind of natural aristocracy, respected by every body, and in their manners affable without appearance of patronage, and polite without servility. But the vicissitudes of life have scattered them; properties have been divided or lost through mis-

fortunes, and many of the old and substantial families will soon be only a memory. The Millikens, the Potters, the Maclays, the Irvines, the Curtins, the Halls, the Petrikenes, the Harrisses, the Valentines, and many others;—who will know in a few years that they ever existed? Who is left to remember the elder Judge Burnside, irreproachable as a man, eminent as a judge? Or his son and successor as judge, James Burnside, worthy of his lineage—who perished by a sad accident at the very street corner where long years before my printing office stood? Andrew Curtin, whilom Governor of the State, whom I remember as the graceful and lofty young man, when he and James Burnside, his compeer, were on the same day, 1836, admitted to the bar (the elder Judge Burnside presiding), must be an old man now, and has doubtless had some of the warnings given to the uxorious Mr. Dodson, as told in my first chapter. And James and Henry Petriken, in sober lore, or caustic wit, or genial humor,—what successors have they? Well, we *must* pass away. If we should all stay, this world would become too learned, too witty, and too wise.

Pleasant as the town was, the editor of the Patriot was not happy. The business was not prosperous, and as the winter wore away I seemed to be going deeper and deeper into debt. The indebtedness for the purchase of the paper gave me no concern, as the vendors did not wish to be repaid, preferring to hold in their hands the means of controlling the journal if necessary. It was the bill for paper and other supplies that troubled me. I owed Zekind & Repplier two hundred dollars! This debt had grown week by week, and grew more terrible the more I brooded over it. I could see no way to make the business more remunerative. I seemed to lack the gift that would enable me to get other people's cash out of their pockets into mine; for alas! while our family has always been held to have in it no small share of genius, it has unfortunately been the genius for distribution rather than acquisition.

I was losing hope and trust. "Oh, the twin sisters of hopefulness and trustfulness!" says Dr. J. G. Holland, in the story of Arthur Bonnicastle—"what power have they to strengthen weary feet, to sweeten sleep, to make the earth green and the heaven blue, to cheat misfortune of its bitterness, and to quench even the poison of death itself!" Yes—hopefulness and truthfulness! The man born with these has an enduring patrimony that he cannot fritter away. They are only another name for patience self-confidence, faith and fortitude.

The dreadful debt! I became morbid—cowardly, if you will. It was weakness to fret over possible losses of creditors that might never occur. Doubtless I ought to have had courage to go on my way, and let others take care of themselves. This is the safe "business" rule. The story will never be stale of the debtor who told his friend he had spent a sleepless night, walking the floor, thinking of the note coming due that he could not pay; and his friend replied—"You (blank) fool—let the holder of the note lose sleep and walk!" But I was not created for this philosophy. As to cour-

age in the debtor, it is the child of hope and confidence, and I lacked these strengthening cordials. How many thousands have suffered and do suffer, as I did, under imaginary evils greater than the real ones! Some try to drown their cares in drink; some try the sad remedy of suicide; and some abscond. It is an ugly word to use, but truth is truth, and I was born away back so near the time of George Washington that I can only be truthful, and must tell the tale truly: I determined to abscond!

Do I blush to write this? By no means. I rather enjoy the confession of an error. It has a pleasing odor of eccentricity about it.

CHAPTER X.

COLLOQUY WITH MR. LAKE — SKEETING — GOING ON THE STAGE — MR. FARRELLY AND ASTHMA — POST MORTEM JUSTICE TO CREDITORS — ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN WITH NEWSPAPERS — AN UNFOUNDED ALARM — NO FOND TRUST ABUSED — MAJOR COVERLY'S LONG-BOW — JUDGE BURNSIDE SCOLDS HIM — THE MAJOR'S DEFENSE — MY FIRST CIGAR — REMEDY FOR LOCKJAW — SENECA OIL — VIRTUE OF VOLCANIC OIL LINIMENT — SWEETENIN' ON PANCAKES — CHEAP TRANSPORTATION — UNCONSCIOUS OF DESTINY — PITTSBURG A MAGNIFICENT CITY — A SPLENDID STEAMBOAT — THE LONE STAR OF TEXAS — COLONEL BEHRENBECK — GLORIOUS PROSPECTS — SYMPATHY FOR A NICE HOTEL CLERK — THREE BITS LEFT.

Wm. Lake drove the Northwestern stage from Bellefonte. On a bright Monday morning in March, 1837, a little colloquy took place between Mr. Lake and myself in front of the old blue limestone hotel of Gen. Evan Miles, where I boarded.

"Bill, when you drive round just look into the hall, if you please, and bring along a little trunk and black leather valise you'll see there."

"Goin' to skeete?" inquired Mr. Lake, and I replied with a look that he seemed to understand.

"Gal?" he inquired further.

"No—it's no gal. Other things. But keep quiet. You'll overtake me."

"All right—but what in thunder is it if it aint a gal?"

"Hard times."

This is all we said. I sauntered along, and when I had passed the village of Milesburg, a short distance down the creek, Mr. Lake overtook me and reined up his team; giving me a wink to signify that all was safe so far, as he seemed to chuckle over his own share in the enterprise. The stage had only two passengers; gentlemen who had come in on the Southern stage Saturday night, and rested at the hotel over Sunday, as the custom was; for the world was not in a hurry then, and we did not need to travel on the Sabbath in order to live. One of the travelers was John Wilson Farrelly, a lawyer of Meadville, who suffered from asthma, and at the hotel had surprised good Mother Miles very much by sleeping in a chair, and smoking cigars in waking intervals.

Not yet had the sage of Chappaqua uttered his immortal exhortation—"Go west, young man"—yet westward I was going, I did not know where, nor care a great deal—any where away from Zekind & Repplier!—though it is only just to those gentlemen to say that they had never annoyed me with their little bill, and I might have paid a goodly share of it in printing and advertising if I had been wide enough awake in business matters; but they are all probably dead now, and can have no earthly knowledge of this post mortem justice to their forbearance.

I might have left all this out, but I prefer to tell it, as I write for youth as well as age, and when I cannot be a pattern I may be a warning; for all young men with newspapers ought to be advised not to imitate my flight from debt, but to face the dragon, and dun their debtors more diligently than I did mine. Very absurd it was to leave as I did, as I left accounts largely in excess of what I owed, and by perseverance might in a few months have paid all bills. I could give a very peculiar and good reason for my dread of debt, but its philosophy might be too deep for the average reader, and I dislike to puzzle any body.

I learned afterwards that my friend Mr. Lake was not the only one who thought it possible that the better sex might have been concerned in my sudden departure. On learning of my escapade, my fond parents were terribly exercised, and feared the worst; but when my good father hurried over the mountains to look into my affairs (although told on the way at Coverly's tavern by the old Major that it was "no doubt a bad case"), he was much relieved to find that he had only to settle the debts and arrange the bills for collection; and the regret expressed over my silly freak by Judge Burnside and other people of high degree was so pleasing to him that I fear he did not denounce my conduct as heartily as it deserved. There had, however, been nothing worse than folly; no heart was left aching because of wrong from me. No fond trust had been abused; and even now the reflection that no confidence had been betrayed has a great deal more honey than gall in it.

'Tis pitiful, sure, the victory
 The strong gains o'er the weak;
 And I wish not on my crest to see
 The rose from a blighted cheek.
 I envy not the ruthless man
 The triumph of his art,
 For I'd face the devil rather than
 The ghost of a broken heart!

Major Coverly's ease of manner might have suggested a probable descent from Sir Roger de Coverly, but the old Knight would have been shocked at the long-bow drawn by Mine Host of the capacious inn on the mountain side, overlooking the attractive landscape of Penn's Valley. When a Philadelphia gentleman, detained an hour by repairs to the coach, pointed to Potter's mills and inquired what those large buildings were, "My mills,"

replied the Major; "Potter is now running them for me." Farm after farm in the valley was *his*, but occupied at present by Dr. Wilson, or Sheriff Ward, or 'Squire M'Connachy, or some one else. Mr. Jacob Lex, the Philadelphian, on his arrival at Bellefonte, during the dinner to which Judge Burnside invited him, expressed his wonder at the eccentricity which could induce any gentleman of such immense wealth as Major Coverly possessed to keep a roadside tavern; but he was of course soon set right by the indignant but amused jurist.

"The infernal old braggart," said the Judge—"he ought to be indicted; but we have no statute to reach him; and the common law, which would punish a poor woman as a common scold, has never punished a man as a common liar."

On the Judge's next trip over the mountain, to hold court at Lewistown, he had no sooner reached Coverly's than he began a tirade for the Major's edification, denouncing him as the Munchausen of the age, and declaring that he would by his disreputable habit of blowing bring Centre county into disgrace.

"Now, hold on Judge, if you please," responded the Major—"don't be a tyrant out of Court, however much you order the lawyers around in it. Can't you let a man be rich in imagination once in a while? I've felt better ever since I owned Potter's Mills, and all the best farms in the valley, just for the benefit of Mr. Lex, and to pass the time pleasantly; and if you knew, Judge, how much good it does poor man to tell a harmless lie, I don't think you'd make such an unreasonable fuss about it!"

Our stage soon left the "turnpike" and entered on the earthen road towards Erie. The ground was soft with the March thaw, and through valleys and over hills we toiled, day and night, jaded and dull, traversing varied but cheerless landscapes, till we at length reached the Allegheny river "fernest" the town of Franklin. I recollect but little of the journey, except that in order to relieve the asthma, Mr. Farrelly had to smoke cigars almost constantly; and that I had one of those personal experiences which can never be repeated. After supper one evening, at a wayside inn, forgetting Franklin's thrifty maxims, I bought a cigar and smoked it, while the driver was hitching up his team. It was my first cigar, and must have been one of remarkable potency; for its effects were so powerful that I did not smoke again for nearly seven years. They gathered me up, limp enough, and carried me on, when the motion of the stage soon brought the natural relief, and the intolerable nausea passed off. Cherishing the memory of that cigar, and of my own relaxed muscular organization while under its influence, I see no reason to doubt the statement that a wet plug of tobacco placed on the stomach of the sufferer is an efficient remedy for lock-jaw, and I think it is at least worth a trial.

In 1837, most of the region between Bellefonte, on a tributary of the Susquehanna, and Franklin on the Allegheny, was but sparsely peopled, with few common roads in bad condition, and no railroads. Valleys and hills,

now penetrated by railroads, and vocal with the clangor of machinery, were then untamed wilderness, only marked by the path of the hunter, and the trails of his quadruped game. Nobody had "struck oil" then in western Pennsylvania; though petroleum (called "Seneca Oil" from the Indians who had their homes near the springs in New York, where it issued from the depths), was widely known and valued as a liniment for man and beast. The Mexican Mustang Liniment of Dr. A. G. Bragg, and the Volcanic Oil Liniment of Dr. J. H. McLean—both enterprising citizens of St. Louis, and the latter yet with us—owed their virtue to ingredients not materially different from the old time Seneca Oil, and hence my unbounded faith in them, ever justified by results. In truth, one of these liniments had merits not generally known. My friend Dr. McLean used to present me occasionally with a bottle, as I always liked to have it in the house, and I wondered why it disappeared so rapidly, but made no inquiries, supposing it had evaporated, or that the neighbors had borrowed our bottle instead of getting one of their own. At length the mystery was explained. A varnisher was putting in order the furniture of my office in St. Louis, using a varnish of his own preparation, which he was very proud of, and wanted me to try. I carried the bottle home and arranged to have the contents applied to the furniture. After two or three days I inquired of the womankind how they liked the new varnish. "It does very well," was the reply, "but, really, it's hardly as good as the liniment!" If any one wonders how it is that chairs and tables that I got from Charles Marlow or Geisel & Vogel, nearly forty years ago, are yet in daily service with sound limbs and bodies, I can only give the credit to careful housekeeping, and the free use of Dr. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

When our stage reached the Allegheny river, I stopped at a tavern that I can only recall as a large wooden edifice on the bluff, commanding a view of the stream and valley for miles; but I have a distinct memory of the plentiful supper, mainly composed of bacon and pancakes. An earthenware bowl on the table had in it something that looked very much like old-fashioned soft soap, and as I began to do justice to the pancakes with a traveler's appetite, wondering what the contents of the bowl could be, the hostess kindly inquired—

"Mister, don't you never take no sweetenin' on your pancakes?"

"Ma'am?"

"Looks like you don't seem to take no sweetenin'. Thar's a plenty of it, and more in the camp."

"Oh, yes—ah—yes—I see; this is—"

"'Lasses, Mister. Laws-a-massy, don't you know 'lasses? Sugar-tree 'lasses, better nor any store 'lasses you ever seen, I reckon. Jest you try ef they aint!"

And then and there I had my first taste of the fresh and aromatic syrup from the sugar maple. New as it was to me, it went delightfully with the pancakes, and it enabled me, years after, to comprehend some of the reasons

why the Indians, who had been pushed westward so far, looked so wistfully back to their old homes where they had left "the graves of their kindred"—and their sugar maples.

My purse was light, but the river was before me, with an occasional raft of boards and shingles floating down it. I knew that in obedience to a propitious ordinance of nature the stream ran to Pittsburgh, and it seemed to invite me to that point. The decision was obvious: I must go down the river on a raft. It was a cold enough journey, but we tied up at night, and I got a little sleep in cabins ashore, after the jolly raftsmen were done dancing. I was on waters flowing to the Mississippi river; but little did I then think that I should ever write a line or do an act to aid in deepening the channel at its mouth! True, I was demonstrating, in practice, my estimate of "cheap transportation," as I was floating free on the raft; but I had no thought beyond, and if any Mother Shipman had told me that I should ever be instrumental in enabling Capt. George H. Rea's barge line to survive and flourish, and carry its millions of bushels of grain from St. Louis to New Orleans, I should have scouted the prophecy! No more did James B. Eads, then only completing his seventeenth year, anticipate his diving-bell boats and ironclad war vessels on the big river, his stupendous bridge across it, or his mastery over its currents and shoals. I try to imagine him—the modest, earnest, industrious youth—patient and persistent in duty—all unconscious of the wonderful intellectual power he was destined to exercise. Happy order it is, that we should forget so much of our past, and know so little of our future! If we could see in youth the big things we are to achieve in maturity, who could bear to wait all those years to get at them? It is hard enough to have at last done them, and then perhaps be left without either compensation or acknowledgment.

Pittsburgh—what a magnificent city it was! The first large place I had seen, I was impressed as a boy is apt to be when he sees a big town for the first time, its long streets and tall buildings contrasting with those of his home village. But I had little leisure for admiration, as an empty pocket admonished me to be stirring. A merchant owed me a small account for advertising, and my gratification at his prompt payment was mingled with the reflection that if the debtors of the Patriot at home had only paid as promptly I need never have trembled at thought of Zekind & Repplier! For months I had forgotten Franklin as a model, but thought of him again as I trod the boulder-paved streets of the "Birmingham of America," as the Pittsburghers called their city; but I had no roll of bread under my arm, or I might have been as fortunate as Benjamin in getting employment.

Strolling about Pittsburgh, the steamboats at the wharf, grander than the grandest packets on our canal (but with no captain to peer Captain Libhart) attracted my attention; especially one large new boat, the most imposing of all, "a floating palace," as described in the original rhetoric of the city papers, and distinguished by a blue silk flag floating from a pole fastened to the corner of the pilot house. The flag had a single silvery star on

it, "the lone star of Texas," then claiming to be an independent Republic. There had been a big fight the year before, at San Jacinto, where the Texans had routed the Mexican army and captured Santa Anna, the General-in-Chief; but Mexico was not yet entirely satisfied to let her wayward province go in peace, and there might be more fighting for all any one could tell. Hence the display of the lone star flag, and I learned from a printed handbill that men were being enrolled as *emigrants* to Texas. The United States of America being at peace with Mexico, they could not go as *soldiers*, but everybody knew they could fight after arrival if necessary.

The first day I only looked at the flag, and made inquiries; but not yet having secured what jour. printers call a "situation," and my cash running low enough to warrant me a member of the craft in full communion, I began to think of emigrating to Texas; especially as the emigrants were to be carried "free," at the cost of the Texas government. Next morning I went on board the "Constellation," as the boat was called (although the only star about her was the single one on the flag), and was charmed by the splendor of her long cabin, with its rich carpets, its grand piano, and the ground-glass doors of the staterooms, which let in the light but not the vision. It would, I justly thought, be delightful to sail down to New Orleans on this magnificent steamer, with waiters in white aprons, and elegant ladies playing the grand piano; and I felt almost grateful to the Pittsburgh editor who had invented the felicitous phrase—"floating palace"—to embellish his description of her. Yes—I would go to Texas!

Having taken my best clothes from the little trunk, I was not unprepossessing in appearance, I suppose, for when I modestly accosted Captain Johnson, and inquired for the person in charge of Texas emigration, he promptly replied—

"Oh, yes—I'll take great pleasure in presenting you to Col. Behrenbeck."

I was accordingly introduced at once to that distinguished warrior, as I took him to be—a man of some forty-five years, five feet nine in stature, costumed in a sort of undress uniform, and with a full beard and wondrous mustachios—altogether a most formidable looking son of Mars.

"Ach! mine goot yunk frient!" said the Colonel—"so—yes—I be glät to see you! Ach!—you will emigrade—you go mit us to de beautiful Dexass!"

I replied that such was my intention, and that I was ready to come on board at once.

"Ach!—dat is goot! De quick younk mans I likes. Ach!—we was all time quick in de Broosian army. Dat was de army! Ach!—we must be like Old Fritz, here, dere, all where. Ach!—yes—and de army is goot, too, in Dexass."

"But, Col. Behrenbeck, I understand we go as emigrants, and not as soldiers?"

"Ach!—yes—my yunk frient—dat is so. We go not as droops. De President allow not dat. But emigrand—ach!—yes—dat is it. You go emigrand

—you will have big land—cattles—horses—sheeps! Ach!—yes—you be rich man in Dexass.”

“The war with Mexico is pretty much over, I suppose, Col. Behrenbeck?”

“Ach!—de war!—Bah!—dat is nottings. Ach!—Mexico not is more as dat!”

And he flung the stump of his cigar over the rail.

“Then,” I continued, “it isn't likely there'll be any more fighting?”

“Fight?—Ach!—der tevful—no, no! Not mooch fight. But if de Mexicans come—ach!—we fight. Den you be in de armay. Ach!—yes—you be *Capitan*, you be *Coroncl*, you be *General* in Dexass.”

With prospects so alluring, what youth rising twenty years would not have emigrated to Texas?—especially in the superb cabin of the *Constellation*?—“to furnish which,” the editor of the *Pittsburgh* daily had told us, “Captain Johnson summoned Aladdin's obedient genii, and ordered the splendid and gorgeous decorations, equally chaste and magnificent, to be lavished without regard to cost.” A few ladies were already on board, and more gentlemen; nice people as need be; and I doubted not the gentlemen were emigrants, and possibly some of the ladies too. Yes; emigration to Texas was just the thing, and no question but we would all get acquainted after starting, and be as sociable as on the canal packets.

When I had paid my bill at the hotel, and had only “four bits” left—western lingo then for half a dollar—I took the little trunk on my shoulder and the valise in my hand, intending to carry them to the boat. As I bade farewell to the clerk, I thought what a pity it was that so nice a young man should be doomed to waste his life behind a counter in a *Pittsburg* hotel, and not have a chance to make his fortune and be a great General in Texas! Soon tiring of my load, I got a drayman to take my things to the wharf for a “bit,” so that I had just “three bits,” or 37½ cents, when I reached the *Constellation*, on my adventurous way to “the land of the wild hyacinth,” as some poetical editor had called it.

CHAPTER XI.

BOARDING THE CONSTELLATION — THE EMIGRANTS — PROMOTION — MORRIS ENLISTS — CINCINNATI — THE GENERAL — OUR MARCH — NO PHOTOGRAPHS THEN — ON GUARD — LOUISVILLE IN SIGHT — NICE PLACE — PROPOSAL TO DESERT — FINANCES — ROB ROY — CAGLEY AS TONY LUMPKIN — FAITHFUL WATCHMAN — THE VALISE LENT — MORRIS AT HIS UNCLE'S — FREE PASSAGE PAID FOR — SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENT — TOM MARSHALL'S ORATORY — THEATRICAL AMBITION COOLED DOWN — PARSONS THE PREACHER — THE REDBREAST — ORMSBY'S MALICE — KIND BIRNEY MARSHALL — HOMESICK — PHRENOLOGY — THE FUTURE GREAT CITY.

Leaving my trunk and valise at the shore end of the Constellation's plank (rather exultant that I was to begin my steamboat experience on the largest and finest boat that had ever, as the editor told us, "embellished with her seductive presence the busy wharves of Pittsburgh"), I stepped up to Captain Johnson and politely told him that I was going to Texas, and would be much obliged if he would have my things brought on board.

"I suppose the staterooms are not all taken—are they, Captain?"

"No—ah—you're going with Col. Behrenbeck?"

"Yes—of course. I told him so."

"You—ah—you intend to go in the cabin?"

"Why, yes—I suppose so. The Texas government pays—don't it?"

"Oh, yes—ah—you know—if you're to be in the cabin there's an extra charge."

"Sir?"

"Why yes—you see—ah—the emigrants, you know—they go as deck passengers."

I did not know what the deck was, but I had not seen any people on the roof, which I supposed to be the deck, and so I asked—

"Well, Captain, where are the deck passengers?"

"They're aft, below; but you had better pay extra, and come in the cabin. Col. Behrenbeck is of course in the cabin, and you'll find it pleasanter."

"No—I'll go with the emigrants," I bravely replied, and did my best to look as if I had plenty of cash to go in the cabin if I wanted to.

I soon had my baggage back to where the deck passengers were, and the

reader, if he knows what a steamboat "deck" was forty-six years ago, may try to picture to himself the situation, on the first of April, 1837. A more ill-looking set of scallawags than the fellows on deck as Texas emigrants can hardly be imagined, and I have often wondered since that I trusted myself among them. But I understood at once the tender hesitation of good Capt. Johnson, in telling me that I must pay extra for a place in the cabin, or go on deck. My dream of a felicitous float down to New Orleans in the sumptuous cabin of the *Constellation* was rudely dispelled.

The boat, when finally ready, left in the night, and in the morning I went up stairs to see Col. Behrenbeck. I told him I had supposed I was to go in the cabin, but that I would not back out, although I had never associated with low fellows like his Texas emigrants, nor been used to life as rough as that on the deck of a steamboat.

"Ach!—my goot yunk frient—dat is so," said the warrior; "but it is nottings—no, it is nottings! Ach!—you soon tink not of all dat. And, now—see—I myself make you officer. Ach!—yes—you be Commissaire;—you will go to de Steward for de ration for all de men. Yes—I make you officer. Ach!—yes—you be now *Capitan*—Commissaire *Capitan*!"

While my promotion was yet fresh we reached Wheeling. Our flag was up, and a man as guard with a Prussian sabre at his shoulder, and the long scabbard trailing the hurricane deck, paced in front of it. As Col. Behrenbeck and myself stepped on shore for a brief look at the lone star flag from the wharf, a well-dressed young man of some twenty-three years accosted him to enquire about Texas emigration, of which he had seen a notice in the papers. His name, he said, was George Washington Morris, and he had been clerking in village stores, but wanted a chance for better fortune.

"Here is de Commissaire *Capitan*, my yunk gentlemans," Col. Behrenbeck said to him. "Ach!—he tell you all. Yes—you be good camarade—you and de *Capitan*. Ach!—yes—you will be emigrand too, my goot frient! You will come mit us to de beautiful Dexass!"

Morris was charmed with the prospect, as I briefly painted it in a few bold strokes; telling him that such a fine-looking fellow would be sure to marry rich and make his fortune generally, to say nothing of military fame if the war continued, and diplomatic distinction after its close. So he came aboard, with high hopes (and a big trunk), prepared to endure the discomfort of a deck passage for the sake of wealth and glory in the future. We fellowshipped, occupied a bunk together, and tried to keep each other warm on the voyage; for by an unusual freak the weather had brought four inches of snow to greet our arrival at Wheeling, on the fourth of April, and the nights were unusually cold.

Arrived at Cincinnati, Col. Behrenbeck paraded his motley troop, and we marched up to the Broadway House, to pay our respects to a Texan General, whose name I have forgotten. It was a very formal call. Col. Behrenbeck and the General made effusive speeches, complimentary, first of each other, then of us, as emigrants to replenish Texas, and to fight her battles. The

General was young to hold a rank so high. His manners were polished and dignified, and he bore himself quite proudly, with a pair of large gilt spurs on his heels, and his head thrust through a poncho of as many colors as Joseph's coat, and which draped gracefully from his shoulders. Altogether, he and our Colonel were a picturesque pair; but the *tout ensemble* of the troop of emigrants, as we marched the streets of Cincinnati, who could portray? Only a photograph—and we had not even Daguerreotypes then—could have done us justice. No lesser artist than the Sun could have painted us, and even he could hardly have delineated the villainous countenances of some of our ragamuffins. But possibly I am too severe on the emigrants. None of them did anything bad on the voyage, though some of them looked as if they ought to have stolen something or killed somebody, in order to keep their acts in character with their faces.

While we laid at Cincinnati, our men were called on to help in coaling, at which Morris had charge of them, and I mounted guard. As the day was mild, I wore my brown Holland shadbelly coat, with the maroon binding and claret-colored buttons. With the sabre at my shoulder, and the long scabbard trailing, I gravely paced the deck in front of the lone star flag, regardless alike of curious eyes and irreverent comments. There was no lack of spectators, but they were fairly non-plussed by the coat till Morris told them it was the regulation uniform of a commissary captain in the Texan army.

At length we neared Louisville, and the city could be seen in the distance. Sheltered from the fresh breeze by one of the chimneys, I was seated on the roof, contriving how best to get ashore and abandon the voyage, of which I was heartily tired, when Morris came up and seated himself beside me.

"See here," said Morris, "that's Louisville down there."

"Yes, I know. Looks low down to the water, don't it?"

"Nice place though, they say."

"Well, yes—I reckon it is. Good paper there: Prentice's Journal."

"See here; this is a tolerably (blank) hard trip; (blank) if it isn't."

"Think so?"

"Yes; (blank) if I don't."

"Oh, well—it will soon be over. Ship from New Orleans to Texas. Col. Behrenbeck told me."

"(Blank) Col. Behrenbeck! I say, look here; it's too (blank) hard to stand, this kind of thing, for fellows like us."

"Pshaw!—soldiers must bear hardship."

"(Blank) it!—we're not soldiers, and I don't intend to be. And I tell you what—you keep mum;—but I believe I'll give it up at Louisville."

"What, Morris!—you'll not desert?"

"Desert be (blank)!—I'm going ashore any way."

After sufficient but rather feeble remonstrance against the proposed desertion, I at length permitted Morris to convince me that we ought to

look out for ourselves, and that Louisville was just the place to do it. With apparent reluctance I agreed to join him in what I had previously decided to do for myself. Nor did I feel any compunction, as Col. Behrenbeck's handbill had held out allurements not justified by the facts. The free passage was by no means what I had understood it was to be; and besides, although I was already dubbed *Capitan*, I yet had serious doubts if I would ever be "a *Colonel* or a *General* in *Dexass!*"

The Constellation had tied up at Louisville, and after an early supper Morris and I had gone ashore. We were attracted by a theatre poster advertising the play of *Rob Roy*. I did not know anything about Mr. Roy, nor did Morris, neither of us having ever read his adventures as given by Sir Walter; nor had either of us ever been in a city theatre. We both wanted to see a theatre, but the trouble was how to get in. As I had spent my remaining three "bits" at Wheeling and Cincinnati, my case was desperate; but Morris had two silver half dollars left, and Mr. Roy might be seen for these. Great emergencies develop expedients. I gave my friend a silver-plated pencil case for one of the coins, and, our hearts alight with expectation, in we went.

Oh, what a splendid theatre, and what glorious acting! What a brave fellow Mr. Rob Roy was—Rob Roy McGregor! And his furious and vengeful wife—Helen McGregor!—how she drew our sympathy despite her violence! Details are forgotten, but I remember the general effect on the unsophisticated mind of youth—thrilling, overpowering, fusing me into the very characters on the stage! And as to Baillie Nichol Jarvie—"My Conscience!"—can I ever forget him? I had seen the Thespians in my native town, when Joseph Cogley, our genial fellow-citizen, played Tony Lumpkin with touches of humor that Dr. Goldsmith had never dreamed of—and I had myself on one occasion, when a strolling troupe came along and one of the utility lads fell sick, played Diggory in *Family Jars*, filling up with my own invention when I forgot the text; but what was all this, in a village hall, to the magnificent Louisville Theatre? Alas! and alas!—it was almost equal, this night with *Rob Roy*, to my first circus! And alas! again, what a pity it is that we can only enjoy a first circus and a first theatre once in all our lives!

Returning to the Constellation, Morris gave the pencil case I had sold him, and I gave a pocket knife, to the vigilant watchman of the boat to help us ashore, by bringing the yawl alongside the after guard and taking our baggage to the wharf. Once on land, we managed to carry our things up to the Louisville Hotel, left them on the sidewalk for the porter to bring in, registered our names, and engaged board at ten dollars a week each, with fire in the room on cool days.

Early next day I got a "situation" as jour. printer in the office of James Birney Marshall, who published a daily newspaper, and also the *Western Magazine*, a monthly, edited by Wm. D. Gallagher. I at once went back to the hotel, frankly told the manager my case, and on a promise to pay my

bill for the lodging and breakfast I had enjoyed, got my trunk and valise. Then I took board near the printing office at two dollars and a half a week. I detail these little incidents to show that I was more fortunate than my friend Morris, who could get no employment, and after a few days called on me for a little talk.

"See here," he began, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I want to borrow that valise of yours for two or three days. I've an uncle over in Indiana that I haven't seen for a long time, and he's well off, and might help me if I go to see him."

"But how will you pay your bill at the hotel?"

"Oh, that will be all right. I'll leave my trunk till I get back."

Are there ever premonitions? Do we ever really feel a future event? I ask this, because a thought flashed through my mind that if I should lend Morris that valise it would never be returned. But I might be doing a young man injustice, and I at once decided to let him have it, not only in obedience to the golden rule, to do as I would wish to be done by, but also to see if he would ever bring it back. He has not yet brought it back, and considering that two score and six years of the greatest activity in the world's history have elapsed, I begin to fear that he never will; nor can I agree with my friend, Mr. George I. Barnett, now at my elbow, that Morris may possibly be going round with that valise in his hand looking for the owner. Fortunately for the city of St. Louis, which he has adorned with so many buildings at once substantial, chaste and elegant, George I. is more reliable as an architect than as a counsellor in regard to lent luggage. Before I left Louisville, some weeks after this experiment in lending the valise began, I called at the Louisville Hotel to inquire if Morris had returned. No, he had not returned. Did they know where he was? No, but they would like to know. (Seemed friendly to a poor young man.) Had he taken his trunk? No, he had not taken his trunk. Then he would likely soon be back? No, they thought not, as he had carried away all its contents piecemeal before leaving. This all happened so long ago that the trunk may have been taken away before now, and Morris may be still visiting his uncle over in Indiana, though that relative must by this time be quite an old man.

The Constellation remained at Louisville three or four days. On the second day some of the emigrants having seen me at the window of the printing office, Col. Behrenbeck sent a polite message requesting me to call and bid him good bye, if I did not intend to go on to "de beautiful Dexass." When I went to the boat I found the brave Colonel "very much sorries" that I had abandoned the brilliant prospect of fortune and fame; but if I was determined to throw away my chances, he wanted six dollars for my passage from Pittsburgh.

"All right, Col. Behrenbeck," I replied; "but I have no money. Mr. Marshall will, may be, lend me enough. I'll go up and ask him."

"Ach—yes—dat is goot! I sends two mens. Den you comes back mitt dem."

"No, sir. I'll not go under guard. I pledge you my honor to return with the money."

"Ach!—yes—my yunk frient—yes—but it is not goot honors to go off de boat in de night! No—dat not goot honors!"

The Colonel had me at disadvantage, as it really did not look well, that desertion, especially for a Commissary Captain. But I persisted that I would not go guarded, and was becoming excited and worried as the discussion went on, when a gentleman from Pittsburgh, whose name I have forgotten, interfered, and said he would guarantee my return; an act of practical Christianity and genuine kindness that has always been fresh in memory, and has often prompted me to *resolve* in favor of doing likewise. Mr. Marshall responded in like Christian manner, although I was only a wandering printer and a stranger. No doubt both gentlemen enjoyed pleasant reflections, as the memory one can retain of good deeds done to others costs nothing to keep up, and is a clear gain in the way of daily enjoyment.

The price of my "free passage" was paid, and I saw the last of Col. Behrenbeck, his big mustachios, and his select batch of emigrants, who left in the morning for "de beautiful Dexass." The next year, 1838, Memucah Hunt appeared at Washington City as an envoy very extraordinary from the Republic of Texas, with a proposal from that land of great expectations to become a part of the United States. As Texas maintained her independence, and after waiting about as long as Jacob worked for a wife that he was cheated out of, actually became a State of the Union, merging her "lone star" in our splendid constellation (as if the name of our steamboat had been prophetic), I really cannot see that my somewhat inglorious desertion at Louisville had any serious effect on her welfare.

The only public event that I remember as taking place during my sojourn in Louisville, was the suspension of specie payments in May, 1837. "The banks has busted!" was the general phrase on the street, and an immense open air meeting was held in the evening, which was addressed by Thomas F. Marshall; but what Mr. Marshall said, and what the meeting did, if anything, I do not remember. I only recollect the manner in which the orator seemed to sway at his will the people before him; and while with our modern money the growing youngkers of Uncle Sam's family are likely to escape the inconveniences of such a "revulsion" as we had in 1837, they lose the enthusing and enchanting "stump-speaking" we used to enjoy. But such oratory was then as new to me as the suspension of specie payments itself. I had heard good speeches in Pennsylvania—methodical, logical, argumentative, convincing; but none with the glow and brilliancy pervading the speech of "Tom Marshall." I thought it must be delightful to be an orator, and by the wagging of the tongue convulse a mass of men with laughter, or melt them in tears, or rouse their

indignant passions. But I feared that I had not the gifts needed for success. Some imagination I had, but I lacked memory and mental discipline; and I was already becoming sensible of the great mistake I had made when I insisted on being a printer.

No doubt I was a sprightly boy, but a sprightly boy is not the one to be put in a village printing office. Put your slow, plodding boy there—a very safe kind of boy—and he will improve. The sprightly boy, whose mind needs discipline, will read all that comes to hand and probably remember very little; get a smattering of everything and be profound in nothing. Such was too much my own case; and hence, while I felt that I might acquire the manner of a good speaker, I decided that I would probably fail in matter, not only perhaps from defective reasoning powers, but also from lack of that retentive memory which is necessary to retain the facts needed for every effective discourse. With more vanity and self-esteem, however, I would probably have tried to train myself for oratory, and might have had a fair measure of success. But if I could not be an orator and utter my own speeches, why not utter those of others? Why not go on the stage, be an actor, and *play* orator? Ever since I had played Diggory in *Family Jars* I had dreamed at times that I might possibly train myself for the stage; and after hearing Mr. Marshall, I resolved to offer myself as an apprentice-actor to the manager of the Louisville Theatre. I had not decided whether to take tragedy or comedy, but supposed I might possibly be equal to either, and would select after a trial of both!

Mr. Parsons was the manager of the Theatre, and received me with Christian kindness, apparently wearing his religion with his every-day clothes, looked at me with melancholy eyes, in a far-away fashion, as if his thoughts were elsewhere, and let me detail my pretensions, hopes and expectations. Then he spoke, in substance:

“My young friend, you can, I think, be an actor. Some characters you will probably be able to fill at once, and others as you gain experience. There will always be something that you can do, and no doubt do it well; but let me advise you—*don't do it*. If you can live at anything else, keep off the stage. The actor's profession is laborious, its compensation uncertain, its temptations great. Give to law, to medicine, to commerce or manufactures the same unending labor which alone can command success on the stage worth having, and you will be prosperous and happy. Very few actors rise above mediocrity, and these would have risen in any other profession. The great majority lead lives of labor, care, privation, and often positive unhappiness. Few are ever able to provide adequately for their declining years. No—let me earnestly advise you to keep off the stage.”

The harm Mr. Parsons did to me or to the stage, in keeping me off it, who can tell? I might have risen to the zenith, a blazing star, and be blazing there yet, for all any one can prove now. I felt that I could do reasonably well in the profession; but his evidently sincere advice, so solemnly given, decided me to give up all thought of an actor's career. I

have often since thought that Mr. Parsons may have been at the time contemplating his own retirement from theatrical life, and his entry into the sacred ministry, as he afterwards became a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was for a time pastor of the old "Centenary," in St. Louis. I never doubted that he was a good man—possibly one of the "elect."

But there was another character in Louisville decidedly not of the "elect." That was Ormsby, a jour. printer. The versifying spell had come on me, one Sunday, as I strolled to the fields outside of the city to see Nature in her Kentucky raiment, and I had written a piece for Mr. Marshall's paper. If the reader is familiar with British literature of half a century and more ago, he will remember that the poet James Montgomery, when in jail for printing some offensive matter in his paper (which would not, however, be punishable now, I think), wrote a piece headed "Verses to a Robin Redbreast, who Visits the Window of my Prison every Day"; of which piece I transcribe the first verse:

"Welcome, pretty little stranger—
 Welcome to my lone retreat;
 Here, secure from every danger,
 Hop about, and chirp, and eat,
 Robin, how I envy thee,
 Happy child of Liberty!"

As I had not then read all the standard British poets, I knew nothing of this Redbreast poetry, or in fact anything else of Montgomery's, except the pieces Mother used to recite to us at home (as mothers did in the old days), and the selections we had read or declaimed at school, such as "Night is the Time for Rest," and so on; from which facts the reader will see that I had no suspicion of having been anticipated by J. M. when I composed my "Lines to a Redbreast," in six or eight verses, with longer lines by all odds than Montgomery's piece, and a great many words in proportion to the ideas. The first verse (all I recollect) ran copiously:

Come hither, thou songster, come hither and sing—
 Come sit on my finger, I pray;
 Though I like to behold thee so gay on the wing,
 As joyous and playful as zephyr of spring,
 And bright as the opening day,—
 Yet dearer, oh dearer, the pleasure, Redbreast,
 Of having thee here in my keeping to rest!

They were very innocent verses, and meant no harm even to the bird (which, I believe, don't sing in Kentucky); but the odious Ormsby, with malice prepense, went to the trouble of pasting dozens of printed slips of the Lines to a Redbreast on the walls of the printing office, as a means of bringing the piece into ridicule. He was not sure that I was the author, but thought I was, and the display on the walls was intended to annoy me. It was a wonderful bit of wickedness for a jour. printer to be engaged in, as

the craft is notable for its intelligence, gentlemanly manners, and practical Christianity; but the case is worth recording as a strong proof that the old-fashioned doctrine of predestination may be reliable, and any one doomed to the place of torment need not be surprised to find Ormsby there.

James Birney Marshall was very kind to me. He offered to provide materials for a paper at Warsaw, Kentucky, and give me an interest if I would take charge of it; and afterwards, when a committee of gentlemen from Paducah came to Louisville to get materials and an editor for a paper there, he recommended me strongly, and advised me to go. And all this, too, knowing that I had deserted from Col. Behrenbeck's troop of Texan emigrants, and had written Lines to a Redbreast.

But I was nostalgic (or, as we said before the country got so rich and learned, "homesick"); and although I worked hard all the week, and on Sundays would go out in the fields to enjoy the unwritten music of Nature, which never has a false note, or would saunter along the steamboat canal to Portland, to muse on the grist and woolen-mills, and furnaces and forges that might be run by the stupendous water-power of the Ohio Falls, yet I began to long to "go home." I wanted to go back to Pennsylvania, not, I think, entirely from affection for relatives or friends, and not at all from fear of not being able to provide for myself, but because of a bump on my head! I refer to the phrenological bump of "locality."

Between 1830 and 1840 Phrenology was widely discussed, and Professor Fowler had been through Pennsylvania (I think, in 1834 or 1835) lecturing on the new Science, and examining heads, in order to tell the owners what their bumps indicated as to talents and disposition. He said I had the bump of "locality" large, indicating a proneness to note and remember the physical features of Nature, and to become attached to particular places and surroundings. In this he was entirely correct, as also in regard to my bump of "caution," which he said was prominent, and which to my certain knowledge has always influenced me to do my best to keep out of danger. My bump of "causality," he said, denoted fair reasoning powers, and "ideality" some fondness for poetry and sentiment, while my "amativeness" gave assurance that my heart would always pulsate earnestly in devotion to the superior sex. But "combativeness" was below par, and, in connection with my large "caution," showed that I was probably not intended by nature to be a great fighter. I sympathize with the hastening moderns, who have none of the phrenological entertainment we ancients used to have. Phrenology is indeed a very pretty science, and a Professor going round feeling heads is sure to shed abroad a great deal of satisfaction, as he inevitably finds on every head some bumps that it pleases the owner to know are there.

Large steamboats were often at Portland "FOR ST. LOUIS," but it was not my kismet then to visit the Future Great City, which even so long ago had high repute as a place of unmeasured possibilities. No—I would get back to Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XII.

PADDLING UP THE OHIO—MY FIRST LOCOMOTIVE—INCLINED PLANES—A GREAT FEATURE—PUNS—THE PEERLESS COMMONWEALTH—A VANDAL—THE HORSE-SHOE CURVE—GREATER WONDERS IN COLORADO AND PERU—SERPENTINE TUNNELS—WILLIAM MILNOR ROBERTS—A REST FOR WEARY PILGRIMS—HOME AGAIN—FARMING—THE ALMANAC AND THE MOON—UNCONSCIOUS CLAIRVOYANCE—ODIC FORCE—FENN'S LETTER—FATHER'S ADVERSE OPINION—STRANGE OUTCOME OF A RUNAWAY EPISODE—THREE LEVVIES.

A modest little steamboat, with sleeping-berths at the sides of her cabin, paddled us in a few days from Louisville to Pittsburgh, and soon the canal packet carried me to Johnstown, Pennsylvania. There I saw my first locomotive (the only one they had), used to draw the cars on the line of the Portage Railroad between Johnstown and the first inclined plane. It was my first trip over that part of the Alleghenies, and had those charms of novelty which we can enjoy but once. As the greatest engineering work in railroad-ing accomplished up to that time, the Allegheny Portage Railroad was then the distinguished and impressive achievement of all internal improvement in America. The inclined planes were each half a mile or more in length, and the passage up or down (the cars being drawn up or let down by long cables) had the gentle excitement arising from a sense of possible peril, and the passengers were always sure of a feeling of relief when all were passed. I am not sure that the transit by the old Portage road was not more pleasurable than the present speedier movement over the mountains. The ascent or descent of a plane was an achievement, and we had, besides, ample time to enjoy the mountain scenery, which was thought to be very grand, if not sublime or magnificent, before it became customary to take a run through the Alps or a glance at the Rocky Mountains. We get only glimpses of the Alleghenies now, as we are whirled around curves or along tangents at the rate of a mile in a minute and a half.

"This railroad is the great *feature* of our journey," said one of the passengers, and this remark at once brought to me a ludicrous association of ideas; for in a moment imagination carried me to the old farm-house, and I was in one of the small rooms in the "lean-to," as when a boy, with an old comic picture-book, containing the head of a man with a nose of unusual size,

and beneath the portrait these punning lines, which I think even Dr. Johnson would have conceded to have some merit :

“ TO MY NOSE.

“ Knows he, who never took a pinch,
 Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?
 Knows he the tittillating joys
 That my nose knows?
 Oh, Nose! I am as proud of thee
 As any mountain of its snows!
 I gaze on thee, and feel the pride
 A Roman knows!”

I gazed on the mountain railroad, and felt the pride, not of a Roman, but of a Pennsylvanian; for had we not good right, forty-six years ago, to be proud of our public works, then unequaled in the western hemisphere, and the Portage Railroad unequaled in the world? De Witt Clinton's great Erie Canal (honor to his name) reached the Lakes by a continuous water-line, and the State of New York had not, like our own peerless Commonwealth, carried a highway for commerce over the towering Alleghenies. Pennsylvania, in stupendous works to advance civilization by promoting cheap and speedy transit, was unrivaled.

Yes—the Allegheny Portage Railroad had its day of glory. But some thirty years ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—soulless corporation!—came like a Vandal into the mountains and rudely snatched the diadem from its brow! That Company, flush of money, and caring nothing for memories or sentiment, brought into use their continuous grades over the mountains, and our dear old Portage road, with its grand inclined planes, its long and faithful cables, and its ponderous stationary engines (which had been, I think, without equals on the continent), was thrown aside forever! Iconoclastic corporation!—it hurled our idols to destruction!

And what gave they in return? One long tunnel, where you can see nothing but the lights of your car as it creeps through the invisible dark; and out in the daylight the “Horseshoe Curve,” which is pointed out to you as the proper thing for travelers to admire and wonder at! I agree that the Horseshoe Curve is a very nice Curve, as the tracks climb up along one side of a gorge, swing round at its head on a short radius, and climb higher and higher on the other side till lost round the high point in the westward distance; and the other train, so high above, coming down on the other side of the gorge as ours pants upward on this, is a very pretty object on a mountain slope. All this we freely concede, and even own to it that the locating engineer has put the Curve in exactly the right place for such a Curve to be; and we will go further and insist that the mountain was evidently shaped by Nature with no other purpose than to provide a location for the Horse-shoe Curve.

But lo! this once famous Horse-Shoe Curve is no longer a special won-

der. The Mule-Shoe Curve at the Veta Pass on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado is in the engineering skill and constructive daring displayed, a much more wonderful achievement than the Pennsylvania curve; five or six times as high above sea level, and with its track in many parts cut out of the almost vertical face of the rock, along precipices where you are giddy if you look down from the window of the narrow gauge car, and in the midst of mountains compared with which the Alleghenies are but insignificant hills! And away in Peru they have a railroad built by a Californian (Henry Meigs his name) with still more stupendous works than the Pennsylvania road, or the Colorado road; climbing, if I recollect rightly, three or four thousand feet higher above sea level than even the line over the Veta Pass, and spanning gorges apparently bottomless, in the midst of a wilderness of mountains, surpassing in height and sublimity those of Colorado as far as the Colorado mountains surpass those of Pennsylvania! No—no: the Horse-shoe Curve, which thirty years ago usurped the admiration and the wonder theretofore bestowed on the Allegheny Portage Railroad, has come to condign retribution, and holds its prestige no longer, save for the untraveled and unknowing, and for those genuine Pennsylvanians who adhere to the ancient faith, repelling with scorn the averment that any part of earth equals in anything their own glorious old Commonwealth! To them comparisons are indeed odious, and hence I spare mention (except sotto voce in your ear, My Friend,) of the Central Pacific Railroad surmounting the Sierra Nevada, and eclipsing any Allegheny road that can possibly be built; and I forbear allusion (except in confidence, and not to be divulged in my dear native State) to the tunnels perforating the Alps, or those cork-screw tracks underground, which in the Alps and also on C. P. Huntingdon's Southern Pacific Railroad at Tehachapa, wind their occult way upward, like the coils of a serpent, lapping over their own lines, and each emerging into day-light (as I have little doubt the great original of all serpent forms emerged into Mother Eve's orchard) hundreds of feet above the level of the spot where it disappeared in the mountain side. I am oblivious of all these; for why disparage, by uncivil contrasts, the local wonders in which the people of the good old State take so much pride and enjoy so much pleasure?

Sad indeed it is that our old Pennsylvania wonders are doomed to the chill umbrage of later achievements; but the truth cannot pass away that Pennsylvania was the intelligent and courageous leader in building railroads on and over mountains; and the memory of her enlightened and skillful engineers should be cherished while her valleys and mountains remain, even though their great works be superseded by later achievements, due to the advancement of art and science, and the power of accumulated capital. William Milnor Roberts, whose recent death in Brazil is lamented by the profession and all who knew him, executed, if he did not design, the Allegheny Portage Railroad, having begun his field labors as one of the first

body of engineers who ascended the valley of the Juniata, surveying the line of the old canal; and in a professional career of more than half a century, whether on canals or railroads, bridges or tunnels, rivers or harbors, proved himself equal to every demand upon his abilities, leaving his mark upon many of the greatest works of both continents of America. He was associated with Mr. Eads in solving the difficult problems of the unrivalled St. Louis Bridge; was selected by President Grant in 1874 as one of the Mixed Commission of Engineers to determine the best mode of improving the Mouth of the Mississippi, and at the request of Mr. Eads served as a member of the Advisory Board of Engineers on the South Pass Jetties. Chosen by Dom Pedro from the world's circle of engineers to act as Chief Engineer of the Brazilian Empire, his eyes were closed in the scene of his latest labors. John Bogart, the accomplished Secretary of the American Society of Civil Engineers, will give the literature of the Profession a Memoir of this remarkable man, who was at once an honor to his calling and to our native land. For myself, I mourn the loss of a personal friend and correspondent; a man of many virtues and no vices; distinguished by ability in his works, and beloved for his moral worth. No more his compe-dious and suggestive letters from under the Southern Cross; soon, however to be needed no more, as we will all be gone to the inevitable, of which Montgomery tells us:

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground."

At length I was home again—on the farm. It was the same old familiar farm, but the lane where I used to put the white-faced colt to his speed was strangely shortened, and the fields had all contracted their dimensions. The river, too, seemed absurdly shrunken, and could hardly be the same river I had always known. The streets of Lewistown had scarce half the length they had a year and a half before, and the houses had lost in height and dignity. The ridge behind the farm, so recently almost a mountain, was but a hill that a child might climb. Illusions all, and the change only in my own more experienced vision. Involuntarily the mind compared the well-known objects with those of greater length and width and height to which it had during absence been accustomed; just as in subsequent years, after I had seen the Rocky Mountains, the Alleghanies were dwarfed to respectable hills.

But what was I to get at? To what employment devote myself? Father suggested the law; I could borrow books from a lawyer in town and read at home. He would provide food, raiment, shelter. It was a kind, liberal offer. But the legal profession in Pennsylvania was then jealous of its dignity, and did not readily admit new comers. They must be as nearly as possible qualified for the duties of the profession before entering it, and to this end must study three years. This seemed to me a long time, and besides

I distrusted my own abilities. My pitiful lack of vanity and self-esteem, those most important elements of character for youth to be blessed with, caused me to doubt even my fitness for the law! Nor did I care to resume Franklin's trade, in which I had made so little advance towards distinction. So I decided to discard all ambitious thoughts and come down to work not beyond my abilities. I would be a farmer.

Well—I farmed, but not long. Somehow the work did not seem to be as easy and pleasant as it was four years before. The first day I plowed in a stony field, and the plow handles jarred rudely against my hands and hurt them. They felt sore at night. The next day I changed work, and hauled some rails to make a piece of new fence. The third day I was about to begin building the fence, when on consulting the almanac it was found to be the wrong time to set fence corners, as we were in the dark of the moon, and it would have been little short of insanity to make fence. We had faith in the Almanac, and it was well known that if the corners of a “worm fence” are set in the dark of the moon they will settle into the ground, but if set in the light of the moon will remain on the surface. Hence the importance of conforming to lunar conditions. In planting, the same care is requisite. Things which mature their products above ground, such as wheat, corn, peas, beans, pumpkins, etc., must always be planted in the light of the moon, to make a good yield; while potatoes, parsnips, beets, artichokes, and things of like habits, which make underground, must be planted in the dark of the moon, or your labor will be lost. Nothing could be more simple or more rational in its way than our faith in the influence of the moon; and we had better fences and better crops, paying always due regard to the moon, and planting by the “signs” of the Almanac (which always concurred with a good time to put in seed) than the fences and crops of the farmers in the same region now, who in their stupidity do not value the Almanac, and work along in a hap-hazard sort of way without any reference to the moon at all.

The moon not being in the right phase for fence building I took my plow to a field free of stones, where nothing would cause it to jar and hurt my hands. But as I trudged the furrow back and forth, I began to doubt whether farming was after all the best calling for me to get a living at, and by noon doubt was pretty well resolved into certainty. When about to begin the afternoon's work, and with lagging legs continue to trudge after the noble instrument which the Emperor of China goes into the field once a year to hold for an hour, in order to shed dignity on Agriculture as the foundation industry—an impression came upon me that there was a letter for me in the post-office. I had not been thinking of or expecting any letter, but the conviction was strong and definite that the letter (which I seemed to actually see) was there in the pigeon-hole, and that I ought to go or send and get it. My brother David, then at home, cheerfully agreed to go for the letter; but I was so much occupied in imagining who it could be from that I followed the plow like an automaton and forgot even the fatigue which had

In the forenoon prompted my revolt against farm life. To account for the singular impression and conviction in regard to the letter scientifically, I might suggest that it was possibly due to unconscious clairvoyance. There had about that time been a great deal said and printed on the subject of animal magnetism, though not so much of clairvoyance as at a later date; and many amateur Mesmers were practicing the art of putting people to sleep by the joint exertion of manipulation and will power. So, in accounting for an unaccountable occurrence, I may suggest that there was then in action so much of what the French savants call "Odic Force," that the earth and air had become conductors or transmitters of it, and that a man of positive character and strong will, having written a letter that he wished to have responded to promptly, might have exercised (even unconsciously) an Odic influence which reached the intended recipient of his epistle in advance of the regular mail. If this explanation seems more difficult to comprehend than the matter explained, it must be borne in mind that such is often the case when "scientists" undertake to account by theories for unexplainable facts. Nothing is more stubborn than facts, and it is sometimes impossible to reconcile them with the most plausible and reasonable theories ever invented.

But whatever the proper solution of the mystery may be, the fact was, that the letter was there in the pigeon-hole. It was from Theophilus Fenn, editor of the Harrisburg Telegraph, stating that he had heard of my return to civilization from the wild west, and inviting me to take editorial charge of his paper for a few weeks while he would visit relatives in Connecticut. A greater surprise can hardly be imagined, and I handed it to Father for his perusal.

"I—I—absolutely!"—laughing heartily—"I—I—absolutely!"

"Well," I inquired—"what are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing at Fenn. I've always thought him a blackguard in his paper, but I never thought him a fool. I—I—absolutely!"

"I don't see why you think him a fool. I see nothing wrong in the letter."

"Of course he's a fool, to think you could edit the Telegraph. It's absurd. A chap like you, editing a paper at the capital of the Commonwealth! I never heard the like. I—I—absolutely!"

"Well, I can try, I suppose."

"Now, that's egregiously nonsense. You'd fail, and regret it all your life. Don't be perverse, but begin the study of the law at once."

This was good advice, like his former advice to "put plenty of brains" in the old Gazette; but it seemed almost as hard to follow, as the three years of study required for admission to the bar seemed an interminable time. So I told him I would go, if I had passage money, and after a good deal of discussion he gave a hesitating assent, and arrangements were made for my departure. But my good father had not the serene confidence in my future

which Dr. Primrose had in that of his son Moses, when he set off to sell the horse at the fair.

That I should have run away from Bellefonte in March, then enlist in Pittsburgh as a Texas emigrant, and after deserting at Louisville and spending some weeks there as a jour. printer, should in June be summoned from the farm to undertake the editorship of the central state organ of the party, was certainly a strange series of events; and when I reflect on the concatenation of circumstances I am inclined to believe that parts at least of Baron Munchausen's wonderful narrations may have been truer than we used to consider them. On the 21st day of June, 1837, I arrived in Harrisburg with "three bits," or $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents in my pocket, exactly the sum I had on the memorable first of April when I boarded the Constellation at Pittsburgh as an emigrant to Texas; but why Pittsburgh should have an *h* at the end of it, and Harrisburg get along very well without it, I have never been able to find out.

As to hard money, the coin rating at $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents was an "eleven-penny bit" in Pennsylvania, or by usage a "levvy," while it was a bit in the west and south. The coin rating at $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents was with us a "five-penny bit," reduced by usage to "fippeny bit," or for short a "fip," while in New Orleans and the west it was a "picayune," and so far as I know is the only coin that ever gave a name to a daily newspaper. The "New Orleans Picayune" was named after the coin it was first sold for, and was the pioneer in cheap journals in the south; though Kendall, Holbrook and the two Fields (Matthew C. and Joseph M.) got out a paper well worth a "bit." The journal they started so well is alive and vigorous yet, though sold for a half dime, or "nickel;" but the name would hardly do as the "New Orleans Nickel."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN HARRISBURG—MR. FENN'S INSTRUCTIONS—BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE SYSTEM—INDEPENDENT TREASURY — A VIGOROUS EDITORIAL — GALLANTING AND SKIFTING—THE CARPENTER AND HIS LADDER—ESSAY ON LADDERS—A PROPHETIC THOUGHT—AT THE CASE—COLONIAL RECORDS—SMALL POTATOES — HISTORY TRACED FROM THE START — ANOTHER PAPER WANTED—IN COLLEGE AND A LESSON IN FINANCE—CONSULTING THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH — AN EDITOR AGAIN — FITZPATRICK'S REMARK—RHETORIC STUDIED — QUEER REFLECTIONS — METEMPSYCHOSIS — A BIG SOUL FOR THE EDITOR—A LITTLE ONE FOR THE CRITIC.

On my arrival in Harrisburg Mr. Fenn left. His principal instruction to me as his substitute was, never to explain or defend anything, but to persistently assail the other party. "Never let them get you on the defensive, but always carry the war into Africa," were his parting words. As I was not well versed in classical literature, I did not know what carrying the war into Africa meant, or understand the allusion contained in the expression, but thought it intended to signify that our political foes were like ignorant barbarians and ought to be pitched into. In due time the Telegraph, a weekly, came out, and but a few days had elapsed when I received a letter from Mr. Fenn, who was among his folks at Weathersfield, complimenting me very highly on the spirit and ability with which I was conducting his journal. My selections pleased him, and he was delighted, he wrote, with the freshness, boldness and vigor displayed in my editorials, and hoped I would continue to charge upon the "locofocos" as we called the democrats, all sorts of iniquities. Our system of conducting political warfare was indeed beautifully simple, consisting mainly of charges, whether true or not, hurled at the opposite party, with occasional gross aspersions of individuals.

The main subject of dispute between the two parties was the management of the United States Treasury. The democrats had brought forward their scheme of an "Independent Treasury:"—to collect and disburse all public moneys in gold and silver coin; to use no bank paper in government transactions; and to keep all public treasure in depositories or "sub-treasuries," organized, directed and controlled by officers of the United

States. It was the Treasury system that has since been so many years in successful operation. But the whigs assailed the scheme with all the strength and bitterness we could command. It is not worth while to restate any of our arguments and assumptions, except to say in general terms, that we held up the Independent Treasury scheme as designed to enrich the officeholders and make them independent of the people! And I remember that one of my articles in the Telegraph with the flaring head—"GOLD AND SILVER for the OFFICEHOLDERS and BANK RAGS for the PEOPLE!" was considered to have in this striking title an epitome of the whole case, to say nothing of the force and vigor with which the body of the article discussed the great question! In the elegant language of modern youth, "It was bully, you bet! An' don't you forget it!"

We did not at any time spare the federal officeholders, but poured on them floods of abuse, in all the terms of obloquy at our command; and strangers reading our whig journals would have supposed the United States, under the presidency of Mr. Van Buren, to be in the grasp of the most shameless scoundrels on earth. Nor were the democratic editors backward in replies. If they did not return in full all they received, they at least gave us the best they had, and with a will as earnest and as little restrained by scruples of conscience as our own. If I might for once use slang I would say "it was dog eat dog;" and I could be amused, if I did not feel emotions of disgust, when I look back at our venomous controversies, especially in the Pennsylvania papers. I wonder now that a higher and better order of discussion was not demanded by the people. There was certainly but little of statesmanship, and less of dignity, in our treatment of the great interests of the country, or of our own State. But I knew no better. I was only an uneducated, uncultivated, country-bred youth of twenty years, called by a curious chance to the editorial charge of a paper at the seat of the state government. If I could enjoy the self-esteem others are gifted with, I might reflect with self-exaltation on the fact that I was able to sustain myself at all.

During my six summer weeks of service as Mr Fenn's proxy, my days were given to the editorial office and my evenings mainly spent in "gal-lanting young ladies," as the phrase ran then; taking twilight walks with a bevy of charmers along the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna, which not being a navigable stream except for rafts of lumber in freshets, had shores undescrated by commerce. Sometimes we went skiffing on the water, when the girls would sing the good old meaningful and sentimental songs, with a new one by Arthur T. Lea, a young lieutenant in the army beginning:

" Come gaze on us now with the moon, love,
 And list to our voices in tune, love,—
 Oh, haste thee, arise now, for soon, love,
 We'll be borne by the swift stream away !

O'er us the bright stars are peeping,
Around us the night winds are sweeping,
The waves on the dark shore are leaping
As lit by the moon's silver ray!"

As we were not hypercritical, we enjoyed this song immensely, although the Susquehanna, in low water, was not swift, nor the shores dark when a good moon was beaming, nor the night winds sweeping very strongly when we went skifting. We generally closed our evenings at the modest ice cream parlors of Mrs. Burbeck, where my week's wage disappeared in a pleasant and refreshing way. All very foolish, perhaps, My Aged Friend, but very innocent, and very delightful to a youth of twenty; and I admit that it was not "business," nor likely to promote one's pecuniary success, even though it tended to cherish the finer sentiments and smooth the manners. It was not copying Dr. Franklin at all.

I noticed one day, directly across the street, the skill and rapidity with which a young carpenter was re-shingling a building. He seemed to pick up the right shingle to fit every time, and it was hardly in place before the nails were through it, and another in hand. I soon after made his acquaintance at the Hope Fire Company's engine house, on joining the company, and we were both on a committee which recommended the establishment of water works by using a steam engine to force water from the river to Capitol hill, instead of a canal as previously suggested by 'Squire Ayres and Lawyer Krause. Our recommendation was adopted by the "Burgesses," and the system is in use yet. The carpenter had been studying law in the evenings (when I was enjoying the society of young ladies) and during the next winter was legislative correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, Jasper Harding's paper, then edited by Robert Morris, a descendant, I think, of the old Revolutionary Treasurer. Starting as a lawyer, my carpenter crony became in time Clerk of the State House of Representatives, Member of Congress, Governor by appointment of a Territory, Governor by election of a State, Senator in Congress, and Cabinet Minister. He always put the right shingle in the right place, and drove the nail promptly. His name is Alexander Ramsey.

Mr. Ramsey is what is called a "self-made man," having had few advantages in schools, and no powerful friends (except his ability to "talk Dutch" in Dauphin county) to start him in life, but having to start himself and gain his friends as he went along. But all men who achieve distinction are "self-made." Some are aided by friends or circumstances, and thus find the ladder ready to their hands; but they must nevertheless grasp the rungs and exert their own powers in order to climb. Others must construct their own ladders, and then work their way up. The ladder was ready for William Pitt, but his own labors gave him position at the top. No ladder was provided for James B. Eads, but he hustled round, made a very tall one for himself, and has climbed to the uppermost rung. Some

who are born with ladders all ready never try to climb. Thousands, born ladderless, vainly construct and climb, but never get above the first rung, if they get to that. I have often had a short ladder raised, and got up a few rungs, just high enough to look about me a little, when snap would go the rung and down I would come. I am now too old ever to do much climbing, but if by some unusual good fortune I should get an opportunity to "catch on" again, I shall pull the ladder up after me to show how often I have had to mend the broken rungs.

One evening during my proxy editorship I entered the parlor of Kelker's old-fashioned hotel across the street to visit Miss Rose, the beautiful daughter of the host, and found eight other young ladies present, among them two sisters whom I then saw for the first time. Seated across the room from me, they were in a group of girls, chatting pleasantly, the tallest of the two sisters apparently leading the conversation. As I looked at them the distinct thought presented itself—"that tallest girl will make a good wife for somebody some day." I was not looking out for girls that would make good wives; nor was I then very well qualified to judge of the probabilities; and I never could account for that prophetic thought, the like of which had never occurred to me respecting any other young lady. If a premonition, or a mere chance guess, it was an amazingly correct estimate, as proved by events not then dreamed of.

On Mr. Fenn's return my occupation as proxy editor ceased, and I quietly took my 'case' as a jour. printer. Pennsylvania was then having her Colonial Records printed, and the quaint language and curious details of the old councils, (followed with great particularity, abbreviations and all, in the pages we were 'setting up,') were entertaining enough to pay us for the bother we often had with the queer types used to reproduce the Records, which we were printing from the first days of the Provincial Government. Many passages showed that the elders of the Commonwealth had been but men, with passions, envies, and jealousies like our own; and when Henry Guiter said to us—"Boys, don't you think the old Colonials were mighty small potatoes, considering the freshness of the soil?"—we responded with unanimous assent, and declared with great originality and force, that "human nature is much the same at all times and everywhere." But it was some comfort to know that the State could trace her history authentically from the beginning, and in doing so give the jour. printers a 'job' during the vacation of the legislature. Then we told each other that the Americans were the only great people on earth who can tell their own story from the start—a remark I afterwards found in Graham's History of the United States.

As the summer wore away I began to feel ambitious to have again a paper of my own, and was negotiating with George W. Phillips for the Carlisle Herald. Having visited that quiet and genteel old town to look at the "office," I went to college for the first time in my life; that is, I called

at Dickinson College (named after old John, of Revolutionary memory) to see a friend from Lewistown, about my own age, a student there. I only remained half an hour, and did not even see the President of the College, the eloquent Dr. Durbin; but I learned a lesson in finance, not yet forgotten, as my friend borrowed twenty dollars that I had saved of my wages as a jour. printer, and has not yet paid it back. Returning to Harrisburg, intending to buy the Herald on credit, I called to consult Thomas H. Burrowes, Secretary of the Commonwealth, on the subject, when he told me not to leave the seat of government, and I should be put in as editor of the *Intelligencer*, the other whig organ of Governor Ritner's administration. This arrangement was made, and during the winter I was editor and legislative reporter at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. The papers of Harrisburg were then published tri-weekly or semi-weekly (I forget which) during the sessions of the Legislature, and weekly during the rest of the year; but the salaries, like the merits of the papers, did not reach high figures.

To Mr. Burrowes the Pennsylvanians owe the systematic organization of their Common School system, during the term of Joseph Ritner as Governor, from 1835 to 1838. Thomas had a strong mind which had been well cultivated, and as he was both fond and proud of the schools, he labored with remarkable energy and industry to promote their success; giving at the same time a large share of attention to the party measures intended to secure Mr. Ritner's reelection. Granting that the school system is a good thing, the people of the state ought to hold in honor the memory of Mr. Burrowes; but he will soon be forgotten, as we have so many men who are really great that we cannot remember them all. As poor wandering Fitzpatrick, with unsettled mind, on happening to enter one of the Harrisburg churches during a funeral service, and finding the seats all full, said in a tone of sadness—"There's too many of us here!"

I am under singular obligations to Thomas H. Burrowes. Unknown to himself, he was my preceptor in rhetoric. Not that I knew what rhetoric was, for I believe I did not know the meaning of the word till 1839, when I chanced to take up Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric, in the State Library, and was greatly pleased to find that I had been writing in accordance with his precepts without having known of their existence. I had admired the clear, forcible and elegant style of Mr. Burrowes, and had tried to write in the same effective and attractive manner. They have made new books on rhetoric since, but I am not sure that the student has gained by them. I never think of rhetoric now, but just write on as what I suppose to be ideas present themselves, solicitous only to dress them in the scantiest possible drapery of words, but happy as a boy blowing soap bubbles when I chance to hit on what Professor Waterhouse, of St. Louis, who writes so well, would style "unexpected felicity of phrase."

It was queer that a raw youth of twenty should have been considered fit for the positions I was placed in, and queer, too, that I should myself always

have had a sort of "inner consciousness" that I was *not* fit for them. I would wonder sometimes, in musing moods, if all was real, and not a fantastic and unsubstantial series of fancied events, and it would seem as if it was not me, but some double of myself, who was figuring there as an editor, without complaint or objection from any one. And not less queer it was, that I never had any feeling of elation or self-consequence, so natural to youth, and that all the sense of importance which I enjoyed when my name was first at the head of the old Gazette as editor and proprietor had faded out. I rather looked upon myself as the most insignificant figure of the pageant, that could be dropped out at any time and never missed; and after all, this may be a safe way to look at things even now. Yet in my editorial identity I was pretty well up to the level of those about me, however inadequately my other identity appreciated myself. Three or four years later I wrote a story for Graham's Magazine, then a prominent Monthly, turning on the doctrine of Metempsychosis, or Transmigration of Souls, but it had never occurred to me that in their migrations two souls might have happened to get into my one body: a big soul for the editor, and a little soul for the depreciative critic!

CHAPTER XIV.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY R.R. EXCURSION—THADDEUS STEVENS EXHILARATED—OLIVER EVANS' PREDICTION—SIMON CAMERON'S TOAST—JACKSON'S NOTION OF TRADE—ANTI-MASONIC PARTY—STEVENS AN ORATOR—A SUICIDE—BIDDLE'S BANK—PENROSE AND BURDEN—OUR GOOD OLD TIMES—INS AND OUTS—PARTY CONTROVERSIES—INDEPENDENT TREASURY—PRESENT NATIONAL BANKS—THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN CONGRESS—THE SOUTH AND THE TARIFF—PENNSYLVANIA STRIKES BACK—SETTLED QUESTIONS—THE PRESIDENT'S PILGRIMAGES.

In August 1837, I enjoyed my first railroad "excursion;" the opening of the Cumberland Valley Railroad from Harrisburg to Chambersburg. A car load of gentlemen (with manly selfishness, never thinking that ladies might also take pleasure in a trip of the kind) went from Harrisburg to honor the occasion, and we had a collation and speeches at Chambersburg. Except the few miles from Johnston to the first inclined plane on the Allegheny Portage Railroad, where I saw my first locomotive, as I returned from my trip to the west, this excursion was memorable to me as my first railroad ride by steam. The track of the C. V. R.R., as we would initial the name now for lack of time to speak it in full, was laid with the flat rail; but even that sort of railroad was highly valued among people who had never had any better. Thaddeus Stevens was of the party—a man whose face in repose reminded one of the pen portrait of Napoleon by the Irish orator Phillips, "grand, gloomy and peculiar," but whose voice was music in all cadences, and whose countenance could in animation express all intensities of emotion or passion. Seated near him, I said—

"A ride in the cars is very pleasant, I think, Mr. Stevens."

"It is very exhilarating, sir; very exhilarating!"

That was the word—exhilarating—the word I had wanted when I crossed the Alleghenies on the Portage railroad. I had felt but not uttered it. Exhilarating! Yes—railroading was a novelty then, and it was an event in one's life to be drawn by a locomotive. Then the youth of twenty, riding behind the "iron horse" for the first time had sensations of which those who are used to the rail from childhood can have no conception. The railroad and the locomotive, of which he had heard so much, and which

seemed such far-off things, now realized at last! There was rapture in the thought, with a tinge of awe when we actually started. And when, on that excursion—jubilant all—we were whirled along the prolific Cumberland Valley, making at least fifteen miles an hour, what word in all the dictionary but the one so aptly used by Mr. Stevens would apply? Yet it was not new; for since I wrote the foregoing sentence I have turned to the life of Oliver Evans, and find this prediction made by him at Philadelphia about the beginning of the century: "The time will come when people will travel in stages moved by steam engines from one city to another almost as fast as birds can fly, fifteen or twenty miles an hour. Passing through the air with such velocity, changing scenes in such rapid succession will be the most *exhilarating* exercise." Alas for Oliver! If money had been supplied he would have given the world the locomotive at least a quarter of a century before it came into general use. But capital could not comprehend.

I only remember one other person, in addition to Thaddeus Stevens, as in our excursion party, and he, like Thaddeus, a character of history—to last a generation or two. This was General Simon Cameron; in his boyhood, an apprentice to Hamilton, the Harrisburg printer. Simon was a "self-made" man, who not only provided his own ladder and climbed it, but also helped to provide the ladders of many others. At the collation in Chambersburg, Gen. Cameron, at the close of a brief speech, gave the toast:

"Credit—the magic word that turns everything to gold."

Gen. Cameron was a democrat, but he did not believe with President Jackson, that "all who trade on borrowed capital ought to break." He was the Cashier of the Middletown Bank; lent money to foster industries, and did not want the borrowers to break, and break his bank. He understood finance, I think, better than President Jackson; but Gen. Cameron himself has not always been understood. He has always exercised a large influence in Pennsylvania, not because he corruptly bought up and bribed any one, as his enemies have charged, but because he did more kind and generous acts, and helped more struggling men in their business careers, than any other man in the state.

Thaddeus Stevens began his political life as an "Anti-Mason," and in 1837 and for some years following, was the most prominent figure in Pennsylvania politics. Some twenty years later he was sent to Congress, and was the acknowledged leader of the House, but did not gain the national reputation which he would have commanded if he had entered Congress earlier in life.

It can hardly be realized now, that a political party could be organized on the single plank of hostility to Free Masonry. Yet such was the case. Beginning in the interior of New York, after the alleged murder by Masons of William Morgan, for disclosing the secrets of the order, the party became powerful in New England, New York and Pennsylvania; but never had much strength west or south of these states. After a few years of bitter political controversies, dividing friends and neighbors, and engendering

personal hatreds, the "Antimasonic" was merged into the whig party, and is now scarcely remembered, or known to have existed. Yet many strong men, from whom broader views were to have been expected, seated themselves on this narrow plank, and even floated into power on it. Mr. Stevens was the leader in Pennsylvania, and the party elected the Governor, Joseph Ritner, in 1835. It all seems to have been extremely absurd—an "antimasonic party!"—but who is the Canute to check the tide of folly?

As a member of the state Legislature, Mr. Stevens was very efficient in the passage of acts to establish the Common Schools of Pennsylvania. He was an orator of much power; persuasive or denunciatory as occasion demanded. I remember one of his triumphs, altho' the bill was finally lost. It was a bill to establish a "School of Arts," and in the afternoon session, Mr. Stevens having spoken for an hour or two, the bill was passed by a vote nearly unanimous. Hard-headed old democrats, even, had been swept along by the flood of argument, illustration and pathos. But a night of reflection brought a reconsideration next day, and the bill was voted down by as large a majority as had passed it. This loss of the bill was a splendid compliment to the orator, proving that his eloquence had carried it on the previous day.

Having apparently no taste for social life, Mr. Stevens sought diversion at the gaming table. He often spent an evening at the faro bank, and whether winner or loser, gave no evidence of elation or depression. He was a gambler entirely for recreation; would enter, seat himself at the table, win or lose till weary of the play, and then leave without a word perhaps to any one. He never married, and had no home life.

Mr. Stevens was not a chatty man. He used few words in conversation, but they were always apt. His expressions were terse, and often bitter; but, I opine, it was from habit rather than malice, that he so often spoke daggers. I recall no injury done by him to any one, save in party contests; but as a party man he had no toleration, and his hatred of the other party was intense. When a democratic partisan, a young lawyer in Carlisle, had in a temporary aberration, destroyed himself, and some one asked Mr. Stevens if he had heard that Mr. Burnhew "had blown out his brains," the reply was—

"All a mistake, sir—all a mistake—he shot a hole through his head!"

Congress having failed to renew the charter of the National Bank, application was made by its President, Nicholas Biddle, to the Legislature of Pennsylvania; and in 1836 a charter was granted to the "United States Bank of Pennsylvania." Some democratic Legislators who voted for this charter were repudiated by their party as having sold themselves to the Bank. Charles B. Penrose, a Senator, and Jesse R. Burden, a representative, were the most prominent of these recreant democrats, and both, discarded by the democrats, became prominent whigs. Stevens, Penrose and Burden constituted a trio most offensive to all pure and virtuous democratic nostrils.

I do not really know whether or not Mr. Biddle bought Mr. Penrose and

Mr. Burden. I never saw him buying anybody. But without at all averring that these gentlemen were corrupt, I wish to enter my protest against the self-sufficiency of the present day, in regard to corruption in politics. Our good old times are treated as if we had had no corruption at all, and as if all political knavery had been held in reserve to illuminate the past quarter of a century. This is very unfair, and shows a lamentable ignorance of the past. Let us have no more such disparagement. In proportion to population and to the square mile, we had, fifty and more years ago, I think, as full a measure of knavery in politics as there is now, with all the modern improvements; and hence I am rather optimistic in regard to the future of the country.

In Pennsylvania the public works—canals and railroads—then owned and managed by the state, were a source of corruption, favoritism, and party bitterness. Many men fattened on the spoils; and no one disputed the truth of the phrase attributed to William L. Marcy, “to the victors belong the spoils.” The strife between the “ins” and the “outs” was fierce beyond anything we now witness. Hence our party contests had a double measure of bitterness arising from both national and state interests.

No man only forty years old can easily conceive a fair idea of the controversies we had in the past over questions connected with the United States Bank, the independent treasury, and the State banks—all now happily settled, or at least may practically be so considered. The question of a national bank like the old one will, I think, never be revived. The great “balance wheel,” as we used to call it, is not needed; and besides, experience is against it. Mr. Biddle's old United States Bank was continued under the State charter of 1836, but as a balance wheel it proved to be a signal failure. It ran so fast, that it not only deranged all the machinery of finance, but whirled so rapidly that it was burst in pieces by centrifugal force, scattering ruin all around. The present systems—of which the independent treasury was initiated by the old democrats, more than forty years ago, and the national bank system, the more recent work of the republicans—only need, I think, to be let alone; or at least, if the bank system should need a little amendment at any time, we are not likely to have any fierce party squabble over it, or over the silver coinage, or any other financial question. The present generation may esteem themselves fortunate to have so many troublesome questions out of party politics. In the independent treasury, and in the national bank system, both democrats and republicans builded wiser than they knew.

Another question, that of internal improvements by the federal government, is happily at rest. No one desires now to step over bounds to which even a “strict construction” democrat may safely venture. But we disputed vigorously on this topic in the olden time.

The tariff is left for discussion, and will probably remain; but it is not likely there will be strict division of parties on it; and bitter partisan conflicts in regard to it need not, I think, be apprehended. Legislation on

inter-state commerce, and on the propriety of discouraging immigration, may come up at an early day for discussion, but I doubt if parties will divide on these subjects.

The slavery question, just coming into party contests in Pennsylvania, forty-six years ago—with the whigs leaning to the abolition side and the democrats to the other—is disposed of forever. I remember that the first mob I ever heard of was a mob in Pennsylvania interfering with an anti-slavery orator. In Philadelphia, in 1838, a hall was burned by a mob because some abolitionists were holding a convention in it. These mobs, together with the action of southern men in trying to exclude from Congress petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, tended greatly to spread the anti-slavery feeling in the middle and northern states. At least, in Pennsylvania, we did not like to have the right of petition interfered with. We had a right, we thought, to send petitions to Congress for any thing we fancied, and if we petitioned for impracticable things, that was our own affair. If Congress could at its pleasure refuse to receive one kind of petition, it might refuse to receive another, and we did not choose to have the men in the capitol deciding on the kind of prayer the people might offer. Not that we cared particularly to pray, but we insisted on our right to pray in a way to suit ourselves, if we felt like it; and if the southern members of Congress had understood human nature, and had let in all petitions without objection, and given them respectful reference (even if left to sleep in pigeon holes), there would not have been so many sent. One fact in our history I have never seen noted, namely, that the anti-tariff or free trade doctrines of the south stimulated the growth of abolitionism in Pennsylvania. If the south had held on to the protective tariff doctrines of 1816, Pennsylvania would, I think, never have tolerated any anti-slavery preaching or manifestations within her borders. When the south struck at "the tariff" Pennsylvania felt the dagger, drew out the bloody weapon, and struck back.

I have adverted to all these matters to show how happy the present voting folks ought to feel, in escaping so many of the controversies which agitated the country but a few years ago. So many questions are settled, that there does not in reality seem to be much matter of principle left to divide parties; but the newspapers have ample work in telling us of thousands of things unknown in my younger days, and when topics of science, art, progress, fashion, and events by wire and cable from all parts of the world fail, they can easily fill up with suicides, outrages, murder, base ball, and the pilgrimages of the President, who must learn what the country is after he has reached the highest office in it

CHAPTER XV.

NEVERMORE—IMITATING TOM MARSHALL—THE BEST LYCEUM SPEECH—IDLENESS MORE TIRESOME THAN WORK—EMINENT CONSTANCY—IN LOVE—MOST POWERFUL THING—ROMANCE IN SHOES—CLARKE OF IOWA—UNPAID SERVICE—COLIN M'CURDY A PARTNER—INTELLIGENCER BOUGHT—IK MARVEL—CARELESS BUBBLES—PSYCHICAL LIGHTNING STROKE—THE OLD, OLD STORY—MEMORABLE MAY-DAY—LIFE JOURNEY BEGUN—A TRUE TALE IN VERSE—PERFECT COMPANIONSHIP—THE MARBLE IN OAK HILL CEMETERY.

Governor Ritner having, in March 1838, refused to appoint a man of my choice judge of one of the counties, I lost my temper, and throwing up my 'situation' as editor of the *Intelligencer* at fifteen dollars a week, left Harrisburg forever. Never more would I enter that pleasant town; never more would I look on the beautiful valley, or the broad river with its green islands, or the blue mountains enclosing the lovely landscape, unsurpassed by any I have elsewhere beheld in much wandering; and never more would I stroll out on a summer evening to enjoy the view from Prospect Hill, where Prof. J. H. Ingraham, author of "Lafitte, or the Pirate of the Gulf," taught me how to enjoy all the beauty of distant scenery, by stooping the head and looking backward (Madam can look under her arm), when the inverted organs of vision find charms not realized with the head erect. Nevermore—nevermore.

Up the Juniata to my native town, there to think and plan for the future. The Lyceum had a meeting the night after my arrival, and having been one of its founders, I was received with kindly greetings by Judge Banks, its President, and in response to his welcome made a speech. The topics have faded from memory, but I recollect that I put into my address the best imitation I could evoke of the fervor Tom Marshall had manifested in his speech to the multitude at Louisville after the suspension of specie payments, and that I reproduced all of his gesticulation that I could call to mind. It was a plagiarism of the Kentucky orator's manner, and I probably descanted on the home affections, the unparalleled beauty of the Juniata scenery, the greatness of Pennsylvania, and other topics not unpleasing to the audience; and I may have quoted from Montgomery's poem of the West Indies the passage:

“There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.”

I must have quoted these lines, which, when we recited them at the Academy under Mr. Hickok's supervision, had always seemed to have been written for our region, and almost convinced us that the writer must have been along there before writing them. Any way, my little speech set every body to wondering at my improved oratory, and I was applauded to the echo. It was the best speech, no doubt, ever made in the Lyceum, though I can never prove the fact, for of all who were then present I am probably the sole survivor. But after the speech was delivered I thought of so many things that I might have said and did not say, that the glow of utterance merged into a chill, and again I decided that I was not *fit* by nature for an orator.

In the scenes of boyhood's trials and pleasures I spent about three weeks, musing over the little events that had been so great when they occurred; but there was little of the *dolce far niente*, or “sweet to do nothing” in it all. The habit of being employed was so fixed that idleness was more tiresome than work, and I must again be in a wider and busier world. I went back to Harrisburg; my “nevermore” had lasted less than a month! This may look like fickleness and vascillation; but, My Dear Madam, it was eminent constancy. I was in love!

When a fine lady asked George Stephenson what is the most powerful thing in the world, he replied that it is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if she looks on him with affection, and he should stray to the uttermost ends of the earth, her look will bring him back! But George, practical as he was at his steam engine when a young man at the colliery—working at odd times repairing shoes to pay for schooling—was yet full of the sentiment and romance often pervading work-a-day natures. He was in love with Fanny Henderson, and having mended her shoes, carried them in his pocket a day or two for the pleasure of taking them out now and then to look at and admire; and after he became the great engineer of railroads and builder of locomotives, and had long ago been married to Fanny and had shed tears not unmanly at her grave, he was never, I believe, ashamed of the homage he had paid her by slyly kissing the little shoes; and I own that I can hardly think the worse of him for it, as I have as great toleration for the man who is honestly in love, as I have detestation for any one who undervalues or disparages the worth of the sex to which his unfortunate mother belonged.

On my return to Harrisburg I met James Clarke, a jour. printer, who had been appointed Secretary of the new Territory of Iowa, then recently cut off from Wisconsin, and now a great domain of wealth and culture. Mr. Clarke was on his way westward, and wished me to join him and “grow

up with the country." But such was not my kismet, as the Musselman calls destiny, which I am at times half inclined to believe in. The time had not come for me to tread the exuberant soil of Iowa, and I was not to tread it on the eastern but on the western border. In after years I was domiciled for a time within her desired boundaries, and was able to do the prospective state some unrewarded service; but I could not "go west" with Mr. Clarke, valued as his friendship was. The pioneer spirit, deadened by my experience with Col. Behrenbeck, had not been re-developed, and the local attraction was too strong. I must remain in Harrisburg, and in April, having entered into a partnership with Colin McCurdy, a fellow printer and one of nature's gentlemen, we bought the *Intelligencer*.

I WAS IN LOVE, and had vague ideas of marriage—but with youth's unknowing of the felicity crowning a well-assorted union, which, all unmeriting, it was my after future to enjoy; and never thinking that ever husband would write so tenderly and touchingly as did Ik Marvel, when (barring the harsh word) he said years after and seemingly for me, and better than I could have put my own experience into words:

"The mother is as beautiful as ever, and far more dear to me; for gratitude has been adding, year by year, to love. There have been times when a harsh word of mine uttered in the fatigues of business, has touched her; and I have seen that soft eye fill with tears, and I have upbraided myself for causing her one pang. But such she does not remember, or remembers only to cover with her gentle forgiveness."

IN LOVE. That was all. But how it came about, who can tell? It was in the autumn of 1837. Since June, life had gone pleasantly. I had spent many delightful evenings in the society of young ladies, not in love with any, but rendering homage to all. Attentions were shown to each, with verses in albums (then in vogue), and courteous phrases, and all the little flatteries which men are apt to suppose women fonder of than they are. But nothing serious, even with Ann of Locust Grove, or Margaretta of Carlisle, both of whom were charming and greatly admired. All of us floating along, careless bubbles on the stream, unfearing any cataract or whirlpool in its course. But who knows his fate? As I strolled one evening up the one-sided street, with the cosy dwellings on the right, and the serene Susquehanna and its sleeping islands on the left, and over all the Indian summer haze, softening all outlines as if for the pencil of a Claude Lorraine, a young lady stepped from the door-sill to the little porch—and struck me!

Not a physical blow—unfeminine—with tiny hand, or even playful and coquettish fan; but a psychical lightning stroke, not rending but thrilling, and causing the heart to glow like the carbon of electric light, but with inebriation that did not consume. She it was of whom when first in her presence I had the prophetic thought, so amply realized as time rolled on, that she "would make a good wife for somebody some day;" though I had not the faintest throb of what is called love at first sight. And there she was, as never before. Often had she stepped as lightly to the porch;

often had her cheerful and winning smile greeted me. But now—a charm ineffable! Never so beautiful—never the smile so sweet. My love had come, as it comes only once in a man's life, however often he may be fond and faithful. But it was all too sudden, too new, then to be uttered; and a moon of time elapsed before the venture was dared.

Needless all the tale to tell—
 The trembling accents that declare
 How, bound and fettered by her spell,
 But happy in the chains I wear,
 I'll ever, ever love her well;
 And how the timorous words implore
 Her kindly thought, and beg her then
 Not to disdain for evermore,
 The heart that cannot love again.
 And how the startled maid replies—
 "You jest!"—not crediting the tale;
 And how the lustre of her eyes
 Tells like her blush, the great surprise;
 And how no pleadings can avail
 For more than time to think it o'er;
 And how, content to gain ev'n this,
 Nor daring yet a lover's kiss,
 But, hope all brighter than before,
 I dream, and dream of future bliss.
 And needless is it to renew
 The old, old story, now and here,
 How Love responsive slowly grew,
 And how, in sooth, at length I knew—
 Wordless—the tale I long'd to hear.
 For not in utterance alone—
 But by expressive silence—may
 The wish'd response be surely known;
 And clasp we then our own—our own—
 Till life shall reach its latest day!

The winter wore away, with a shadowy future of wedded life, some time, as Hope told us, to be realized; but suddenly came my quarrel with the Governor in March, and my departure, as already told, never more to return. Going as I was for endless time and to undetermined lands, it was best, I thought, to release each other; and when the propriety of this was suggested, the reply was neither unkind nor reproachful, yet had a simple dignity in harmony with her well-poised character: "I did not propose the engagement." Returned in April, the wanderer found it by no means as easy to renew the bonds of mutual promise as it had been to cancel them, and not till May-day, at a little party out at Mrs. Hannah's grove, could opportunity be gained to propose a renewal of the covenant. With the blood-red sap of a native plant, on a torn paper from the lunch basket, were traced the words of repentance and the prayer for pardon; and a smile of forgiveness and of reconciliation made happy the self-accusing but repentant swain. It was as romantic as an invented scene, but entirely real for blessings on a life. On the fortieth anniversary of that auspicious May-day

these verses were written for one who merited poetry of a higher order, but who wished for no lines more truthful :

THE FIRST OF MAY.

The first of May—oh happy day!
The day when we went pleasuring;
When youthful sports and youthful glee
The joyous hours were measuring.

The first of May—oh happy day!
It gave me back my dearie then;
And troth was pledged for life to last,
By those who could not part again.

The first of May—oh happy day!
What men'ries round it ever cling'
For love as ardent now as then
Each day new rapture still can bring.

The first of May—oh happy day!
The day we learn'd how fond we were;
And each return still finds as fresh
As then, the love we whispered then.

The first of May—oh happy day!
The day when we went pleasuring;
Through forty years our hearts then join'd
Have cups of bliss been measuring.

On the twenty-first day of June, 1838, when I lacked nineteen days of twenty-one years, and exactly one year from the day of my arrival in Harrisburg, the early hours witnessed a wedding breakfast preceding a quiet ceremony, and after the Rector, Rev. Nathan Stem, had pronounced them husband and wife, the wedded pair, with a little trunk of the bride's clothes (not called "trousseau" then) strapped on the one-horse buggy, left the door of her parents' residence on their way to the home of her mate's parents and relatives; the old dog, "Drummer" giving a farewell bark as if he understood the occasion to be joyous, in spite of the solemn scene he had wondered at in the parlor, and had half a notion to interrupt; and "Rosinante," the old gray horse, trotting off as gaily as if he felt the inspiration of a happy future for his master. Not greatly different from the scene, when George Stephenson, with Fanny on a pillion behind him clasping his waist, and the bridesman and bridesmaid on another horse, started across the country on their little tour. It was long, long ago, that our buggy and the little trunk moved from the door, as the traditional old shoe was thrown after us for luck's sake; but the unpretentious spectacle of the twain thus beginning their joint life-journey,—with the bridesman (not called "best man" then, as if in derogation of the happy Benedict) and the one bridesmaid, in another buggy, going only up to Duncan's Island, there to dine and then return,—was in harmony with the simple but gentle manners of people undamaged by wealth and idleness, and caring only for the essentials of refined and useful lives. The little trunk contained all of "trousseau" that

a bride then needed ; and as to the groom, (if memory is not at fault,) most of his belongings in the way of raiment, were probably carried on his person.

The journey along the Susquehanna river, and then along the Juniata, through scenes where nature has lavished so much beauty that art, save in the simple adornments of the farm and in the village and the highway, would seem an intrusion, was not enjoyed any the less because of having in it so little of factitious splendor or pageantry ; and the memory of it was never tainted by regret that it had occurred. On the twenty-first day of June, 1878, forty full and eventful years after the ceremony and journey which began the best part of his life, it was the privilege of the husband, who never ceased to be the lover, to dedicate to his companion of the long-ago journey, some verses which may be unusual in real life or literature, but which have at least the one merit of absolute truthfulness :

LIZZIE AND I ARE ONE. *

Lizzie and I are One, and One we mean to be—
Seeing it's forty years since she joined hands with me ;
And this honeymoon of ours I'm sure 'twill never set,
For as it shone so long ago 'tis shining on us yet.

We then were link'd together, for better or for worse ;
She took me for a blessing—I might have proved a curse ;—
Perhaps I've not been either, but luck was on my side,
For Lizzie has been a blessing since the day she was a bride.

I carry here her picture in a pocket near my heart,
And never truer angel face was drawn by human art ;
They may not think it beautiful, but never do I see
In throngs of charming women a face so dear to me.

And now as I look on it I'm back at the happy day,
When Lizzie and I, united, were smiling along the way ;
Not pompous was the journey, yet all the world had part,
For each was truly all the world to th' other's loving heart.

Our wedding jaunt it was, and my proudest day of life,
For it led to the loving old folks to show my precious wife ;
And as Old Gray jogged onward, all earth and air and sky
Were naught to me, for heaven was there in Lizzie's beaming eye.

It seemed as if all nature, in summer's richest dress,
Was thus arrayed in sympathy with our happiness ;
And even wayside posies look'd up as if to say—
God made us to shed fragrance on the holy marriage day.

And she with sense superior detected in the air
The odor of each blossom, and knew 'twas blooming there ;
And oft Old Gray was halted, in each elapsing hour,
That I, responsive to her wish, might cull the wilding flower.

The woods and fields and mountain sides for her had wealth untold—
A silver flood the river ran, the sun cast rays of gold ;—
With soul refined she saw and felt ten thousand glories there,
Whilst I—well, I could only see my bride so wond'rous fair.

Ah me!—it was a tour of joy, an episode of bliss—
 With earnest faith in every pulse—hope fervent as a kiss;
 And ever as the day wore on, I seem'd to love her more,
 But now, with forty years agone, we love as ne'er before.

Childhood hath claim'd maternal care that never was denied,
 As the gentle, tender mother took the place of blushing bride;
 And all who grew around us with love reward her care,
 And think there's none so kind and wise as Mother sitting there.

The years have sped, and good and ill have met us on the way,
 But jointly we've kept moving on as on the joining day;
 And still for better or for worse life's lessons we have conn'd,
 But never dream'd of learning how to break the joining bond.

Yes—Lizzie and I are One, and Two we'll never be,
 Till death an arrow launches at Lizzie or at me;
 And though our heads are frosted, and the frosty locks are thin,
 Our hearts, like winter fires, are glowing warm within.

The man who has never been happily married has not known the more exalted felicities of life. No companionship so sweet and so perfect as that of a wedded pair, who forget self in each other, and whose tastes and wishes so blend as time cements their union, that they are no longer twain but one in feeling and wish. Even adversity may find solace in the melancholy pleasure of doing all we can to alleviate the distresses of a suffering mate. He is less than man and false to his race, who has never aspired to enjoy the pure friendship, the unselfish devotion, and the chaste love of wedlock.

In the early days of December, 1878, the fatal arrow sped, and in Oak Hill Cemetery, not distant from our Elm Lodge, the home in Kirkwood she for more than a score of years adorned and blessed, the marble with chiseled foliage and flowers, chaste in ornamentation as her own refined taste would have chosen, now marks the resting place of all that was mortal of a most estimable wife and mother. For forty and a half years, lacking fifteen days, we together strolled along the pathway of life, mostly among flowers, but with sometimes a thorn or a brier. Time mitigates sorrow, but only enhances reverence for perfection of character. Always serene, never once for a moment did her cheerfulness or patience or fortitude fail; never a word in anger; never a duty neglected; never an unkind act. Shortly after her release from the ties of earth her eldest daughter, in a letter to me, expressed the satisfaction she felt in reflecting that her mother's life had been peaceful and happy, and that in her declining years she had the cheer and solace of every attention and service that love could render; closing the letter with this golden sentence: "Few families of children can say, as we can, that they never heard an unkind word between their parents."

CHAPTER XVI.

PARTY BITTERNESS — RITNER AND PORTER — ABUSED CANDIDATES — TOO MANY DEMOCRATIC VOTES — THE SLAVERY QUESTION — CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS — PORTER ELECTED — HEROIC POLITICIANS — THE LEGISLATURE — A SIMPLE PROCESS — ELECTION CERTIFICATES — PESTIFEROUS DEMOCRATS — CAUSE OF THE BUCKSHOT WAR — ALARM — VAN BUREN REFUSES HELP — ARSENAL GARRISON — TOO MANY WINDOWS — NOT EVEN FLINTS — HONORS EASY — ROW IN THE SENATE — THE BACK WINDOW — SOLDIERS SWEAR — BLOODLESS WAR — QUEER MILITARY HISTORY.

For intense bitterness and violent denunciations of each party by the other, the contest of 1838 in Pennsylvania has probably never been equalled, even in that state. Had each party been composed of men as vile and unprincipled as they were painted by their adversaries, the Commonwealth could not have endured. Joseph Ritner, the incumbent, was the whig candidate for re-election to the office of governor, and David R. Porter was the democratic candidate. According to the Democrats, Ritner was an ignorant simpleton, the tool of knaves. The whigs denounced Porter as an unprincipled scoundrel. Neither picture was at all true to the original. Ritner was a plain man, of good sense, and well-informed on state and national affairs. Porter was a man of stronger mind and broader information. Both were honest, as men go, but each had to shut his eyes to much in the conduct of his partisans that was not of assured propriety, as the object was to get votes, honestly if convenient, but at all events to get them. It is only just to the whigs to state that we did our best to abuse Mr. Porter more shamefully than the democrats did Mr. Ritner, but I was never sure that we succeeded. The contest for the legislature was not less bitter than that for governor; not because any important questions of national or state policy were to be decided by it, but because of the patronage to be distributed in the management of the "public works" of the state, which still owned the canal and railroads.

But with our best efforts, and the unscrupulous use of all the patronage at the command of the state government, the whigs could not re-elect Mr. Ritner. The unregenerate and incorrigible democrats, who actually sneered at our asserted honesty, had too many votes. The slavery question helped

to defeat us. In one of Governor Ritner's messages, very ably written, and supposed to have been from the pen of Mr. Burrowes, Secretary of the Commonwealth, the democrats, who had opposed all agitation of the slavery question, had been charged with "bending the knee to the dark spirit of slavery"—a pretty figure of speech, whatever it meant;—and to this the democrats replied that they were only acting up to the constitution, and recognizing the rights under it of the southern people, while the whigs were meddling with matters that did not at all concern the people of Pennsylvania. This argument of the democrats had much influence, as they blended it with the retort, that the only spirit to which they ever bent a knee was "the spirit of the constitution."

While we used the state patronage with all possible vigor and effect, the democrats had against us the patronage of the federal government, and thus left our party but little advantage, so far as the use of public moneys was concerned. David R. Porter was elected governor, and we had to submit. There was no way to upset the election, and in the ensuing January he would be inaugurated; but I think Stevens, Penrose, Burden and others would have strained a point to keep him out, even after his election, if they could have found any point to strain. They were heroic politicians, with courage for anything practicable.

I forget how the majorities stood in the Senate and House, but think the latter depended on the delegation from Philadelphia county, and this delegation of seven members our party leaders resolved to secure. We had no tissue ballots, or flimsy contrivances of that kind, but had a simpler process. The judges of election were whigs, and the certificates of election would seat in the House the men to whom they might be given. They were accordingly given to the whig candidates. It was a beautiful arrangement, extremely simple and apparently effective. The only weak point was, that the democrats had cast more votes at the election than the whigs. Still, certificates are good things, and if those who ought to get them, and do not get them, will only keep quiet, the sitting members can have a good time.

But the pestiferous democrats of Philadelphia county (not then absorbed as part of the city) would not keep quiet. On the contrary, they declared that they would not submit to be cheated out of the election, and intended their seven men to have the seats to which they had been chosen. The whigs shook the election certificates in their democratic faces, but they said, profanely but positively, that they did not care a (blank) for all the certificates ever issued; and indulged in random talk about the "rights of the majority."

This was the origin of the BUCKSHOT WAR, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was."

It was early in December, 1838. The day fixed for the meeting of the Legislature found the borough of Harrisburg unusually populous. A very considerable part of the people of Philadelphia county had escorted to the seat of government the men claimed to have been elected to the House, but

to whom certificates had been denied. As a rule, these visitors were not attractive looking citizens. The whigs were decorous and rather cleanly people, and we regarded the "unterrified" democrats as a mob. We spoke of them (among ourselves) as "rabble," and "dirty locofocos," but that did not seem to decrease their numbers, and to put it mildly, they looked formidable.

I forget the order of events, but remember that the sessions of the House had a large crowd of spectators in the lobbies, and that the democratic members from all parts of the state tried to protest against the admission of our seven whigs from Philadelphia county, all certificated as they were. But their credentials were regular in form, and our men were seated, in spite of earnest objections founded on the unimportant fact that their opponents had received most votes; whereupon the democrats appeared to be in bad humor, and used language that would not look well in print.

There was of course intense excitement, and I think on our side some alarm, as our partisans had not, like the democrats, gathered in crowds at the capital, but left us to the protection of our own virtue. The governor, it was said, was badly scared, but the report may have been untrue; although he at once wrote to President Van Buren at Washington, demanding United States troops to stand by "the constitution and the laws;" and also called on a regiment of volunteer soldiery of the city of Philadelphia to repair at once to Harrisburg, each man with one hundred rounds of cartridges made up of "buckshot and ball;" an order which gave the war its name.

All this time the democrats were declaring themselves to be the most peaceable citizens ever seen on earth, who only wanted their "rights," and intended to have them at all hazards—"(blank) old Ritner!"—but they would violate no law! No—they only wanted the men who had received most votes at the election to be seated in the House.

It was a raw, drizzly, chilling December day. The volunteer regiment from Philadelphia had not arrived, though understood to be preparing to come. Mr. Van Buren had flatly refused to send us any help, intimating that the governor had not presented a case to justify action by the President of the United States. The previous night had been one of suspense, if not peril, and the governor had not slept well. All these strange democrats, some of whom were evidently rough fellows, might not be as peaceful as they held themselves out to be, or as Tom McElwee, a "locofoco" representative from Bedford, said they were. Precautions ought to be taken. The state arsenal and the arms in it were entirely without any guard but the custodian, Papa Emerson, turned of three-score;—and suppose the mob and rabble should seize the arsenal and all the arms—what then? This was a fearful thought, and the word went round in whispers that the arsenal ought to be guarded.

Sam Rutherford, a captain of militia that never paraded, was thirsty for glory, if not gore, and volunteered to be one of the guard. Others volun-

teered, and under the inspiration of exalted patriotism, so did I. Altogether, fourteen of us hunted up Papa Emerson, and about 9 o'clock a. m. slipped into the arsenal one at a time. But as soon as it got noised abroad that the arsenal was guarded, the peaceable democrats became indignant. To put a guard of whigs over the public arms implied that the law-abiding democrats intended to interfere with the state property; and this was an imputation to be resented. They soon began to collect in squads near the building, conferring with each other, and supposing we might have two or three hundred men inside, were afraid to venture very close. As their numbers increased they became bolder, and when about two hundred had assembled, began to call out to us to "come out of there," using a variety of expressions not polite.

Meantime, inside, we wandered about the large upper halls of the building, where bright rows of war-like muskets with bayonets on were disposed in racks between the windows, and looked formidable. We glanced out, and there seemed to be a thousand men at least. Then we counted the windows, twenty in number, and only about sixteen feet from the ground. Suppose the "mob" should get twenty ladders—what then? As we had only fourteen-twentieths ($\frac{14}{20}$) of a man to a window—

It was frightful. And below were the big double-doors at the foot of the broad stairway. Suppose the foe should break in? We must barricade, and some large boxes of books were at once dragged from one of the storage rooms and placed against the doors, so that the assailants could not push them open if the wooden bar across them should give way. As the air was chilly, we felt a little grateful warmth from tugging at and lifting the heavy boxes.

The "locofocos" outside were howling, in response to speeches by McElwee and others, and did not mind the drizzling rain. As the case grew more and more serious, Sam Rutherford began to drill us, and we dropped our muskets at "order arms" as heavily as we could, in a sort of Chinese effort to scare off the enemy. But they did not seem to scare at all. On the contrary, they howled more fiercely and drew closer. McElwee was furious at the enormity of a "mob," as he styled *us*, seizing the state arms. The people—the unwashed democracy—"must restore order!"

Once in a while I looked out of one of the western windows, and could see my modest dwelling, where dinner was on the table at 1 o'clock. Unheroically, I wished I was there, and even fancied I could sniff the odor of roast beef.

After drilling awhile, we determined to load ever so many muskets, and thus multiply ourselves, but on looking for ammunition could find none. We saw Papa Emerson outside, advising the enemy to "go away, now," and called him. He came in at the small door, and we demanded cartridges, powder, ball—every thing; but he had nothing. Then we asked for flints to put in the musket locks, but he had none. This was the last

straw, and broke the camel's back! Captain Rutherford said with scorn ineffable—

“Not even flints!”

“Here we are,” said I, solemnly—“volunteers to defend state property—risking our lives—and no ammunition—not even flints for empty guns!”

“Flints, thunder!” said William Hood, a fat clerk in the state department—“Wayne took Stony Point without flints!”

Papa Emerson at length gave us the victory (?) by his diplomatic ability. He parleyed from the window with McElwee, and as the rain was increasing, the besiegers agreed to retire if the garrison would evacuate—the honors of war to be equally divided. As we went down stairs, there was Hood, pointing to the big doors—

“You had 'em well barricaded, boys, seein' they swing out!”

The drizzly siege and the gallant defense of the arsenal constituted the first engagement of the Buckshot War. About 3 o'clock I got to my roast beef dinner.

It was the same evening I think that Alex. Ramsey and myself were seated at our reporter's table in the Senate, which was holding a night session. An acrimonious debate was going on. The lobbies were full of democrats, and many of these were “full” of whisky. There were some ill-mannered yells from “the people,” which the Senate officers could not check, and Ramsey and I were jesting about the unruly conduct of the visitors, when as if by one impulse the mob clambered over the rail and invaded the Senate. They had caught sight of Stevens, Penrose and Burden standing at the corner of the Speaker's chair, and dashed towards them; but these gentlemen disappeared into the wash room, and when the furious Philadelphia county voters reached it, no one was there. The three whig leaders had jumped from a rear window and disappeared in the darkness. The Senate did not adjourn; it simply melted away.

This was the second engagement of the Buckshot War—“bloodless as yet”—but if the three gentlemen had been caught the result might have been serious. Neither of them lacked courage, but sometimes “the better part of valor is discretion.”

The volunteer regiment arrived, camped on the bleak hill in front of the capitol, and swore privately at everybody concerned in the disturbance. After two or three days, our unpleasant visitors having mostly left, the chilled volunteer soldiers were ordered home, and all was quiet on the Susquehanna;—the House having, after a brief inquiry, disregarded the whig election certificates and admitted the seven democrats from Philadelphia county, on the sole ground of having received a majority of votes.

The bloodless Buckshot War was ended, and what might have been a respectable tragedy had turned out only a first-class farce. But one lesson taught by it all is, that in the long run it is best not to cheat at elections, or to count in candidates who have not received the most votes. Subsequently some of the mob leaders were indicted, but Governor Porter had appointe

his brother James M., Judge of Dauphin county, and under his rulings the defendants got off scathless. We abused the Judge to our hearts' content in the whig papers, but he survived, and was afterwards Secretary of War for a while under President Tyler.

There has been more serious war in America, but nothing before or since has equalled the Buckshot War for ludicrous incidents (to which I do not pretend to do justice), and at the same time possibilities of great calamities. It was a wonder that so much animosity and excitement could pervade a crowded town for several days, without the loss of life or limb; but literally nobody was hurt. An ending so happy to scenes so perilous could not occur now, as we are handier with the revolver, which was then hardly known. And what a queer military history mine has been: a gallant defender in 1838 of a state arsenal, without even flints for the old-fashioned musket locks, and in 1846 one of an army to conquer a foreign province without firing a gun—of which I will tell the true tale in due season!

CHAPTER XVII.

GOVERNOR PORTER'S RAILROAD TO ST. LOUIS — FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN ILLINOIS — NORTHERN CROSS RAILROAD — GEORGE P. PLANT CHIEF ENGINEER — A FICTITIOUS GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE — RAILROAD TO TEXAS — A HIT AT LONG DOCUMENTS — WHITNEY EXPLORES — JOHN H. PLUMBE FIRST SUGGESTS PACIFIC RAILROAD — LEGISLATION IN MISSOURI — TEXAS A FAR-OFF REGION — RAILROADS TO MEXICO — CONTINENTAL LINES — HINTON ROWAN HELPER'S BOOK — MAJ. HILDER'S ESSAY — THREE AMERICAS RAILWAY — STATESMANSHIP — LOUISIANA AND TEXAS — MR. SEWARD'S HEROIC EFFORT — ALASKA — SEALSKIN SACQUES — TEXAS WORTH WELCOMING — SOLEMN REFLECTIONS ON HUMOR — LOCKE'S MOON HOAX — REJECTED ADDRESSES — LEGAL TENDER NOTES.

David R. Porter was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania in January, 1839. During the session he sent to the Legislature several messages on state affairs, forcibly written, and containing pertinent and useful suggestions. I have long since known that he was a wise chief magistrate, but did not then so regard him, as it was not the habit of party men in old times to see or acknowledge anything good in the men or measures of their political adversaries. In one of his messages, January 26, 1839, the governor spoke of the importance to the people of Pennsylvania of a continuous railroad to the city of St. Louis, and this suggestion was so far beyond the bounds of our vision that it was regarded as wild and extravagant. In all of the year 1839 there were only 1,920 miles of railroad in the United States, mainly east of the Alleghenies. There were some scattered enterprises in "the west," meaning the country between the Mississippi and the Alleghenies, but no systems or long lines even projected. In 1838 a locomotive, built by Grosvenor, Ketchum & Co., of Paterson, New Jersey, was brought up the Mississippi, landed from the steamboat Chariton at Meredosia on the Illinois river, and placed on a track in Illinois by George P. Plant, the Chief Engineer of the road, afterwards one of the most valued citizens of St. Louis. The first rail of the "Northern Cross Railroad," as it was called, was laid May 9, 1838, the locomotive arrived September 6, and November 8 was put on the rails, of which eight miles were laid, and made a trip to the end of the track and return, having on it Governor Duncan of Illinois,

Murray McConnell, state commissioner, James Dunlap and Thomas T. January, contractors, and Charles Collins and Miron Leslie of St. Louis, invited guests. Except probably an engine or two on the short Pontchartrain railroad to the lake from New Orleans, this was I think the first locomotive in the Mississippi Valley; and of all the gentlemen who took the first ride on it, I think only Mr. January, a resident of St. Louis county, survives. The enterprising, far-sighted and unappreciated Charles Collins, and the genial Miron Leslie, were long since taken, and only Collins street in St. Louis saves the name of one of them from oblivion. George P. Plant was one of those rare men whom one does not know whether most to esteem, respect or love; and few of those who now glance at his portrait in the St. Louis Merchants Exchange have any conception of his penetrating good sense, broad information, just decisions, and solid moral worth, which were so highly estimated by those who knew him.

Considering how undeveloped our railroad system was forty years ago, and how imperfectly its future was appreciated, it is not strange that Governor Porter's suggestion of a railroad from Pennsylvania to St. Louis was regarded as a matter not unfit for ridicule; and it was my sad fate to cast a little pebble of fun at it. The day before the meeting of the Legislature in January 1840, the paper of which I was the editor appeared with what purported to be the governor's annual message, introduced editorially as follows:

"Our Ariel having been for some days hovering about the Executive Chamber, has furnished us with the following transcript of the message of the governor, which we hasten to lay before our readers in advance of the regular delivery. We are certain the public will appreciate our extraordinary exertions to give the earliest cabinet copy of this important state paper. We are even before the official journals."

Then follow thirteen columns of close print, with official tables from the departments, and all the outside marks of a genuine state paper; and an edition was sent to Philadelphia for sale there. The first paragraph read:

"The natural course of time will in a week from to-morrow bring the anniversary of the day on which my inauguration as Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania opened a new era in her history. Coming into power as I did under peculiar, and in the opinion of many of my fellow-citizens, suspicious circumstances, you will not consider a reference to my own personal feelings and views in bad taste. Although a year has not elapsed since I assumed the arduous duties of my present station—or, as some would more poetically express it, since I entered the green fields of power and place—yet I have had ample experience of the embarrassments, toils and anxieties incident to the high and dignified functions which, as Chief Magistrate of a great Commonwealth, I am called upon to exercise; and I can assure you that the station I now occupy is full of cares and annoyances. Anxious, however, as I always have been to serve the public—not so much for the paltry emoluments attached to the office as for the good

of the people—I have endeavored to bear all my burdens with becoming fortitude, resignation, and devotion to the public service; and I am certain, gentlemen, that you and your constituents will duly appreciate my sacrifices of time, ease and labor, and my excellent management of public affairs, when the gubernatorial election of 1841 shall afford you an opportunity to honor me by a re-election to the position I now occupy and adorn."

By the time the innocent reader in 1840 had got through this paragraph, he began to think it rather queer talk from a governor, but if a good democrat, he concluded it was all right, and read on. The second paragraph ran :

"It affords me infinite pleasure to be able to assure the representatives of the people that the crops of the past season have been abundant, and that Providence continues to visit His blessings upon a wicked and perverse world. But my well known hostility towards any union of Church and State, and the reflection that it might be looked upon as hypocritical, forbid any recommendation by me of a general thanksgiving. The same reasons prevented my yielding last autumn to the solicitations of some of my friends, that I should proclaim a day of feasting and thanksgiving to be observed throughout the Commonwealth. I am also happy to inform you that a reduction in the price of flour has taken place, extremely advantageous to the interests of the purchasers of that article, but unhappily adverse to the interests of the sellers—for which reason I would recommend some legislative action having in view the reconciliation of these antagonistic interests; so that the seller and purchaser may both profit by the fluctuations of trade, instead of one of them being exposed to loss, as is now the case, by every ripple on the bosom of the commerce in flour. I feel satisfied that the accomplishment of this desirable desideratum will crown my executive and your legislative career with glory."

This paragraph generally brought out the opinion that the governor "must be a (blank) fool," even from faithful democrats; and the perusal could go but a little way further before the fictitious character of the state paper was detected, and then the reader was apt to take more pleasure in the joke than he could possibly have got out of a real document. The paragraph on the railroad to St. Louis was brief but funny when first printed :

"During the last session of the legislature, in a special message, I took occasion to recommend the construction of a continuous railroad to St. Louis in the state of Missouri. As there are few spectacles more sublime than the voluntary retraction of an erroneous opinion by a public officer, I have determined to present that spectacle to the world. I therefore withdraw my former recommendation, and in its stead recommend a continuous railroad to the Republic of Texas. This is done because more of our party friends are traveling in the latter direction."

For the reader to appreciate the point of the last two sentences he must remember, if he ever knew, that previous to 1840 some defaulting federal officers belonging to the democratic party were said to have taken refuge in

Texas, which had been for a long time regarded as a sort of sanctuary for rogues of all kinds. The pretended message continued to hit off party events and acts of state and federal politicians in a way to amuse contemporaries. Its closing paragraph was a decided hit, as Governor Porter's real message, delivered next day, was about double the length of any ever before delivered:

"This paper has already grown to a length somewhat unwieldy. Do not understand me, however, as censuring long messages. On the contrary, I highly applaud the evident improvement in this matter of late years. But we have not yet reached perfection, as improvement in the length of state papers will not have reached its culminating point until the annual message shall be of such length that the whole year previous to its advent will be occupied by the governor in its preparation, and the whole year subsequent by the people in its perusal."

Barring a few sentences which did injustice to individuals, not surprising when party animosity was red-hot, I could read over that sham message with satisfaction if I had time to spare for reading a production which did not depend on uncouth spelling or absurd exaggeration for its attractions; but even in Pennsylvania few of its allusions or points would now be understood. The humor was throughout of the most genial character, and the ludicrous light in which persons and things were unmaliciously placed, was entertaining at the time; but of all the persons mentioned in the fictitious message possibly not half a dozen are living, and I can only think of one.

Although it was not in January, 1840, considered at all out of place in Pennsylvania to fire off a squib of ridicule at the governor's project of a continuous line of railroad to St. Louis, yet so rapid was the progress of ideas that only five years later (in 1845) Asa Whitney, starting from Lake Michigan, crossed Wisconsin, Iowa and part of what is now Dakota to a point on the Missouri river above the present site of Yaukton, exploring the line for a railroad to the Pacific, of which he was then the most prominent advocate; the first public suggestion of a Pacific railroad, so far as I am informed, having been made in a published letter of John H. Plumb, in 1833 or '35, he then residing at Dubuque, Iowa. In March, 1849, Thomas Allen, then in the Legislature of Missouri, procured the passage of an act incorporating the "Pacific Railroad," the first act of the kind ever passed; and in October, 1849, not ten years after the date of my sham governor's message, a national convention was held at St. Louis to urge a continental railroad.

As to Texas, we of Pennsylvania regarded that Republic in 1840 as a far-off region of turbulent adventurers and worse characters; and we little dreamed that in less than twenty-two years, the United States, after the reluctant admittance of "the lone star state" into the Union (against many vigorous and violent protests, mainly from the people of the northern states), would be fighting to keep her in! My suggestion of a railroad to Texas was thought wild and absurd enough to be funny as a jibe at the

governor; but if I had suggested, even in frolicsome fun, a continuous railroad into the Republic of Mexico—now doubly realized by the lines of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and of the Texas and Pacific at El Paso, and by the Gould Southwestern System at Laredo—the idea would have seemed too intolerably absurd even for a fictitious governor's message, and my effort to amuse would have been regarded as depending for its humor, like some writings of recent times, on distortion of facts and able-bodied exaggeration. If I had gone further and foretold the number of lines across the continent to be materialized in 1883, and had predicted that the public mind would receive with even gravity Hinton Rowan Helper's book advocating a scheme of continuous rails from Hudson Bay to Patagonia—and which is day by day in course of realization by lines in our own west as well as in Mexico—they would have shut me up in a state mansion, harder to get out of than the arsenal during the Buckshot War! The interesting facts so happily grouped, and the broad views presented in the sterling prize essay of Major F. F. Hilder, of St. Louis, as well as in the other essays, and in the phenomenal poem of Mr. F. D. Carpenter (in which rhyme and reason effervesce and sparkle)—advocating the "Three Americas Railway," all contained in the book of Mr. Helper, a citizen of St. Louis, whose hobby snuffs the odor of industry, progress and civilization from afar—would have been thrust aside forty-three years ago as the vagaries of disordered brains. But "*nous avons changé tout cela*," as Napoleon said—we have changed all that.

The Republic of Texas, whose lone star I had ingloriously abandoned at Louisville in 1837 (the odium of desertion palliated somewhat by payment to Col. Behrenbeck of six dollars for deck passage from Pittsburgh), became one of the United States in 1845, by statesmanship akin to that which had forty-two years before acquired Louisiana. The acquisition of Texas, like that of Louisiana, was distasteful to many people east of the Alleghenies, who feared the "aggression" of another part of the country. Some of them even denied our ability to manage an extended empire under our form of government; and if I had time and space I could entertain and perhaps amuse the reader by giving extracts from the utterances of great leaders of opinion north of the M. and D. line, now proved to have been lacking in practical wisdom. We are now posterity, as well in regard to the acquisition of Texas as of Louisiana, and we appreciate the policy which gave us the domain we had (3,025,600 square miles), before Mr. Seward—in a heroic effort to imitate anterior statesmanship in kind at least if he could not in degree—purchased Alaska. I liked the idea of getting Alaska, not only because it gave us territorial reach to a meridian of longitude as far west of San Francisco as New York is east of that city, but also because I supposed that all womankind (Heaven bless 'em!) would at last have sealskin sacques;—not then knowing that there is only one kind of seal, the *Callorhinus ursinus*, that is fur-bearing, and that as only 100,000 males a year can be taken, for fear of their extinction, there are not enough skins to go round!

The *Phoca vitulina*, or hair seal, is of no use for my lady's mantle; and the *Eumetopias*, or sea lion, does not count at all; while the *Odobornus obsesus*, or walrus, could have been got at without buying the Bering sea from the Czar. Hence, although Alaska has 577,000 square miles of area, and Texas only 275,000, yet I am forced to conclude that the men who acquired Texas made a better bargain for us than Mr. Seward in purchasing Alaska. With her fertile soil; her population already two millions, and room for ten millions more; her six thousand and more miles of railroad, daily increasing; her large school fund in the treasury, and in reserve more than fifty million dollars worth of land, making a greater educational endowment than any other country ever had—it seems to me that Texas was worth welcoming, as I thought when she came to us, and that those who had opposed her reception did wisely in resolving to keep her in.

While my governor's message had humor, it could not have more than temporary attention. Better subjects are needed for great or permanent success in any work of humor. My topics were of narrow and transient interest, and only familiar to the politicians of the state. Cervantes in Don Quixotte chose a subject with which all civilized Europe was familiar, and the sentiments ascribed to his hero could be appreciated in other lands as well as in Spain. A published hoax to be successful for more than a few days must embrace something of general interest and importance, or else the best humor may be wasted. The most successful thing of this kind in English literature was I think the great "Moon Hoax" in 1835, and even that was soon dropped out of current memory, and has possibly not been preserved. The article was from the pen of Richard Adams Loeke, a "journalist," and appeared in the New York Sun. It was an admirably written account of discoveries in the moon by Sir John Herschell, at the Cape of Good Hope, where he had gone with his new telescope, understood to have greater power than any previously constructed. All laymen were taken in by it, and the "scientists" were much exercised over it, many believing it, and others uncertain whether or not to credit the wonderful tale. With the utmost particularity the details were given of the erection and operation of the telescope, and of the amazing discoveries, but I remember of the latter only the man-bat—*vespertilio homo*—which was alleged to have been distinctly seen by Sir John, thus proving the moon to have animal life upon it! Mr. Loeke's fiction could give no one serious pain, was extremely amusing, and tended to put the reader on actual investigation into the science of astronomy. It taught astronomy just as Irving's Diedrich Knickerbocker taught the true history of the settlement and early growth of New York, by exciting a desire for genuine information on subjects so humorously treated.

To those familiar with the works of the authors, some of whose productions were parodied by James and Horace Smith of London about sixty years ago, in the "Rejected Addresses," those remarkable parodies were a rare treat. The Drury Lane Theatre had been rebuilt after its destruction by fire, and the Smiths published what purported to be the unsuccessful pieces

which had competed for the prize given for a poem to be spoken on the night of the first performance, and hence the name of "Rejected Addresses." Byron, Scott and Campbell, and other famous poets, were parodied so happily that Sir Walter is reported to have said, when he read the imitation of the battle in *Marmion* (as embodied in describing the exploits of the firemen at the burning theatre) that he certainly must have written the piece himself, but had really forgotten when and where! The poem of *Marmion* says:

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of *Marmion*."

The graphic description of the burning theatre in the parody commemorate the Chief of the Firemen:

"What are they fear'd on? Zounds! Odd rot 'em
Were the last words of Higginbottom."

It is questionable if the public taste has not so far changed—I almost said deteriorated—that humor like that of Irving, or the Smiths, or Richard Adams Locke, would be unpalatable now, and for this reason (if for no other) I have decided not to write like Irving, or the Smiths, or Locke. Hence, as I have no gift for exaggeration, distortion of facts, burlesque, or drollery, enabling me to caricature men and things and women, for the amusement of readers, without reference to the increase of their knowledge, the bettering of their morals, or the improvement of their manners—I can only expect my "Notes" to be regarded as a legal tender because of their plain and simple truth to nature and actual life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NATIONAL CONVENTION — HARRISON AND TYLER — JAMES BARBOUR'S SPEECH — HORACE GREELEY'S REPORT — A BALTIMORE EDITOR — SUGGESTION OF THOMAS ELDER — AN AMATEUR ARTIST — LOG CABIN TRANSPARENCY — FREDERICK FRALEY — FIRST SONG OF THE CAMPAIGN — COLUMBUS CONVENTION — ALEXIS MUDD'S SONG — TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO — OGLE'S SPEECH — GOLD SPOONS — HARD CIDER — PETER THE HERMIT AND WALTER THE PENNILESS — REPUBLICS ARE UNGRATEFUL — THE EDITOR'S MONUMENT BEGUN.

In December, 1839, a national convention of the whig party was held in Harrisburg, and nominated William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, for President and John Tyler, of Virginia, for Vice-President. I remember little of the convention except that James Barbour, of Virginia, presided, and that Horace Greeley was there as a reporter for his paper. On taking the chair Mr. Barbour made a glowing speech, which Horace reported verbatim, bit of which I was able to catch only the strongest sentences. As an illustration of how too many words may spoil a printed speech, I would like, if I had them, to present both reports. That of Horace was weak and tedious compared with mine. I had caught all the points and best sentences, and these made a discourse so compact and effective that the newspapers printed my report as an example of wonderfully terse and vigorous oratory. It had only the sharp thunder-claps, but Horace had put in all the rumblings. A man of most unusual appearance was Horace then—the milkiest-looking person I ever saw, but good material in him for koumiss—and he was already recognized as a man of much intellectual power.

Soon after the nomination of Harrison and Tyler (Mr. Van Buren, the President, being a candidate for reelection), an editor in Baltimore was the unconscious instrument in starting the most remarkable party displays—or absurdities, if you please—ever witnessed on the continent. In December, the Baltimore Republican, a Democratic paper, said of Gen. Harrison:

“Give him a barrel of hard cider and a pension of two thousand a year and, our word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days in a log cabin by the side of a ‘sea coal’ fire and study moral philosophy.”

There was nothing gross or very abusive in this sentence, but it very possibly carried the election. The whig papers were at once full of righteous indignation. It was monstrous that a "vile locofoco paper" should speak so contemptuously of our candidate, the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence; the wise governor of the northwest territory; the successful general who never lost a battle; the hero of Tippecanoe, whose martial deeds had saved the entire northwest from the Indian tomahawk and scalping knife; the soldier, scholar and Christian gentleman, exemplar of all the virtues, quiet on his farm at North Bend, Ohio!

In January, Mr. Thomas Elder, a gentleman of three score in years, and a big score in the bank of which he was president, sent a request for me to visit him one evening at his mansion, fronting the Susquehanna river, the same wherein Gen. Simon Cameron now enjoys his *otium cum dignitate*; a house of blue limestone, and of historic interest, built by John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, who was in 1720 tied to a mulberry tree near the front door to be burnt alive by a party of playful Indians, and was rescued by some friendly braves who crossed the river for that purpose. Mr. Elder had noted the slur on Gen. Harrison by the Baltimore paper, and thought we ought to make use of it; build a cabin, or something of that kind, which would appeal to the eye of the multitude. He was a shrewd old gentleman, Mr. Elder was, who had excellent Madeira, and well knew that passion and prejudice, properly aroused and directed, would do about as well as principle and reason in a party contest.

We talked the matter over, and while we sipped our wine and gravely assured each other that the treatment of the old hero by the Baltimore editor was intolerable, I had my pencil at work, sketching an imaginary log-cabin with a coon-skin tacked on it, an outside chimney of sticks and mud, a wood-pile consisting of a log with an ax stuck in it, and other accessories; and on taking leave told him I would try to put his idea into operation. At home I completed my sketch much to the amusement of the family, who had no very exalted notion of my skill as an artist. Next day I had a carriage painter confidentially at work on a transparency.

On the 20th of January we had a mass meeting at Harrisburg to ratify the nominations. As soon as the chairman took his seat I addressed him, stating that our grand old hero, the soldier and statesman, had been insulted most infamously by the Baltimore Republican, and concluded by moving for a committee of seven to bring into the meeting "the best representation to be got of Gen. Harrison's log cabin." (Carried by acclamation.) When our committee reëntered, Sam Clark bearing aloft the lighted transparency, with the log cabin on one side, and flags and mottoes on the others

"At once there rose so wild a yell,
As all the fiends from heaven who fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell,"

as Sir Walter puts it; and Mr. Frederick Fraley, a senator from Philadel-

phia, then addressing the meeting, did not know, as he trembled in his Quaker shoes, but what another Buckshot War was breaking out, till he turned and saw the glowing transparency, when he caught the idea at once, and descanted so eloquently on the virtues and charms of Harrison's plain and unpretentious life that never an orator in gold spectacles equaled him. Senator Fraley rose to the occasion and seemed to draw it up with him, and for an hour kept the great meeting in a frenzy of enthusiasm. Shrewd Mr. Elder's idea had borne fruit at once. Twenty-eight years later, when the National Board of Trade was organized at Philadelphia, Mr. Fraley was made president of it, and it afforded me much pleasure to reciprocate by his nomination to that office the compliment he had so handsomely paid my transparency in 1840.

On the 22d of February a state mass convention assembled at Columbus, Ohio, at which log cabins on wheels appeared in the grand procession. If Sir Walter Scott was justified in collecting the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, I may be permitted to conserve one of the songs of the Columbus convention, as the singing part of the odd campaign began then and there. The Clark county delegation had a log cabin on wheels, and as they passed along the streets, sang from the inside and roof the first, as I think, of the numerous songs of 1840. It ran to the tune of "Highland Laddie:"

THE LOG CABIN SONG.

Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?
 Oh, where, tell me where, was your Buckeye Cabin made?
 'Twas built among the merry boys who wield the plow and spade,
 Where the log cabins stand in the bonnie Buckeye shade.

Oh, what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?
 Oh, what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?
 We'll wheel it to the Capitol, and place it there in state,
 For a token and a sign of the bonnie Buckeye State.

Oh, why, tell me why, does your Buckeye Cabin go?
 Oh, why, tell me why, does your Buckeye Cabin go?
 It goes against the spoilsmen, for well its builders know
 It was Harrison who fought for the cabins long ago.

Oh, what, tell me what, then, will little Martin do?
 Oh, what, tell me what, then, will little Martin do?
 He'll "follow in the footsteps" of Price and Swartwout, too,
 While the log cabins' ring with old Tippecanoe.

Oh, who fell before him in battle—tell me who?
 Oh, who fell before him in battle—tell me who?
 He drove the savage legions, and British armies too,
 At the Rapids, and the Thames, and old Tippecanoe.

By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
 By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
 The spoilers and leg treasurers will soon begin to run,
 And the "log cabin candidate" will march to Washington.

A cotemporary account says of this song: "The cabin was surrounded by a dense mass of people, and calls were loud for a repetition of this song. Again and again was it repeated, until many caught the words of the verses and sang them over for the benefit of those who could not get within hearing distance. The musical propensity spread rapidly among the crowd. Songs were written, printed and in the hands of hundreds in a short time. Everybody was singing."

After the convention had dispersed one of the home-bred poets, who have always been numerous in Ohio, published a descriptive ballad, of which I have been so fortunate as to get a copy. It runs to the old tune of "Rosin the Bow."

THE HARRISON CONVENTION.

I'll tell you about a convention
Which has made the Vanjacks all look blue;
It has lately been held in Columbus
To honor Old Tippecanoe.

From the East and the West came in thousands,
And the South and the North poured in, too,
As if heaven and earth were all moving
In favor of Tippecanoe.

There were steamboats and forts and log cabins,
And a beautiful Cleveland brig, too;
All drawn on wheels, too, by horses—
Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe!

Farm-wagons, canoes and stage-coaches,
And carriages, also, a few,
Came up there all fill'd to o'erflowing
With sons of Old Tippecanoe.

The air was all filled with bright banners,
Red, white, purple, green and true blue,
With inscriptions and mottoes upon them,
All about our Old Tippecanoe.

On the first day the sun shone with splendor,
On the next the rain fell and wind blew,
But none of us cared for the weather,
True soldiers of Tippecanoe.

We marched through the streets of Columbus,
And bravely we tramped the mud through,
To show to the silk-stocking gentry
How we'd stick to Old Tippecanoe.

And the ladies they flocked to the windows
In numbers I say not a few,
And held out their star-spangled banners
In honor of Tippecanoe.

They called us rag-barons and dandies,
And only a ruffle-shirt crew;
But they see now the bone and the sinew—
All go for Old Tippecanoe!

This ballad, giving so graphic an account of the display and so forcible a demonstration of the fervid spirit which animated the crowds at Columbus, became popular, especially in Ohio, and, as the tune was easily caught, was sung on all occasions. At whig meetings hundreds or thousands of voices would roar out the chorus in a way to "make the welkin ring," if it ever rings to a partisan song. Only imagine the chorus:

All go for Old Tippecanoe!
 All go for Old Tippecanoe!
 But they see now the bone and the sinew
 All go for Old Tippecanoe!

In preserving this ballad as part of the history of the *furor* of 1840, I regret that I cannot give the notes of the old tune for the benefit of those who have never heard it. If I could they would be tempted to try their sweet voices on the old ballad.

A very popular and effective song, which was sung in every state, and always with fervent enthusiasm, was written by the late Major Alexis Mudd, of Missouri, then, I believe, not out of his teens. Major Mudd was well known as a merchant of St. Louis, and a gallant officer of the Union army. The song was entitled the

LOG CABIN RAISING.

Come all you log cabin boys, we're goin' to have a raisin',
 We've got a job on hand that we think will be pleasin':
 We'll turn out and build Old Tip a new cabin,
 And we'll finish it off with chinkin' and daubin'.
 We want all the log cabin boys in the nation
 To be on the ground when we lay the foundation,
 And we'll make all the office-holders think it's amazin'
 The fun we'll have at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

On the thirtieth day of next October
 We'll take some hard cider, but we'll all keep sober;
 We'll shoulder our axes and cut down the timber
 And have our cabin done by the second of December.
 We'll have it well chink'd and we'll have on the cover
 Of good sound clapboards and the weight poles over,
 And a good wide chimney for the fire to blaze in;
 So come on, boys, to Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

Ohio will find the house log timber
 And Old Virginia as you'll remember,
 Will find the timber for the clapboards and chinkin'.
 'Twill all be the first rate stuff I'm thinkin'.
 And when we want to daub it, it happens very lucky,
 That we've got the best Clay in Old Kentucky;
 For there's no other state has such good Clays in
 To make the mortar for Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

For the hauling of the logs we'll call on Pennsylvania,
 For their Conestoga teams will pull as well as any,
 And the Yankees and York State and all of the others
 Will come and help us lift like so many brothers.

The Hoosiers and the Suckers and the Wolverine farmers,
 They all know how to carry up the corners;
 And every one's a good enough carpenter and mason
 To do a little work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

We'll cut out a window and have a wide door in;
 We'll lay a good loft and a first-rate floor in;
 We'll fix it all complete for Old Tip to see his friends in;
 And we know that the latch-string will never have its ends in.
 And the fourth day of March Old Tip will move in it.
 And then little Martin will have to shin it;
 So hurrah boys there's no two ways in
 The fun we'll have at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

A song to the tune of "A Fine Old English Gentleman" was rather a parlor ditty than one for the denser atmosphere of the popular assemblies, but was heard everywhere. I quote a verse:

"And when he'd served his country in Senate and on field,
 The honors that awaited him most freely did he yield;
 He turned him to his home again and sought a farmer's to
 For though he'd fill'd the offices he never took the spoil,
 Like a fine true hearted gentleman
 All of the olden time."

There was one very spirited song, of which I regret to have only the chorus, that forty-three years do not enable me to forget. I seem to feel even yet the pulsations of the great meetings, as the Van, Van, Van, would ring out like strokes on a smith's anvil:

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
 Tippecanoe and Tyler too!
 And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
 And with them we'll beat little Van—
 Oh, Van is a used-up man!"

The songs were not elegant. The fastidious might even say, with Benton, that they were "doggerel ballads made for the occasion." Not a great deal of argument, or wit, or humor in them, but they had one grand merit, not always found in literary compositions, they were exactly suited to their purpose. The critic who demands elegance of diction, grandeur of thought, or precision of rhyme or numbers, will turn with repugnance from the songs of 1840; but let him reflect that they were not written up to the level of critical perfection, but to the taste and capacity of those who were to sing and enjoy them. The plain language, homely allusions and cant flings at our adversaries were sweet morsels to the Whig palate, and we "waxed fat and kicked" as we strained our throats in vocal efforts never before equaled.

Peter the Hermit, I suppose, had not much more elegance, or argument, or sense in his exhortations than we had in our songs; but his followers never cared. All they wanted was to press on toward Jerusalem, even if they had to pillage their way. All we wanted was to carry the election. Peter had his crusade against the Saracens to possess the Holy Sepulchre.

We had our eabinade against the "office-holders" to possess the Government.

Apart from some attempts to show that the Democratic policy was disastrous to the interests of labor, and through that to all other interests, there was on our side but little of argument used in the campaign. The Democrats had unwisely assailed Gen. Harrison's military record, and to these aspersions we could reply with truth and triumph. But as to the principles of government and great measures of administration our party did not need much argument, nor care for it. As a rule we simply assailed Mr. Van Buren and his administration, charging all sorts of misdemeanors and corruption. An elaborate speech in Congress by Charles Ogle, of Pennsylvania, on the cost of furnishing the President's dwelling, rang out like the tocsin to a Paris mob; and furious was our wrath that the people's money was thus lavished on the splendors of the White House! The President's 'gold spoons,' described by the eloquent Congressman, were more terrible than a death's head and cross-bones to a child in the twilight, and Mr. Ogle's vaunt that his constituents, the people of the Somerset mountains, were "the frosty sons of thunder," whatever he meant by that, was more effective in gaining votes than a ponderous argument from Daniel Webster.

Log cabins were every where; in parlor pictures; in shop windows; worked in jewelry; hung to watch chains; displayed on harness, and worn pendant from ears of patriotic dames and damsels. Everywhere save in the pulpit, which I believe escaped. As to the matter of "hard cider," no statistics were kept of the gallons of vinegar consumed, but they were probably enough to have pickled the cucumbers from a million-acre patch! We reveled in "hard cider," and I think its antibilious tendency may have sweetened our temper; for with all our virtuous indignation against the Democratic "spoilsmen," we surely had the most jolly time ever known in a season of party contest.

Great was our victory. The multitude, for good or ill, with reason or without, decreed a change of rulers; and Mr. Van Buren's administration was swept away. But as I have grown older I have not rested, as I once did, in the wisdom of the change; and as I have looked back on the log cabins, coon skins and hard cider, the songs, the flags, the torches, and the wild hurrah, irresistible as a Kansas tornado, I have felt a growing respect for good old Peter the Hermit, Walter the Penniless, and their crusading followers. Only Peter and Walter did not reach the city of their desires, and we, more fortunate, did reach that of ours. They never got to Jerusalem, but we got to Washington.

There was one great act, or rather non-act of injustice—a heinous sin of omission on the part of the whigs. Never, by word or deed, by resolution or contribution, did we recognize our obligations to the editor of the Baltimore Republican, whose one disparaging sentence directed against our candidate was, unwittingly on that editor's part, the spark that set us all ablaze. My blush of shame must do for his monument.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN — UNPOLISHED ORATORY — BALTIMORE CONVENTION — AVALANCHE OF THE PEOPLE — THOMAS ALLEN — A FORTUNATE CHANCE — THE MADISONIAN — NOT AN ORATOR — ASTOR, GIRARD AND STEWART — THEIR CAREERS CANNOT BE REPEATED — STEWART'S HOME FOR WORKING WOMEN — THEY DID NOT CONCENTRATE — A CHANCE FOR GOULD OR VANDERBILT — A VERY POLITE CITY — RURAL MEETING TO BUILD A RAILROAD — TWO SUCCESSFUL SPEECHES — OLD MISSOURIANS — MR. ALLEN WANTED WORK AND DID IT — A LESSON IN ARCHITECTURE — HIS MONUMENTS.

For years I kept the original log cabin transparency, the first used in the remarkable political contest of 1840. Its suggestive delineations, if not its artistic charms, had electrified the mass meeting and inspired Senator Fraley; and I might have kept it yet, but the angel of the house having rummaged it out of the closet, wanted to burn it as "rubbish," heedless of all historic associations, whereupon I utilized it as an oil-cloth shade to the kitchen loft window. It is gone now, and I have no material relic of the unique party struggle; but among the memories of that season of songs and speeches, none is pleasanter than that of Frederic Fraley, of Philadelphia, the urbane, enlightened, sagacious, Christian gentleman, whose every act seemed in response to the injunction stretched along the head of my old Gazette: "Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's." Wonderfully restful is communion with such men, in whom you trust intuitively, and no more think of their deceiving you than you do of cheating yourself.

The contest of 1840 soon became too uproarious for gentlemen of Mr. Fraley's refined taste, and orators of a different class held the rostrum. Among these practical hard hitters, evoked by the turmoil, none did better work than "the Buckeye Blacksmith," whose name I would hand down to future ages if I did not "disremember" it. He left his bellows and anvil in Ohio to emit stirring blasts and strike hard blows for Harrison and Tyler. Illiterate but earnest, he moved the masses at his will. There was a large measure of this unpolished but effective oratory, from men unknown before, whose homely phrases and quaint illustrations were in harmony

with the occasions, and as charming to their hearers as ever Bunyan's wonderful narrative was to his pious readers. Dennis Kearneys they were, but without his coarseness and bitterness. They were full of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is always eloquent. Their like will probably never be heard again. But all our speakers were not of this order. Some men of the highest culture did not disdain at times to "go down to the people," as a fine old Virginia gentleman would have phrased it.

A young men's national convention met at Baltimore in May, 1840; an immense assemblage. "The avalanche of the people is here," said McMahon, a Baltimore evening orator, from Reverdy Johnson's balcony in Monument Square; and we were so full of patriotic fervor that we never thought to inquire what he meant, but thought it a stupendous figure of speech. On the grounds at Camden, next day, Daniel Webster, Preston of South Carolina, Thomas Allen, then of Washington City, and others of high position, addressed the people. But in a few weeks we needed less of argument and more of humor and of straight hits from the shoulder at the "office-holders" than orators of this class could give us.

There was much friendly curiosity at this Baltimore gathering to see and hear Thomas Allen, then editor of the *Madisonian*, which had been started at Washington in 1837, under the auspices of democrats opposed to Mr. Van Buren's policy, especially in regard to the plan of an Independent Treasury. "Conservatives" these dissenting democrats called themselves, and they wanted an editor. Thomas Allen's father had given him an excellent education and an opportunity to study law, and then said to him: "Tom, I'll give you twenty dollars, and you can go and make your fortune." Thomas left the old Allen home at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and settled in New York city, where he soon became known by some magazine articles and contributions to the daily press. By one of those chances which are fortunate for all, and which furnish a ready-made ladder for aspiring talent, the "Conservatives" hit upon Thomas Allen to edit their new paper at Washington. Conducted with extraordinary ability, it was at once recognized as the leading and powerful organ of democrats opposed to Mr. Van Buren's re-election, and was received by the whigs as a journal of phenomenal excellence. In two years Mr. Allen had a national reputation. No editor ever acquired fame and influence so rapidly.

But Mr. Allen was not greatly successful as an orator at Baltimore. I remember well the then youthful and modest speaker. In faultless diction he gave us good sense and sound argument, but his manner lacked warmth, and however choice the phrase or forcible the reasoning, neither voice nor delivery suited that tumultuous crowd, which listened with chilled respect even to Daniel Webster, but responded with wild enthusiasm to the fervid declamation of William C. Preston. No—Mr. Allen did not attract the applause as a speaker which we all knew him to merit as an editor, and it affords me a kind of satisfaction to say this;—for why should one man, even as able as Thomas Allen, have all the gifts? He could afford to leave

oratory to Tom Marshall, or Preston, or Henry Clay. His allotted work differed from theirs, and if less conspicuous or less ornamental, was not less useful to his country and times.

Mr. Allen retained the *Madisonian* till after the death of Gen. Harrison had brought in Mr. Tyler as President. He was not to remain at Washington. It was his destiny to do the great work of his life west of the great river, and after more than forty years of active usefulness in the Mississippi Valley, he died with the harness on as a representative in Congress from St. Louis.

In taking charge of the *Madisonian*, Thomas Allen "struck while the iron was hot," but the iron was there to be struck, all the same, or his talents would have been useless. But for the call to Washington by the factious democrats, he might have remained a lawyer in New York, making money, no doubt, for his eminent abilities would have commanded success, but doing no great or distinctive work. He found at Washington an opportunity never before or since presented to any one as an editor there. The people were in the mood to receive his paper with favor, and the men he was acting with could give him public printing. All circumstances concurred to assure his success. His talents, culture, and broad information had a propitious field, and his New England training fitted him to work it for all it was worth. No one ever gained reputation and money so rapidly as an editor at Washington, and no one ever will. Like circumstances will never again occur. The government now does its own printing, and no journal can be issued at Washington to command the attention and respect accorded to the *Madisonian*. If Thomas Allen enjoyed Fortune's favors, he proved himself worthy of them. But was there no "luck" in it all? Suppose the dissenting democrats had not dissented?

Men seem to "have greatness thrust upon them," as I believe Shakespeare says. The time is auspicious for a certain thing to be done; and some one gains wealth and fame by doing it. John Jacob Astor did not come to America with any design to enter the fur trade. Delay of a ship by ice in the Delaware brought him into contact with a countryman who suggested furs and peltries. At first John Jacob did not see all the advantages, but soon his acute vision took in the possibilities of the trade, and with rare courage and sagacity he turned them to account; not only sending his cargoes abroad, but converting their proceeds into return cargoes of teas and other merchandise for the home market, and thus often more than doubling his ventures. His capital rapidly grew beyond the needs of his trade, but the low prices of real estate in New York invited the investment of his profits. He became a millionaire, and hardly missed the great losses which he suffered in his venture at Astoria, mainly because of the neglect and pusillanimity of the federal government. An able man John Jacob was, unquestionably, a statesman in some of his views as well as a shrewd trader in furs and peltries, but the iron was heated to his hand. He had only to strike. But never since he entered it has the fur trade presented

such chances for fortunes as then. Let any young German born at Wahlen-dorf on the Rhine try it now, and see how he will come out.

Or let the most industrious, energetic, penurious, persevering and miserly Philadelphian, native or adopted, undertake to act over Stephen Girard's career, and he will fail, even with two good eyes, and Stephen had only one. Careers suit occasions, and cannot be duplicated at will; but the career of the first Philadelphia millionaire is of value in teaching that industry, economy and patience are worthy of observance, even if all the posthumous glory of a big marble college for orphans cannot offset the shame of unkindness to one's kith and kin, although the offender partially atoned for his laches by voluntary devotion to the destitute and deserted sick during pestilence. Enigmatical Stephen—repudiated his poor relations, and risked his life for strangers in the agonies and despair of yellow fever!

Alex. T. Stewart ordained the building of a city and cathedral on Long Island, as his monument possibly. But if his errant corpse could have been laid beneath the sod, I doubt if a single honest tear, save from his widow, lonely and childless in her palace, would have bedewed the grass on it. He was born with a soul "not above buttons," and educated himself in buttons and the raiment they belong to just at the right time to begin his career. With a few wise maxims to govern his conduct (known to many but practiced by few), he persevered, because perseverance was constant profit; prudently enlarged his operations as he gained strength; skilfully combined all elements of power as a dealer in dry-goods, and made himself a millionaire, gaining a fortune never perhaps equaled in any other one man's trade. The condition of the country and its commerce enabled him to do all this. As Mr. Lincoln might have said, the hole was open, and Alex. T. was the peg made to fit it. But let any young Irishman now, however keen or persevering, try to duplicate his career, and what will he amount to? With ten times Stewart's ability the copyist could not have one-tenth his success. Such careers, like that of Washington, cannot be repeated.

With all his aptness in gaining wealth, Alex. T. Stewart was denied the privilege of doing good. Even his great building for a working woman's home was a costly failure. The working women could not afford to live in it. With only nominal charges it could be of use to but few, as but few would have their work near enough to be able to make it their home. He dealt with working women's interests as he did with his bales and boxes. He had combined large operations in merchandise and concentrated goods of almost infinite variety in one large establishment; and he thought the poor working women could be combined in his one big edifice, and have there a home. But they did not combine and concentrate worth a cent. If he had spent the money in a number of lesser buildings, placed in scattered localities, so as to be near where the working women are at work, he would have been a benefactor; and such buildings, named Stewart Home Number 1, Number 2, and so on, would have been each a monument better than

a statue in Westminster Abbey. I never had a statue in the Abbey; but to perpetuate my name, would prefer a Working Woman's Home such as I have suggested before all the statues ever made; and if Mr. Stewart had established them, the grateful women, if need had arisen, would have voluntarily kept guard over his uneasy bones.

Since the foregoing was written, a New York magazine has had an article taking much the same view as I have presented of Mr. Stewart's big failure in benevolence. It appeared a few weeks after I had put in ink my thoughts on the subject. This might be a case of Odie Influence, but I think not, as I had the same opinion of Mr. Stewart's big project when it was first announced, and I do not think that my thoughts have ever been intense enough to reach all the way to New York, and have the necessary force left to get into a magazine editor's head, especially as the good Dr. Holland had departed this life. Pity it is, that some editor did not suggest to Mr. Stewart at the time he began his one big edifice to put the money in a number of smaller ones, as the man, though rich in cash and properties, was really poor in the knowledge of how to do good, and to have his name remembered gratefully. The chance is open now for Mr. Gould or Mr. Vanderbilt.

All I have said about Astor, Girard and Stewart is of value, because the careers of these men, and that of Thomas Allen, illustrate the fact that circumstances devolve men by affording scope for the exercise of their powers. Opportunity is fortune. The gifted see it, seize it, and succeed. But man does not make opportunities, and we do not all know how to profit by them.

When I was in Washington City in the spring of 1841, after the inauguration crowd had partly scattered, I thought it the politest place on earth. We were rather a plain people in Pennsylvania; civil, kindly, and polite in our modest way, but by no means noted for unusual elegance of manner or extraordinary courtesy to strangers, that we did not know something about. Imagine my wonderment, then, when I found myself treated with the most surprising courtesy on the streets of Washington. Ladies would smile, and with a charming inclination of each pretty head, greet me as we passed on the avenue, and even give me a gentle salute from carriage windows as they whirled along. Gentlemen would raise their hats and bow, even across the street if not too wide. Of course I was on my mettle, and as George Washington was particular that not even an American of African descent should excel him in politeness, so I scrupulously returned all these polite salutations, bowed, and lifted my best hat till the fur began to wear off the brim. I was totally unconscious of any reason why so much attention should be lavished on a modest stranger, and felt like writing an essay on the charming manners of the Capital, and their high moral and refining tendencies, when I chanced to meet a gentleman on the avenue whom I knew by sight to be Col. Abert, Chief of Topographical Engineers, and shaking my hand cordially he said:

“ Allow me to tell you how much I enjoyed the leading editorial in your paper to-day. You treated the subject very ably, very ably indeed. Your views of the finance question seem to me very sound.”

I thanked him heartily, and we separated. But what could it all mean? I had a paper, but it was at Harrisburg, and could not have been read in Washington that morning. After a few minutes' thought all was clear. The word finance was the clew. The Madisonian had an article on that subject, and Col. Abert had supposed he was speaking to Thomas Allen! All the rest who had been so polite to a stranger had made the same mistake.

I was not personally acquainted with Mr. Allen then, nor can I recollect when we were first known to each other; but I remember a meeting in 1850 when we both made speeches. Coming in the saddle from the Stanton Copper Mine in Franklin county, seventy miles west of St. Louis, intending to reach Manchester and lodge at Col. Berry's inn, where the table was always so bountiful and the old-fashioned cooking so good, I found at North's store (Gray's Summit now) a gathering of farmers who had met to consider the railroad question. Thomas Allen was there, to explain what was meant by the act he had induced the Legislature to pass a year before incorporating the Pacific Railroad. Our meeting under Mr. North's locust trees ought to have been Daguerretyped for the Historical Society, or painted by Bingham, as one of the very first popular assemblies to take practical steps towards the actual building of a railway, ultimately to reach the Pacific ocean. We were initiating the work of railroad building west of the Mississippi; and I am sure no plain and modest orators ever had a more attentive audience. Of Mr. Allen's speech I only recollect his demonstration to the auditors that after the railroad from St. Louis should be built, they could not afford to ride or drive to the city even with their own horses or teams, and in fact could not afford to walk. The use of a horse or a team would be worth more than the railroad fare; nor could a man, if his wages were only seventy-five cents a day, afford the time, food and shoe-leather consumed in walking. No orator ever presented a newer argument than this was to Mr. Allen's hearers, although Stepenson had used it some thirty years before. My own discourse was mainly on the necessity of associated strength to accomplish any great result, the argument illustrated by the fact that even a steamboat was mostly too big a thing for one man, and had several combined in the ownership; and as a railroad was a much bigger thing than a steamboat it must necessarily depend on associated effort, and hence everybody ought to help. Never were speeches better received, or better suited to the occasion. Our arguments were elementary but convincing, and every man left the meeting satisfied that he was bound to ride to St. Louis on that railroad when completed, and that every one of his neighbors ought to take stock and help to build it.

Mr. Allen and I spent the night at the farm house of Williamson Rogers, forty miles from St. Louis on the old Springfield road, where travelers had

“entertainment,” and not only enjoyed excellent food for the body, but had the mind refreshed by the domestic graces of a well ordered family. In the olden days of Missouri there were many families like that of Mr. Rogers, of Rev. Jacob Clark at Sullivan, and the Harrisons on the Gasconade, in which intelligence and refinement were as pleasant as they were apt to be unexpected to a city man in those remote localities; and no doubt there are many worthy successors in those parts yet. I was much entertained during the evening with Mr. Allen's account of his early life, his persistent labor, and his resolve to surmount all obstacles. There was no egotism in it all, as we talked of our emergence into manhood's world as if discussing the struggles, trials and hopes of third persons. Seventeen years later, in 1867, finding ourselves at Altoona on the same train for St. Louis, he told me of his purchase of the Iron Mountain Railroad, then only eighty miles long, and of his intention to extend it southwestward to Little Rock and beyond. He had means, he said, to live a life of leisure, and had tried to do so; “but I can't stand it,” he continued, “I must have occupation for all my energies, and I shall find it in extending the railroad.” He had work enough in this enterprise, but the rails reached Texarkana, and now connect St. Louis with Mexico in one direction and with California in another.

If Thomas Allen had done no more than give to St. Louis the first fire-proof hotel in the world, the bust placed there as a memento by admiring and lamenting friends might well grace its hall. The grand edifice whose absolute security against destruction by fire enables its guests to sleep in greater safety than in their own homes, may seem unimportant in comparison with the extension of the railroad system west of the great river, due so largely to his pioneer and persistent efforts. Yet the Southern Hotel is not to be estimated simply as a secure and sumptuous resting place for the sojourner, but as a pattern in hotel construction which the traveling part of the community will in time require to be followed in all large buildings for like uses. It is a permanent lesson in common sense architecture taught in St. Louis for the first time in the world.

The achievements of Thomas Allen cannot be taken out of the history of the Mississippi Valley without tearing from the record some of its most illustrious pages. Inscriptions on his tomb at the historic family home in Pittsfield may fade, and even his native place may forget him, but the benefits to the continent of his forty years of labor in the Mississippi Valley will cease only with our civilization. His monuments are in our iron highways, and in the intellectual progress due to the influence of a far-reaching and comprehensive mind, master at once of the minutest details, and capable of the largest combinations.

CHAPTER XX.

CONSISTENT PATRIOTS — CIVIL SERVICE REFORM — INAUGURATION DAY — AVA-
LANCHE AGAIN — PURE AS SNOW — HARRISON'S INAUGURAL — SAGES AND
CONSULS SLAUGHTERED — PATRIOTS ALARMED — PRESIDENT'S HAND SAVED
— DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE — THE PRESIDENT'S CHARMING CONVER-
SATION — A WAY HE HAD — LEGION AGAINST ONE — HE PASSES AWAY —
THE FOUNTAIN OF PATRONAGE.

Having elected Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison President of the United States, the whigs and those who acted with us—true patriots all—behaved with exemplary consistency. We had clamored against Mr. Van Buren's office-holders; had denounced them as unfit and dishonest. In tones of alarmed and indignant patriotism, both in speech and song, we had rehearsed their enormities. By their iniquities the 'spoilsmen' had brought disaster and ruin to the country. From all platforms we had declared that they must be turned out, and we were consistent in holding to this declaration.

We understood civil-service reform. Never complicating it with examining boards, or puerile questions to applicants on pretence of ascertaining their fitness, we had none of the nonsense grown up since. Our equitable and infallible rule was to turn out the old incumbents. No other measure so potent to reform the civil service.

"The good old rule, the simple plan
Sufficed for us: that they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

There would necessarily be vacancies; but we relied confidently on the devotion of our party. The country should not suffer; the High Bird of Liberty should not lose a feather. Nay, so ardent our patriotism, that there were actually more men willing to serve than offices to fill. Mr. Lincoln was perplexed, he said, when he "had more pegs than holes to put them in;" but we had gone through all that twenty years before.

Inauguration day came, March 4, 1841. Never had Washington City held so much patriotism, in so many packages—all animate—and as ready

for sacrifice as little Isaac on the altar, or more so. McMahon, the tall Baltimore lawyer, who had in his speech at the great convention said "the avalanche of the people is here," might have repeated it and have added—pure, too, in all motives as the mountain snow, perhaps. Pennsylvania avenue—then, if I am right in recollection, the only paved street, for Aleck Shepherd was not yet boss—seemed well named, as we noted with pride the swarms from the good old Commonwealth. All other states, too, and even territories, had their faithful men. No tattered crowd of unablated pilgrims ever infested Mecca more intent to kiss the black stone of the Kaaba and be saved, than our patriots were to shake the President's hand and serve the country. New as the scenes were to the amazed Washingtonians they were newer still to us, as our first opportunity with our own President; and never Joshua's army enjoyed a raid on the heathen as we enjoyed the raid on the high and low places of the capital. The history in detail of those days has never been written; but you need not tell me of modern patriotism as compared with ours, or of your trumpery civil-service reform these latter days.

• Our President was solemnly sworn in. His inaugural address was all right, as it fell on greedy ears and soon fluttered in print. Its private history became known later. Our dear "Old Tip"—as we still without intended disrespect fondly styled him—had been all his life a close student of ancient history, and was apt, pen in hand, to draw freely for illustration on Greece and Rome. The sages and heroes of antiquity were his models and familiars. They had enlivened his retired life at North Bend, and he could not easily part with old friends. As first prepared, his inaugural was stuffed as full of antique characters as the property room of a theatre of old helmets, shields and battle axes. But this did not suit the taste of Daniel Webster, who was to be Secretary of State, and who liked the rhetoric of state papers to be as limpid and clear as the streams wherein he fished for trout. Dan'l insisted on revising the address, and, as he afterwards honestly confessed, slaughtered sages enough to make a senate, and in cold blood murdering all the Roman consuls but one. "It was the remark of a Roman consul," said the inaugural address, and we firmly believed it; but Dan'l had cut out all other classics. I never forgave him. I always wanted a condensed edition of Plutarch with those other seniors, and Old Tip's inaugural would have been just the thing if Dan'l had let it alone.

Few better men than Gen. Harrison ever lived. He had no thought but for his country and his kind. There have been other presidents as honest, possibly, as kind-hearted and as true to their country, but they were not more than his peers. Not for lack of talent, acquirements or judgment, but because of his age and his good nature, he was sadly out of place as President. His genuine kindness of heart bade him listen to all comers if possible, and he wished to satisfy everybody. He could hardly get time to eat or sleep. The routine duties would have taxed him enough, but these were insignificant in comparison with the labors thrown on him by the patriots.

Exercise in youth and earlier manhood develops and strengthens the muscles, but after three score the excessive use of any one of the limbs of the human body may be paralyzing in its effects, or at least impair the vigor of the limb, in a manner to render it unfit for its customary uses. The hand-shaking which the President had been submitting to—and really delighting in, good old gentleman that he was—began to have its natural effect. Hand and arm would evidently soon fail; but fortunately, while the new cabinet had under grave consideration the propriety of advising the President officially to withhold his hand from the cordial shakers lest its use should be entirely lost, the peril was happily averted. The impending danger of a manual paralysis got noised abroad among the patriots, and created much alarm, lest the President, by losing the use of his right limb, might be unable to set his signature to the expected appointments. A meeting of patriots was at once held, or the matter was whispered round—I don't remember clearly which—and by general consent it was decided to stop tugging at the President's hand, and save it to sign the commissions.

The only two visitors at Washington who did not want office were Mr. Joseph Milliken of Pennsylvania and myself; or, at least I have no recollection of any others. Mr. Milliken had a favorite for the Lewistown post-office; not that the office had been badly managed, but entirely for the sake of civil-service reform. I wanted Mr. Andrew J. Jones, a true patriot, and liberal giver to party funds, appointed postmaster at Harrisburg; not that the office was not well conducted, or that Mr. James Peacock, the incumbent, was not a very respectable gentleman, and in all respects trustworthy; but solely for the sake of consistency, as we had told the people that true reform could only be effected by turning out all 'locofocos.' Although Mr. Milliken and myself did not care to serve the public ourselves, we were yet very anxious to have the men of our choice appointed, and were in excellent spirits when fortunate enough to reach the President's room to present our papers.

"Gentlemen," said the old hero, "I must beg you to excuse me this morning. I cannot possibly take time to talk with you now," waving his hand over the piles of papers on his table, "but do me the favor to come and dine with me at 4 o'clock."

Nothing could be kinder than his manner, and as we bowed ourselves out, our pride in this unexpected invitation was only equalled by our solicitude as to the etiquette of the dinner. How were we to behave? How would plain men like us get through the unaccustomed ceremonies of the White House? We had neither of us been in the habit of dining with presidents, and proper behavior was a serious matter. We could only decide to go slow, watch the turns of events and do as we should see others do. It was a great honor to dine with the President, and a great thing to have so excellent an opportunity to talk over the appointments. We would encounter the hazard of blunders in etiquette for the chance of quietly arranging post-office matters. He had said that he could not talk with us when we

called, but we must dine with him, and this could only mean that everything should be arranged nicely at dinner.

"It was a great surprise," I remarked, "but it's a great honor, too, and I guess we'll fix things."

"Yes, to be sure, to be sure," replied my friend; "but we must be careful, you know."

"Of course it wont do to make any blunders. We must not be in too much of a hurry."

"No; and besides, we must be sure to let him bring up our matters himself. That's the rule, they say. We must let him lead the conversation."

Having thus arranged that we would do no discredit to the good breeding of Pennsylvania by any unbecoming behavior on this important occasion, we presented ourselves in due season and had our dinner. It was a very good dinner, and to our surprise and gratification there was but little formality, and more cheerfulness than we had expected. There were only half a dozen other guests, and the President led the conversation in a manner so genial and pleasant that everybody was charmed. But not a word about offices or appointments!

Leaving the table the President led the way to the south front of the mansion for a stroll in the grounds. It was one of Washington's balmy spring days, and after a few turns on the walks we came to a halt, and standing in a half circle were entertained with anecdote and reminiscence of his varied and eventful life by the nation's honored head. It was all very delightful, as with the utmost grace and polish of manner he seemed to be addressing each of us, and was certainly giving pleasure and instruction to all. But not a word about politics or civil-service reform!

In due time Mr. Milliken and I took leave and walked down the avenue.

"Well, what do you think of it, my boy?" he asked as we passed the old state department.

"I think we have had the honor of dining with the President, and that I am a little ahead of you, Mr. Milliken."

"How so? He didn't say a word about the Harrisburg post-office."

"No; but I have dined with two presidents, and you with only one."

"What do you mean? When did you ever dine at the White House before?"

"Never; but I dined to-day with the President of the United States and the President of the Lewistown Bank."

And so ended our dinner at the White House. Neither of us ever saw the good President again. I do not recollect what was done with the Lewistown post-office, but I know that Mr. Jones had to continue selling dry goods, and some one else had the office at Harrisburg.

Five years ago I met at Washington Mr. James E. Harvey, who had been at our Baltimore convention and was one of the "young men," reunited at Washington in 1841 at the inauguration, on which occasion he made a speech with the 'palmetto tree' in it and a great deal about South Caro-

lina; and Collins Lee of Baltimore charmed us with a glowing eulogy on ourselves as representative young Americans, with Fort McHenry, Francis S. Key and the 'Star Spangled Banner' all thrown in with thrilling effect. But I verily believe that of all that assembly of ardent young patriots I was the only one so derelict as not to desire an official position to serve the country. Mr Harvey and I renewed our acquaintance after the long interval, during which he had been for a long time minister to Portugal, or somewhere else, and, as we drifted into reminiscences, I told him of the dinner at the White House.

"I understand it all," said Mr. Harvey. "It was a way he had. If not convenient at once to attend to a gentleman he was sure to invite him to dinner or breakfast, and sometimes he had so many guests that there was hardly tableware enough to go round."

Thus the roses fade. For thirty-seven years I had nursed the pleasant and pridelul memory, come weal or come woe, that Mr. Joseph Milliken and myself had enjoyed the honor of a special invitation to dine with the President of the United States; but, after all, as Mr. Harvey explained the old hero's habit, it was only 'a way he had.' I have never dined with a President since, and never will.

Gen. Harrison had enjoyed good health and was a brave man. With his wonted courage he faced the assailant office-seekers. They took chances at him as skirmishers if he attempted a walk, fronted him in line if he looked from a window, and charged on him in column to his inner chambers. It was fearful odds. They were legion and he but one. His attitude seemed to say, as did Fitz James to Roderick Dhu:

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"

But they were too many for him. Work and worry, with a severe cold, prostrated him, and the worn frame could not rally. He had fought Indians and survived, but the savage onslaught of hungry patriots was fatal, and he was President only a month. He passed away on the 4th of April, sincerely lamented. We had much true and unselfish love for the good old man. There was great attraction in his frank, honest, kindly character.

Besides, he was the fountain of patronage, and our faithful patriots had each selected a spot to dip his ladle into one of the streams. Now all was changed. John Tyler was the fountain, and nobody could tell where the streams would run, or what chance he would have for a dip.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY — DAUPHIN GUARDS — COLLATIONS VS. BANQUETS — ILLINOY — RATON MOUNTAIN COAL JOURNALED — ITS USE VATICINATED — A., T. & S. F. R. R. — ONLY ONE ARTIST — POET, PAINTER AND MAN OF GENIUS — A WELL-MANAGED PORTRAIT — ADVICE TO MY LOVELY LASS — SOMETHING ABOUT HERDS — TULIP MANIA — GOOD LAW IN GRAIN AND PORK WAGERS — LAW'S MISSISSIPPI SCHEME — SOUTH SEA BUBBLE — OUR MORUS MULTICAULIS MANIA — SILK NATIONAL CONVENTION — HOLLANDERS AHEAD IN ILLUSTRIOUS ABSURDITY — ENGLISH BUBBLES.

Gen. Jackson said in his Farewell Address, on retirement from the Presidency—"I leave this great people prosperous and happy." Such was my own condition from 1838 till the summer of 1841. McCurdy and I had enjoyed an occasional chance at the State Treasury, in the way of public printing, and the prospect of wealth seemed to shed on our pathway the only lustre that makes it clear and delectable, so far as material interests reach, however happy otherwise. We had bought a corner lot, and had a three-story and basement building in process of erection, with cast-iron sills and lintels, the first ever used in Harrisburg. It was the *Intelligencer* Block, for a printing house and other uses. The state administration was against us, but this enabled us to make our paper lively with attacks on it, and an occasional sop of patronage from the Legislature kept us in good condition. We were wonderfully patriotic, as the manner was then, and having elected Gen. Harrison President, the future was as brilliant as an *aurora borealis*, and a great deal easier to reach.

So promising were our affairs that I had intervals of serious reflection on the question of what to do with all my riches when attained. Like the maid with the milk pail, whose musings are narrated in Webster's spelling book, I wanted to dispense judiciously, and do all the good possible. The manner in which people of wealth commonly dispose of their means had never entirely satisfied my judgment, and believing myself to have rare gifts for disbursement, I intended to be a model of munificence and propriety.

A steady worker, I cared little for holidays, but as a matter of public spirit, belonged to the Hope Fire Company and to the Dauphin Guards. The Guards believed themselves to be the crack company of the state, outside of Philadelphia. In the fall of 1839 we visited that city, and drilled up to the best. Captain Fritz recognized the Guards as the peer of his own famous company, and as they escorted us through the streets, with Johnson's black band (splendid free Americans of African descent and reliable color), the Philadelphians stood on their scoured sidewalks in admiration, and not a few of the white window shutters were open, with angelic faces looking out. Captain Fritz gave us an entertainment at his armory; not the lavish and tedious banquet of present times (costing enough to found a widow's home, where relations of some attending might one day be glad to find shelter), but a 'collation' made up of cold meats, bread and butter, oysters, coffee, *et cetera*—the latter effervescent and exhilarating. And then our speeches—brief and pointed, impromptu, sharp as the bayonets and bright as the polished barrels on our muskets! Amused and almost grieved I am at a now-a-days banquet—an assemblage of patient men, with 'menu' (Jupiter!) and tardy waiters, lagging away an hour before the popping and speeches begin; and thinking all this enjoyment! As for the speeches, often prosy, and musty with desk odor, they may do for instruction, perhaps, but for a lively evening—spare us!

Dr. E. W. Roberts was the Captain of our Guards, and when we marched through the streets at home, firing by platoons or by company as if a single gun spoke; bit our cartridges and reloaded as we marched on, to bravely fire again on the next block, so that no wife, sweetheart or mother should miss the display—who could hear without admiration a flint-lock musket, or measure the pride of those who so deftly handled the ramrods? A tear to thy memory, Captain Roberts!—eminent physician, and only a hero for lack of a chance in a peaceful time.

Edwin Roberts, nephew of the Captain, was our apprentice in Harrisburg, and in after years, floating westward, cast anchor in Jerseyville, over in the state so upright on the map, but whose French-Indian name is by many smart people pronounced as if its last syllable were *noise*, when the correct vocal termination is *noy*; and there he published the State Argus. In 1848 I wrote some sketches of "Detached Service" between Bent's Fort and Santa Fe, to illuminate the columns of the Argus, and those sketches, I think, contained the first mention in any public journal of the coal in the Raton Mountain, on the border of Colorado and New Mexico. Here are some extracts to show how one's thoughts could run on possibilities so long ago:

"We entered the little valley leading up the mountain (Oct., 1846). The valley is very narrow and its curves very serpentine, though the general direction is nearly straight. We passed a splendid bed of coal. I suppose there is no coal of this variety of better quality. It may be that this coal is not so strong and that a given quantity would not generate so great a

volume of steam as anthracite and other varieties, though of this I am not certain. But for some purposes it must be the best all. For burning in a grate it is unequalled. It ignites readily, burns freely, with a clear, bright flame, and seems to emit no smoke at all. It is remarkably clear from 'dirt,' and you may handle any quantity of it without soiling your fingers. As the army marched to Santa Fe I procured a lump, and wrapping it in part of my overcoat, strapped at the saddle bow, I carried it several miles to the next camp, without leaving the least mark on the coat. At our camp fire I tried its burning qualities, and found that I could ignite a small lump, and after it began to blaze, could carry it about like a candle, the flame not going out.

"The vein where I saw it is at the opposite side of the little valley from the road. I observed it as the command passed, and rode over to it. Capt. Johnson, U. S. Army, who was aid to Gen. Kearney, informed me that he had discovered the same vein in another place, where it was a solid vein of beautiful coal thirty feet in thickness! The vein I visited must be at least twenty, and perhaps thirty feet thick. The coal lies in regular strata, and breaks out in square blocks.

"But how *useless* this splendid vein of coal! It is almost lost time to describe it, except as a geological feature of a distant region. Some men, not having what they consider their proper positions in the business community or in general society, are only remarked for the little good they do. This bed of coal, so extensive, so beautiful, is of no use whatever because it has not a PROPER LOCATION. If I had it near St. Louis, I would bid farewell to Blackstone, Chitty, Kent, Story, and all such gentlemen; and, on account of the quality of the coal, wouldn't pay any attention even to COKE! (I hope to be forgiven for this pun.)

"Now, if there were any probability—any possibility—of a RAILROAD ever being made across the Raton in that neighborhood, how interesting would that coal mine become! But in the nature of things, people say, this seems to be out of the question; and there it must repose forever, one of the richest deposits of the world, 'of no use to any one,' not even the 'owner.' I am not sure that there is any individual owner. It is said that the firm of Bent & St. Vrain have a grant from Gov. Armijo, formerly of New Mexico, covering all the land from the Taos Mountains to the Arkansas, thousands on thousands of acres, and embracing this bed of coal. But I would like to know what they can 'realize' from it.

"The amiable Mr. ASA WHITNEY, projector of the grand railroad to the Pacific, will be pleased to hear of this immense coal deposit. It will seem an earnest to him that there are other deposits further north, near the proposed line of his road. But he does not need this assurance. The fact of inexhaustible beds of coal lying on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountain Range, is too well established to require further confirmation. What the 'prospect' for coal is on the western side of the Range, in any direction which a railroad, if made, would be likely to take, I am not informed.

"Perhaps you think, Reader, that this vein of coal is out of place, thus running through a sketch of 'detached service?' But I wish, as I go along, to give some account of the geology of the regions passed. This is information. Now, amuse yourself by conjecturing *why* this bed of coal was put away out there, when we could have used it to so much better advantage if near St. Louis. Can you tell?"

"Well—you can't. But all eyes are now turned westward. The Pacific Coast—Oregon, California—the Sandwich Islands—and China, are all now seen to be to the WEST of us. We reflect on their immense populations, and on the increased trade that we should have, particularly with the Islands and China, if we had but a short and speedy means of communication, capable of accommodating that trade. Everybody, then, wants a RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC, but many fear that it is impracticable. But suppose the road *made*—and the coal away up along the mountain side *used on it*—wouldn't you think, after all, that the coal was put there for a wise purpose?"

Thus diffidently, thirty-five years ago, did I forecast the railroad. Boston capital and pluck have made my supposed railroad a reality. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe track is laid up the little valley described by me in 1848, and crosses under the summit of the Raton by a long tunnel, 7,000 feet above sea level. It runs by 'the coal away up along the mountain side,' the coal is 'used on it,' and it continues on to the Pacific ocean, as pictured in my day dream and published in the Jerseyville State Argus. It was only a dream with me then, but even if I had felt sure of the remarkable work since accomplished, I should not have dared to say so, lest contempt and ridicule should be visited on my sketches of 'Detached Service.'

The Intelligencer was not *per se* profitable, but like other Harrisburg papers it gave us a position from which to handle our nets in fishing for jobs of state printing. We lived an easy life, but had few relaxations. As to dissipation, we did not care for it, and the only hard drinking we did was done during the log cabin election campaign of 1840, when we drank hard cider, or vinegar under that patriotic name. We were not well enough off to indulge our taste, if we had any, for costly works of art, or other stylish things, and in the way of turnout, never got beyond the buggy and the venerable Old Gray already mentioned in these chapters. To please his excellent wife, M'Curdy, in the summer of 1841, had a hankering to have his portrait painted; but I had little thought for counterfeit presentments of any kind. A few Daguerotypes were then taken in Philadelphia, but the new art had not reached the interior. There was only one artist of any kind in Harrisburg, John Landis, who had taught himself to paint what he regarded as portraits, and who had in a printed Autobiography assured his readers that he 'was born a poet, a painter, and a man of genius.' Learning that Landis was painting M'Curdy, I visited his studio to see how he was progressing, but found he had not yet begun the picture. Loitering there among his 'works,' I recognized a likeness of our neighbor, Mr. Fitch, who kept the best livery stable at the seat of government.

"That's Fitch, John," I said to Mr. Landis—"first-rate likeness."

"Yes," he replied, "the portrait is very good, but I'm afraid he don't mean to take it. Been done three weeks and he don't come for it."

"That's too bad, John; too bad to lose your labor that way."

"Oh, well—it's not all lost. You see, I'll just turn the face round the other way, and it'll do for M'Curdy!"

As M'Curdy and Fitch were both 'hatchet-faced' men, Mr. Landis in a short time had a new face on the canvas, but M'Curdy insisted that the whole figure must be repainted, and when I again called on the artist I found him hard at work on the coat sleeves.

"Why, John," I said, "I thought you had only to put a new face to the picture?"

"Yes, that was all it needed; but now M'Curdy says he won't wear Tom Fitch's old clothes, and I have to make them all new again."

Envy is perhaps sometimes pardonable, and I envied John Landis the serene confidence he felt in his own powers. Wretched daubs as his paintings were, to him they were gems, equal to anything by Angelo or Titian. To himself he was the 'poet, painter and man of genius.' In this belief he wrought, and no doubt did better work than he could have done but for his vanity and self-confidence. These inestimable elements of character have carried many a small man into a big place, while 'modest merit' awaited the recognition that never came. Yes, My Lovely Lass, after you and Charley are some years married, and your boys gather round you, teach them deference to age, respect for womanhood, and unflinching truth and honesty, but never humility in any presence but that of their Creator.

Mr. Landis was perhaps a fool, but not of the kind of whom we say 'one fool makes many.' His fancies were harmless. He was a lone man, but gifted to enjoy the consciousness of powers which no one else could discover; a hermit in the crowd; and perhaps his loneliness was a sort of wisdom, although the world cares little for the man apart, simpleton or sage.

'Men think in herds,' some one has said, intending a sneer, but only by this concurrence of thought and will are great measures of usefulness accomplished. A herd of barons laid Magna Charta before King John at Runnymede, and compelled him to sign the parchment. A herd of rebels became patriots by wresting thirteen colonies from King George.

If men in herds commit follies, we need not wonder; for as each separate member may think rightly or wrongly, so may the herd. If one man may become insane, or fanatical, any number may be affected in like manner, and we may all go crazy together. The imagination of each is liable to be inflamed by anything that inflames the imagination of others, and hence the spectacle of a whole community going mad on any subject may be deplorable, but is not to be wondered at. Cynical folks think 'mankind is a great fool' and sometimes add 'with a little knave in him too;' but we manage to keep together in communities, and nobody can prove that any other planet has better or more sensible people than our own.

The tulip mania, in Holland, that reached its utmost heat and intensity in 1636, may be lamented as a spectacle of folly, with some infusion of knavery, but was especially wonderful rather for the kind than the degree of madness. For a whole people to go crazy over a plant with only the color of its flower to recommend it, seems extremely absurd. A mania for pinks, violets, or any odorous flower, would seem less unreasonable,—but a mania for tulips! One may almost regard it as a special Providence, teaching the Dutch the art of bulb-propagation, in order that they might, nearly two hundred and fifty years later, supply other countries with tulips, hyacinths, and lillies, as they do now. It was possibly the 'sporting' of the tulip, in producing varieties from seed, that led to the gambling in the bulbs, some of which were sold for five or six thousand florins each. Or if the Dutch burghers were in the habit of wearing as many pairs of breeches at once, as Irving tells us the burghers of 'New Amsterdam' wore, it may be that the multiplex coverings of the tulips touched their affections by suggesting a resemblance to the many coverings on their own persons.

If plain people are disposed to look with disgust at some of the scenes on modern Exchanges, where stock gambling prevails (while the faithful faro dealer is punished as a criminal), let us remember that so great was the demand in Holland in 1636 for tulips of rare species, that regular marts for the sale of the bulbs were established in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other cities, and that 'bulls' and 'bears' speculated on the rise and fall of the tulip market as actively as our modern wolves and lambs at a New York stock board. The people, we are told, 'rushed to the tulip marts like flies around a honey pot.' The passion for tulips was to last forever, and the wealthy in all parts of the world, it was supposed, would pay whatever prices were demanded. The riches of Europe were to concentrate on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. Nobles, citizens, farmers, all classes, even to the old-clothes women, dabbled in tulips. Property was turned into bulbs. Foreigners were smitten with the frenzy, and money poured into Holland.

At first confidence was high, and profits good; but at length prices began to fall, and never rose again. Hundreds of people who had doubted if there was such a thing as poverty in the world, found themselves with a few bulbs that nobody would buy. A cry of distress arose, and each accused his neighbor. Some had enriched themselves, and invested in English or other funds, but many were ruined. Merchants and nobles alike went down. Parties who had contracted for bulbs refused to take them, and the holders appealed to the government, but it could only suggest compromise. No court would enforce the contracts. The judges ruled that tulip debts were gambling debts; and this seems to be good law yet, in grain and pork wagers, over here where we never go crazy about tulips.

Tulips sold at fancy prices in Scotland as late as the close of the seventeenth century. Their value declined from that time till 1759; but in 1800 a common price in England was fifteen guineas for a single bulb. In 1835 a bulb called Fanny Kemble was sold at auction in London for seventy-five

pounds, and a gardener at Chelsea had in his catalogue a tulip priced at two hundred pounds. This condensed account of the tulip mania will benefit those who may not have ready access to books, and may not know how much greater fools than we there have been even in sober Holland, sturdy England and thrifty Scotland.

About 1719 John Law started the French after fortune, and they went crazy; but there was some basis for expectation of material wealth at the bottom of his 'Mississippi Scheme.' The same may be said of the 'South Sea Bubble' immediately following in England, based on the hope of distant commerce in useful articles. Hence the Hollanders remain entitled to the credit of having indulged the most absurd craze known to civil history.

These references to the long past are a prelude to the mania we had in Pennsylvania, and also in other states, two hundred years after the culmination of the tulip frenzy in Holland. But our lapse from common sense had a supposed possibility of usefulness in it, as we went crazy in a small way on silk culture. For some years the silk fever had been spreading and growing hotter and hotter, reaching its quickest pulse from 1837 to 1842; not manifested so much in the actual hatching and feeding of silk worms, or the reeling of fibre from cocoons, as in the growing and especially the purchasing of mulberry trees. Worms to produce silk must eat, and of all the productions of nature the *Morus Multicaulis* was the tree to furnish the food. It was the new tree of knowledge, that was to shelter us all under its benignant foliage, in the paradise of incalculable profits, and no flaming sword could keep us out of that Eden. Shrewd propagators, all apparently confident of the future prosperity of silk, grew the trees by hundreds of thousands, and found ready sale to vermiculous people, who had worms to feed and visions of endless wealth. The family without a plantation of *Morus Multicaulis* was the family without a patch of ground or money to buy the trees. No class was excluded from the magic circle, in which wealth was to rise up and bless us as if by incantation. Mechanics, laborers, professionals, all classes, sinners and saints, were alike intent on giving our dear country a new industry and enriching themselves. But none could get trees on credit, or in barter for other 'truck,' as cash was ready for all that could be grown.

Exact calculations were made and published of the growth in a season of each twig on a *Morus* tree, the number and size of the leaves it would produce, the precise time it would take a worm of given age to consume a leaf of given dimensions, and how much the worm would grow while eating the leaf, with an estimate made up from the length and diameter of the worm of the exact number of yards of silk it would be sure to spin for its cocoon; and these calculations, having as we were assured been carefully revised by an eminent mathematician in the Franklin Institute, were unquestionably reliable. Everybody was deep in arboriculture and vermeology; and what we did not know about mulberry trees for feeding silk worms was not worth knowing; and what we did not know about worms, and 'the diet of worms,'

and cocoons, and reeling of fibre, and weaving of silk and satin could not be learned.

Among their party war cries and assaults on political adversaries, the newspapers, then as now inspired by the highest intelligence and patriotism, crowded in foliated essays on the *Morus* tree, and vermiculous paragraphs telling how to feed and care for 'the worm that never dies till its life is spun into a thread of silk,' together with touching tributes to family industry, and young ladies with worms, and leaves to nourish them. An era of amazing prosperity was opening, or was in fact begun, and fabrics of silk were to become so abundant and cheap that not only would we command the markets of the world, but at home the commonalty even would all wear silk, and the gentry and nabobs, for distinction, might dress in cotton and wool, or if they chose (despite climatic objections) go back to fig leaves.

A national silk convention was held in Harrisburg, John S. Skinner, a famous agricultural editor of Baltimore, the most prominent personage. There was no real silk ready for wear, but cocoons, and worms, and mulberry trees, and leaves were displayed in profusion, as insignia of national grandeur and individual opulence,—to be realized; but the national grandeur did not ensue from all the productive material displayed, and the opulence was limited to the men who sold the trees. We had, however, done our whole duty, and judged by its fruits in the pockets of the growers, the *Morus Multicaulis* was a bountiful tree, although I have not seen it or scarcely heard of it for forty years; and now Prof. C. V. Riley tells us that the *Maclura aurantiaca*, or Osage Orange, is the tree for silk, as we can feed the worms from the clippings of our hedges. Still, I have rather pleasant memories of the silk mania; for while M'Curdy and I had no trees, worms or cocoons, we yet made a nice profit printing the doings of the national silk convention, which the stupid world has forgotten. The only regret I have in connection with our silk fever is, that in illustrious absurdity the tulip-dealing Dutchmen of two hundred years before remain immeasurably ahead of us. If it had been the sprightly Frenchmen (who played the fool so admirably in the days of John Law), we might rest content; but for Americans to be outdone in folly by the phlegmatic Hollander is intolerable.

It does not appear that stock companies were formed during the tulip mania in Holland, or the Mississippi foolery in France; but in England during the excitement over the South Sea shares, bubble companies were formed by dozens, and shares sold for a great variety of enterprises; among others, one 'for carrying on a great undertaking, but nobody to know what it is!' Shares were actually sold in this company, but the nature of the great undertaking was never divulged. The English can at any time beat the Americans in manias and joint stock companies. The railroad craze in 1848, when Mr. Hudson figured as the 'Railroad King,' has never been equalled on this side of the water.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN TYLER'S DECORUM — A HEADLESS GOVERNMENT — A WONDERFUL ORGANIZATION — CONGRESS CONVENES — MR. CLAY — INDEPENDENT TREASURY REPEALED — BANK VETO — DINNER AT THE VAN KOBLE HOUSE — WHIGS DENOUNCE — DEMOCRATS COURT THE PRESIDENT — STUDENT AT LAW — A FOURTH STORY — A RELATION IN THE STATE SENATE — MR. TYLER'S PLAN — A DIAGRAM DEMONSTRATION — ENJOYABLE EVENINGS AT THE WHITE HOUSE — UNAPPRECIATED SERVICE.

John Tyler, the Vice President, was at his farm on the James river below Richmond, when President Harrison died, April 4, 1841. It was known that the President was very ill, and might at any moment be called away; but a proper delicacy kept Mr. Tyler from the capital. He would not seem to be waiting to step into a dead President's shoes; and while hopes of the old hero's recovery became weaker, no one at Washington felt authorized to send for the Vice President. There was consequently an 'interregnum,' as Benton styles it, until a messenger, sent by the cabinet, could bring Mr. Tyler from his Virginia home. The example of decorum then set by the Vice President was observed in the case of Vice President Arthur, but the much-abused 'Captain Tyler,' as Botts of Virginia called him, is entitled to the credit of the precedent.

The government was for several days absolutely without an official head, and it was then a matter of surprise to some persons that a government could go on headless, as if nothing had occurred; but it has often since been without its head at Washington. The only serious damage from our interregnum, was that suffered by the office-seeking patriots. Delay was to them disaster. Board bills ran on, and money ran out. They deplored the sad condition of the country, deprived of their services; and besides, who could tell, now that 'Old Tip.' was gone, whether or not this abstract Virginian—who had been put on the ticket in a hap-hazard way, by a convention that issued no platform,—would turn out a reliable 'Tyler too.'

As if its parts, like those of the solar system, moved harmoniously, in obedience to some occult law, the government went quietly on; and the democratic incumbents of office seemed provokingly well satisfied to take

their chances under the accidental President. They apparently felt no anxiety for the government or the country, and did not chafe in the least under a delay intolerable to the expectant patriots. It is truly a wonderful organization, that national-federal government of ours. A study of it for half a century has only the effect of augmenting our respect and homage for the men who framed it; and, happily, one requisite thought by them to be essential to its safety, is found by experience to be of less consequence than they believed. It does not appear to be at all necessary for the people to choose their ablest men to administer it. Like a Swiss toy, we can make a President of timber too soft for many uses of daily life. Our accidental Presidents, and others not superior to them, have with good advisers gotten on well enough, if we look only to the general management of public affairs, without reference to the distribution of patronage.

President Harrison had in March issued a Proclamation convening Congress 31st May. Some days after his accession to the place that we had not thought of his filling, Mr. Tyler issued an address to the people as a kind of inaugural, telling them that he would carry out Gen. Harrison's views as well as he could; and when Congress met he sent in a formal message. But there was distrust. It was feared that Tyler was not a reliable 'whig.' Confusion and some dismay pervaded the camp of the patriots. The distribution of offices did not go on fast enough for the zealous, nor with wisdom in selections to satisfy the judicious.

Mr. Clay was not in a pleasant mood. Vexed that Gen. Harrison should have been the whig nominee for President instead of himself, and unconscious of the fact that he probably could not have been elected, as Harrison was, by log cabins, hard cider, coonskins and songs, he was disposed to be troublesome, especially as his opinions of what the country needed were likely to clash with those of Mr. Tyler. As soon as Congress met, the great Senator presented a set of propositions, setting forth what he thought Congress ought to do. As Benton says, 'The President had addressed a message to Congress; Mr. Clay virtually delivered another.' The first thing to be done, according to Mr. Clay, was to repeal the Independent Treasury act, which had become a law in June, 1840; and the next thing was to create a new United States Bank.

The bill to repeal the Treasury act was at once passed. The whigs made good their promises. But the democrats re-enacted it under President Polk, in 1846, and nobody of any party would now disturb it.

Mr. Tyler's message had contained some rather vague phrases about the kind of 'fiscal agent' he thought necessary, and the bank bill was passed, only to be returned with his veto. Then came the storm. The whigs generally were exasperated; but the democrats were in excellent humor.

At boarding houses in Washington now meals are served in restaurant style, each guest coming in when he pleases; but in the good old times it was the custom for all to come at once, and with the hostess presiding at head of table, a boarding house dinner was like a family gathering, and had

none of the features of present modes. Generally the guests were all democrats or all whigs, as party feeling ran too high for mixtures to be agreeable. Mrs. Van Koble's, on 4½ street, was a whig house. No democrat would have been comfortable there. Our felicitations over the repeal of the Treasury act would have been discord to democratic ears, and our plans for the future could not have been discussed in their presence. No more would a whig have been comfortable at a democratic boarding house in those patriotic days, when if all politicians were not honest, they were at least intensely in earnest.

The bank veto had come in, and we had all met at dinner. Perfect lady that she was, Mrs. Van Koble had on her usual smile, as she directed the trained servants. But there was no other smile in the room, unless among the sable waiters, who cared no more for John Tyler and his vetoes than they did for the northwest passage. A general frown rested on all brows. Mostly whig members of Congress, the boarders were exasperated by the veto. They wanted the bank, and wanted Mr. Clay sustained. But hungry men must eat, and for a time it was a very quiet dinner; the calm before the storm. Soon, however, appetite was appeased, and then the pent up fury broke out. Denunciations of Mr. Tyler would start at one end, like the rattle of musketry, and run to the other end of the table, with an occasional explosion from some pursy old whig like Foot of Vermont, coming in as the boom of artillery; and so it went on for an hour, as we cracked our nuts and sipped our coffee. They were all determined to show Mr. Tyler that they, and not he, were the power to rule this great country.

Too young to keep quiet, I spoke also. I had been six years an editor, was one still, and thought I had rights. I told them they seemed to forget that the bank question was not before the people in 1840; that we studiously and purposely ignored it; that the party was not pledged to establish a bank, and that Mr. Tyler was never held up to the people as in favor of it. He was bound by no pledge to sign a bank bill. "You intend," I said, "to quarrel with the President. The democrats will court him, and try to use him. You will throw away the remaining three years and six months of his term. They will get the benefit of it, and then throw him aside." I had my say, but nothing came of it. No one gave up his opinion for mine.

The democrats in considerable numbers called at the White House in the evening to congratulate the President on his veto; while the whigs at the capital were caucussing, and denouncing 'Captain Tyler.' It was a memorable night, and Mr. Clay, in the Senate next day, pictured with much humor the visit of the democratic Senators to the President, with Mr. Buchanan as spokesman, and Benton as one of the callers. The two Senators denied having been at the White House at all, and Mr. Buchanan retorted with sprightly delineations of the whigs in angry caucus at the eastern end of the avenue. It was a good-natured debate on the surface, but on the whig side there was a bitter feeling beneath; and the breach between Mr. Tyler and the whigs became wider as time went on, while the

democrats quietly got their ladles ready for a dip into the stream of patronage.

Mr. Webster sustained President Tyler, and did not quit the cabinet, but was the only very prominent whig in office who stood by him. Thomas Allen, in the *Madisonian*, supported the administration, but at the earliest opportunity sold out the paper to John B. Jones, and Jones became the organist.

My predictions at the dinner on veto day were realized. The whigs threw away the administration and the democrats picked it up. Mr. Clay and his friends were in the wrong, as I thought, and I gave the support of my newspaper to the President's veto.

When I got home to Harrisburg, I called on Frederick K. Boas, a lawyer with whom I had entered my name as a student, and ascertained that I might apply for license to practice law as soon as I could qualify myself. Three years had nearly elapsed since I constructively became a student, and I was all right on the record, though I had read no law. I had the anchor to windward, and if the storm came it might hold.

The whigs were almost unanimously against Mr. Tyler, and the course of our paper, honestly directed as it was, might lose us the state senate printing, and that would complicate our personal affairs.

"Mr. M'Curdy," I said to my partner, "I want to modify the contract for that building of ours."

"What for? They are going on all right; will be ready for the roof in a week."

"Yes—I know—three stories and basement, with shingle roof."

"Well?"

"That might do if things were going on as expected; but the death of President Harrison has changed everything."

"But we can't stop it now."

"I don't want to stop it. On the contrary, I want to put on another story, and roof it with zinc."

"Gee-whillikins!" he exclaimed (his way of swearing), "what do you want to do that for? What do you want with more room?"

"I don't want more room. I only want to put up a building to be proud of—the only four-story building in town, except Wilson's Hotel."

"But we don't need it."

"Yes we do. If we get the senate printing next winter, we are all right. If we don't get it, the sheriff will sell that building,—I will go away,—and I want a tip-top building to look at as partly my own work, if I ever visit the place in after years!"

M'Curdy was a sanguine man; thought we would get the senate printing, and come out with plenty of cash. It was therefore not difficult to get his consent to modify the building contract. The fourth story was put on, and a zinc roof covered the *Intelligencer Block*, which, with its cast-iron

sills and lintels, was one of the best buildings then at the capital of the state.

When the senate met we were tabooed. So far as sixteen whig senators were concerned, no 'Tyler man' could get a spoon into that porridge pot. Sixteen democratic senators would only vote for straight democrats. All depended on the thirty-third man—a whig who did not care for Clay or Tyler, but who, as the husband of a grand-daughter of a cousin of my grandmother, felt a sort of family affection for me. This gentleman would vote for M'Curdy or for me, or for any one we preferred, only stipulating that the candidate should be able to do the work, and be trustworthy. Boas & Copeland, the democratic candidates, could do the work, and we thought them very trustworthy, as they were to give us a share of the profits if elected. We assured our senatorial friend that they were excellent gentlemen to vote for, and like a respectable and true-hearted family connexion as he was, he voted for them. M'Curdy and I got the promised dividend, which did not, however, save our perilled fortunes; and I have only told this tale to show that state patronage was as greedily sought long ago as it is now, and that we did not scruple even to trade a senator's vote for it.

Mr. Tyler had an excellent plan. We were to have a new party, with him at the head. He wanted to concentrate the honest men of both parties into one grand patriotic combination, that would sweep all others out of the way, and on a sort of tidal wave bear him into the Presidency at the election of 1844. He was beautifully sincere in this, and believed that the best interests of the country depended on his success. But excellent as his plan was, it had one serious drawback: it was impracticable. The John Tyler party germinated feebly, but its growth did not equal that of a hill of beans, planted in the dark of the moon. Still, his flatterers, who wanted office, kept up his faith, and at times he was sanguine that he would be able to save the country. When Henry S. Spackman, an eloquent state senator from Philadelphia, called on the President in the fall of 1842, Mr. Tyler was looking forward to a nomination even by the next whig national convention.

"I'll demonstrate it to you, Mr. Spackman," he said, taking a pencil and drawing a triangle at the top of a sheet of paper.

"That, you see, is the Baltimore Convention—do you not?"

Mr. Spackman said he saw. The President then drew a triangle half way down the sheet on the right side.

"That," said he, "is Daniel Webster."

Then, drawing another triangle on the left side—

"That is Henry Clay, Mr. Spackman. You perceive," he continued, placing his pencil at the upper triangle—"here I am." Then, pencil in hand—"I go into the Baltimore Convention, and at one stroke I cut off the heads of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay!"

And as he spoke, his pencil swept from the upper triangle, with a curve through both lower ones, as a demonstration not to be disputed.

"That is perfectly clear and satisfactory, is it not, Mr. Spackman?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. S.; "but I confess, Mr. President, I never saw the matter exactly in that light before!"

With all his weakness for a Tyler party, and his hope of an election by the people, the President neglected none of the great duties of his office, and his administration wore along as successfully as if he had never doubted the fidelity of a Clay whig, or pinned his faith to a smiling and slippery democrat. John Tyler was an honest man and pleasant gentleman. In social life, none more urbane and agreeable in conversation, or more solicitous for the happiness of all about him. The informal evenings at the White House were extremely enjoyable, and no one could see him in the unrestraint of his home without feeling that his many virtues outweighed his few foibles. But not till the close of his term did he realize that appointing a few friendly democrats to office, mixed with the faithful Tyler whigs, would not build up a separate political party with him at its head. The service done by Mr. Tyler to the financial interests of the country by his bank veto has never been appreciated.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAW STUDIES — EXAMINATION OF STUDENTS — COMPLIMENTARY REMARKS OF SENIOR COMMITTEEMAN — FOUR ADMITTED — THE SHINGLE PUT OUT — DAVID'S SUGGESTION — PROPRIETY OF TAKING OFFICE — CLERKS AT WASHINGTON — LADIES — MRS. POTIPHAR NOT THERE — JOSEPH NOT THERE EITHER — POLITE BOARDERS — CALL ON MR. TYLER — CLERKSHIP SECURED — BOARDERS SURPRISED — CLERKSHIP GIVEN UP — INDIAN SERVICE PREFERRED — THE SECRETARY OF WAR — GEN. CAMERON'S KINDNESS — HOW TO GET TO COUNCIL BLUFFS — JESSE BENTON FREMONT.

After some six or eight weeks of diligent study I thought myself ready in the fall of 1842 to be admitted to the bar. The full term of three years of study had been constructively completed, and short as the time of actual devotion to legal lore may seem, I decided to submit to examination. I had absorbed Blackstone, Kent, Story and Greenleaf; and there used to be a great deal of law and equity in this quartet. Many of the definitions and maxims had been committed to memory—the law latin of the latter having as fresh a relish for me as if direct from Cicero—and thus I had a goodly store of elements on hand. Besides, it was a matter of course that Col. John Roberts, as the oldest member of the bar, would be at the head of the examining committee, and it was well known that if the student could get the venerable senior started in a discussion of 'the difference between a vested and contingent remainder,' or of 'the rule in Shelley's case,' he would probably get through without having to answer a great many questions.

There were four to be examined: Joseph Allison, since for many years a judge in Philadelphia; Richard McAllister, a lawyer in Washington; David Fleming, of whom I have lost sight; and myself. We met early, and arranged with Capt. Hale, mine host of the tavern, to enter with oysters and champagne about 9.30, true time, but to have the hands of his watch and the office clock suitably regulated. When the committee had assembled, four as modest and decorous young gentlemen as need be were ready for the ordeal. With different questions to each in succession the examination went on until we got the senior of the committee into 'vested and con-

tingent remainders,' and from that into 'the rule in Shelley's case;' and then the examination seemed to be reversed, as the students were all so desirous to have abstruse points cleared up that Col. Roberts was occupied in giving us explanations instead of putting questions, when Capt. Hale appeared with the table cloth on his arm and two waiters behind him with trays. The student's protested that he had come too early by an hour.

"Half-past ten, gentlemen, was the order."

"Yes, but it's not half-past ten. Can't be more than half-past nine."

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen, but it's half-past ten by the office clock, and by the watch too."

And so it was, but not by the watch of Col. Roberts, the only one in the room as it happened except Capt. Hale's; and the question arose whether the trays should be sent out again, as the students suggested; but Col. Roberts thought it possible that his watch might have lost time, and the committee decided that the examination could be finished after the refreshments were disposed of. Seated at the social board the seniors thawed out very readily, and entertained us with stories and anecdotes full of point and humor for a couple of hours, but forgot to resume the examination.

Next day Col. Roberts with much earnestness and gravity reported to the Court that his brethren of the committee and himself had never examined students who had read the law more intelligently, or with a better appreciation of the high duties of the noble profession to which they aspired, than the four young gentlemen then in the presence of His Honor;—that it had been a positive pleasure to his brethren and himself to find how diligently and understandingly they had devoted themselves to the task of acquiring the knowledge essential to the discharge of their duties as members of the bar, to which he begged leave to move the Court that they be at once admitted; with the further remark, if His Honor would pardon him, that if students were always as well qualified by diligent study and just appreciation of their duties as these had proved themselves to be, service on examining committees would no longer be regarded as an irksome duty, but would be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations by the maturer members of the bar.

No students were ever admitted to the bar of Dauphin county with more *eclat* than we, and in good truth we were as well read and as well qualified to practice law as young lawyers generally are; none of whom are really fit to be trusted with anybody's cause until they have had experience in somebody else's. A lawyer's apprentice ought to have an opportunity to handle the tools of the trade under the eye of his master, and thus acquire skill in practice before he undertakes to carry on the business for himself.

Having disposed of the good will and other chattel property of the *Intelligencer*, I put up a sign,—Attorney at Law,—and sat during the winter in a dingy office, diligent in abstract study, and waiting for business that seemed in no hurry to come. The *ennui* that besets an expectant young lawyer was borne with what patience I could command, but the tediousness of the life

was absolutely toilsome. Sammy Wood's guests in the solitary cells of that noted stone edifice in Philadelphia, the Eastern Penitentiary, had in their separate confinement almost as cheerful a life as I in my lawyer-den. Many successful jurists have endured this probation, which is at times intolerably depressing; and I had not only the heart-sickness of hope deferred to bear, but in addition the torture of self-distrust. The young lawyers waiting for their first cases have ever since had my sympathy, but they do not in general suffer from self-depreciation; while so diffident was I of my own capacity, so absurdly modest in my estimate of myself, and therefore so positively unsuited for the profession, that if a client had actually come I should have been scared, and might possibly have escaped out of the back door while he entered the front. But weeks and weeks went by, and yet no client to scare me, when who should appear but my brother, David Stewart Elliott, on a visit. We talked over the prospect, he as confident as Micawber (not then however known to us) and as sanguine as Mulberry Sellers of later years, but I was in gloomy mood, and after some rather serious references to financial matters and urgent needs, exclaimed with much honesty and a good deal of warmth:

"Confound it, Davie, I know no law!"

"Necessity never does," he quietly replied, and followed up this witty response—good enough for the British classics—with the practical question—

"Why don't you go to Washington and get an office?"

"Well," I replied, "I've always liked to say, with Judge Burnside, 'thank Heaven I'm above office,' and I'd like to feel so yet."

"All stuff! Judge Burnside is well off and can talk big if he wants to; but that don't suit *you*. Captain Tyler'll give you an office if you ask him."

Perhaps he would; but what a lower depth! Yet, after all, as I pondered on it—why not? Clients might come too slowly; and you can't hurry them or drive them in. You can't stand at the door as if you kept an old clo' shop, and hail them with old law 'as good as new, and cheaper as any in town;' for the Profession had then so much dignity it hardly tolerated an advertisement in the newspaper. Then why not come down to an 'office?'—I might as well try Washington for a while. The sheriff of Dauphin county, vigorous officer that he was, had everything going on right for the sale in due time of the Intelligencer Block—four stories and basement, cast-iron sills and lintels, and zinc roof—and I could come back some future day and look at it with pride as one of the best buildings in town, and partly my own creation.

Having lost heavily by an honest and unselfish support of Mr. Tyler's administration, I had 'claims;' but for many reasons, and among them its uncertain tenure, I had no inclination for office. Intelligent gentlemen held clerkships at Washington, and led what appeared like easy lives, with ample time for intellectual and social pleasures; but few if any ever laid up

a dollar; and each might at any moment be thrown on the world, with no profession or business, and perhaps unfitted by office life to enter upon any. To saunter up to a pleasant room and go through the forms of work a few hours each day, was a very nice life even on moderate pay; but the failure of an appropriation, a whim of the appointing power, or that fearful calamity—a change of party in the administration—might wither a livelihood as suddenly as Jonah's gourd. If a man could live at anything else, I had always thought, let him not take office at Washington. I had hoped never to be brought to a fate so full of deteriorating ease and inevitable hazard.

The faithful and competent of the clerks at Washington have a hard life. There is no appreciation of their labors. The more ably a clerk prepares papers for the head of a bureau or department to sign, the more credit gained by the head, and that is all. No one ever thinks of the laborious and perhaps 'seedy' gentleman whose full and fertile mind sheds golden lustre upon his chief but none on himself. Even the able and instructive work of Joseph Nimmo, as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, is hardly known or I fear adequately appreciated; and I think he has in past years written much that gave others repute, but in which he was never known at all. The same routine obtained at Washington forty years ago. Mr. Potts and Mr. Mix virtually managed the Indian Bureau, under Papa Crawford, and managed judiciously when not overruled by him; but they got no credit if things went well, and did not escape censure if they went ill.

I have no idea how much practical Christianity there is among the clerks at Washington now, but there must have been a goodly share of it in old times, as in all my experience I never met with anything but courtesy and proper attention. If others have been less fortunate, perhaps they were themselves in fault. Always treating the clerks as gentlemen, they always proved themselves such to me. There is a little rule that ought to be regarded as the essence of gentility: always do to others as you would have them do to you.

They had no lady clerks at Washington when I was reduced to think of taking office, and since their introduction it has not been my lot to have had business in the departments. Hence I have had no adequate opportunities to judge how well they perform their duties; but I suppose in general as well as the gentlemen, and in some cases better. They chew less tobacco and read fewer newspapers, and unsound as the opinion may seem, I think they indulge less in gossip or idle talk. This is, however, a wicked world, and while ladies are clerks in the departments, there will be more or less of scandal. Women are themselves cruel to each other, and on slight grounds will look with evil eye on their sisters. As to the men—the topic needs no discussion. But I have faith in the natural goodness and purity of women when treated with due respect. It is very rare that a woman is leader in wrong doing of any kind. I have seen a great deal of the world, but have never had the honor to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Potiphar, and I do

not think she is a clerk at Washington. I am tolerably sure that Joseph is not there.

Arrived in Washington, Mrs. Turton, the lady of the boarding house, introduced me to the whole table at dinner, as was the custom, and with a general bow I was at home. All very polite: Col. G. Worthington Snethen, Mr. Henry Drayton, the ladies, and even the unshorn and threadbare Pole, Polowogski, who wanted to lecture on China, and who, when he could get a chance, would give us in broken English and uncouth accent all the points against Christianity that Thomas Paine has in his *Age of Reason*, and which have since been paraded in more elegant phrase by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. Very polite and friendly all, and contrasting broadly with the modern restaurant fashion of Washington boarding houses, where they have separate tables and a lot of little dishes, from which the solitary stranger picks up a meal as best he can, and lives up to Dr. Tanner's rule not to weary the stomach by overloading.

All polite, social, interesting. Had I just arrived in the city? Yes—just in on morning train. Was it my first visit to Washington? By no means—had often been in the city, and liked it much. Did I contemplate a long visit? Could not tell; it depended on the appointing power, and that is sometimes uncertain. Ah—yes—was I taking part in the political movements? Not much—was rather tired of party squabbles; had suffered serious losses, and as a last resort, concluded to take office. Ah!—yes.

They were intensely amused. The idea of any one coming there to take office, as if it was a matter of course to get it, was irresistibly funny, and sorely tried their good breeding. Some of them had been applying for months, and had not succeeded. A hearty laugh would have done them infinite good, but politeness forbade. They quietly and furtively smiled to each other, and actually enjoyed my fresh presence among them, as much as they could a basket of roses in January. It seemed so innocent in me to expect just to put out my ungloved hand and pluck the tempting and golden fruit, so long beyond their reach even on tip-toe, and it did me good to afford them the pleasure of a novel sensation so easily. As a rare visitor I ranked next to the comet.

In the evening I called at the White House. The President 'received' informally then every evening, there not being so many people to crowd in as we have now; but of course it was not etiquette on such occasions to talk of appointments, unless the topic was introduced by him. He was very kind in his inquiries about my health, which I assured him was excellent, and hoped would not suffer if he should detain me in Washington. He asked me if I intended to transfer my editorial labors to the capital, whereupon I told him as pleasantly as I could that they had come to a compulsory halt, through the bitter hostility of his enemies; but added rather heroically that I would 'rather be poor and honest than rich and false to principle.'

"My dear sir," said the President, "if you care to serve the government in office, just find a vacant place and I will see that you go into it."

This was very satisfactory. At breakfast next morning I mentioned that I would like to find a vacancy in some department, as I felt sure I could get into it; but none knew of any, and seemed rather to doubt that they ever existed. They had been looking for vacancies to be filled by themselves. By 9 o'clock I was on a still hunt through the departments, and happened on an old friend, a clerk in the Third Auditor's bureau, who knew of a place in it to be vacated on the ensuing first of April. I went at once to the White House and by 12 o'clock had a written order from the President to Mr. Peter Hagner, Third Auditor of the Treasury, to put me into the place designated. Before 2 o'clock all was settled, and I was changed from a briefless lawyer into a prospective 'officeholder' at twelve hundred dollars a year.

Amazement and a shade of incredulity sat on all faces at dinner, when in response to polite inquiries as to how I was getting on, I told them matters were arranged for a little twelve hundred dollar place in the Treasury. Even kindly Mrs. Turton looked as if she feared I was drawing the long-bow, and the Pole, Polowogski, said—"I must dinks dot is fast worrick!" looking at the others as if he did not quite credit the tale. Col. Sneath and Mr. Drayton, with their usual politeness, tendered congratulations, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones hinted that they would esteem it a great favor if I would aid them in their search for a berth, as they had been six months looking for some one's shoes that Mr. J. might step into. But upon the whole I thought the boarders did not seem quite so much amused as when I first came and stated my willingness to take office.

St. Patrick's Day (1843) gave us fifteen inches of snow, due possibly to the long-tailed comet then on exhibition free of charge, as the heavenly wonders always are. I sat quietly indoors, wrote letters, read a novel, and listened to Mr. Drayton's music. But I was not happy, as I did not like the prospect of a clerk's life in Washington, with all its temptations and uncertainties. Next day I called on my old friend, Mr. Potts, chief clerk of the Indian Bureau, and inquired if there was any part of the Indian rack where one could get a nibble of treasury fodder.

"Not a place vacant," replied my good friend, "except a little sub-agency at Council Bluffs, \$750 salary."

"What is a sub-agency, Mr. Potts?"

"An agency, except in title, salary, and mode of appointment. Same duties as those of an Agent, who gets \$1,500. The Council Bluffs sub-agency is east of the Missouri river, and disburses over \$40,000 a year. The bond is \$20,000. The Secretary of War appoints the sub-agents—the President appoints the agents."

"Why called 'sub' if not under an agent?"

"My dear fellow, you must ask the gentlemen who make the laws. We only execute them."

"Mr. Potts, ought I to take this sub-agency instead of a clerkship here at \$1,200?"

"With my experience, if I were you—yes. It may lead to something. A clerkship here seldom leads to anything but disaster—or the grave."

I decided to 'go west.' I had a vague idea that something might come of it.

James M. Porter, a democrat of distinction, who had been judge at Harrisburg, and had been abused in the Intelligencer as soundly as his brother, the Governor, had recently come in as Secretary of War, under Mr. Tyler's plan of conciliating and attracting the democracy. When I called on him we smiled as we shook hands, and the Secretary laughed outright when I alluded to the strange conjunction of him and myself there at Washington in the same political camp. True, the Tyler party was a rather small party, but all the more funny that Judge Porter should be in it. But he was a man of fine talents, and of a practical turn, and came down to business at once.

"Well, now, what can I do for you?" he inquired.

"Not much, Mr. Secretary. I am for the Indian service, and there is only one little hole to creep in at."

"Have I the appointment?"

"You have, sir, and I wish it was a bigger opening."

"Well, whatever it is, I'll have the commission made out at once, if you say so. But call and see me again before you leave."

When we were all again at dinner in a family way, so much more social than present arrangements, I remarked that I had decided, after all, to decline that place in Mr. Hagner's bureau.

"So?" inquired the Pole.

"Indeed?" from Col. Snethen.

"Possible?—nothing wrong I hope," from good Mrs. Turton.

"Well, I don't altogether like it. If I go into office here I'll never be fit for anything else. I've decided not to take the place."

Positive incredulity struggled with politeness in every face. Their looks said I had been romancing, and had never had a promise of the \$1,200 clerkship at all. Still, it might have been, and they inquired who was to wear the shoes when vacant. I did not know; had not yet notified Mr. Hagner or the President that I declined. Who would I recommend? No one; could not take so great a liberty; and besides, if I pushed away the pap from myself, it was not likely the authorities would let me dictate who should hold the spoon.

It was abnormal conduct, to refuse even a twelve hundred dollar clerkship; and never having been done before, they could not understand it. Polowogski said he would rather be 'dot clarrick' than 'make lecture on China.' Col. Snethen inquired if I intended to resume editorial labor?

"By no means. I'll go to the far west, I believe. I've accepted a commission in the Indian service."

Oh!—ah!—But I think they were relieved somewhat in learning that a reckless young fellow, who could decline one office, when offices were so scarce, and pick up another in the same day, would soon leave the city. It was too tantalizing to have a chap like that in the house. They were still, however, polite and pleasant as usual, and as the snow had gone off rapidly we all went up after dark to the corner of the President's grounds to lean on the board fence and look at the comet and its wonderful tail.

A salary of \$750; annual disbursements over \$40,000 cash; a bond of \$20,000. Such was the consistency of the Indian bureau. It looked as if an 'Indian Sub-agent' was expected to steal enough in some way to make his pay correspond to his responsibilities. I note these matters as among the numerous absurdities which used to distinguish the Indian bureau. But the bond must be given, and I at once wrote to Pennsylvania and had it arranged. Here I might stop, but having written to one gentleman upon whom I had no claim whatever, personal or political, I wish to note his answer, as an instance of disinterested kindness, which, though not availed of, has never been forgotten. He replied that he was on many bonds, and had lost heavily by 'going bail,' as it was styled in Pennsylvania, and said frankly that he would rather not incur any new responsibilities; but concluded a long and friendly letter, which I have yet, with the sentence: "If you determine on reflection to accept the post, and my name is absolutely necessary to enable you to retain it, I will go on the bond." The man who thus wrote, from unselfish generosity and kindness, seeking no return, was General Simon Cameron. To state the facts is eulogy enough. It was by such helpful acts that General Cameron acquired his large influence in Pennsylvania. How often those he befriended were ungrateful is not known, but in many cases it was proved that gratitude is not always what the cynic styled it—'a lively sense of favors to be received.'

The whole system of requiring personal sureties to back the integrity of a public officer is wrong. A default brings ruin or embarrassment to the generous, kind-hearted friends of the defaulter. Better that the entire community should bear the loss than a few large-hearted men. Punish the derelict officer severely enough, and fear of punishment may be a restraint in cases where honor might fail. Many good and competent men are now debarred from offices they would worthily fill, because they cannot or will not try to give the required bond. Or let the government compel the custodians of its moneys or property to pay the premium for the assurance of their fidelity in the mode now adopted by some of the railroad companies and banks.

My bond filed and commission in hand, I was ready to leave Washington, and at dinner an early departure was announced. All at the table politely expressed their concern at the loss of my society, but I doubted if any but Mrs. Turton and the seedy Pole felt much if any regret. Neither of those wanted office, and my preposterous conduct in playing with appointments as if they were pawns on a chessboard, to be taken or not at

pleasure, did not reflect on their ill success, as it did perhaps on that of Mr. Jones and others. Besides, Polowogski was a 'poor devil,' as the phrase goes, and had a sort of spaniel regard for me, as I had strained a point to be civil to him, although his views on religious subjects were not agreeable. He seemed grateful for courtesies that cost me little, but his unorthodox arguments left me in the condition of a well-raised citizen, for Col. Ingersoll to try his hand on forty years later if he should ever feel like it. Mrs. Turton's regret arose partly from that genuine kindness of which good women are always capable, and partly from her interest as one of a class whose lot in life is never too happy. I was a paying boarder, and such were always valued (where so many were apt to be waiting for office) in the delightful temporary homes we had in old times at Washington.

When I called in the evening to take leave of the President I found him in a serene and happy mood, and even his two sons, Robert and John, seemed to have laid aside for the moment the load of responsibility generally borne by them. Several old friends of Mr. Tyler were in the room, and they had been enjoying anecdotes and reminiscences of less anxious days. Having stated that I had called to bid him adieu—

"Why, how is this?" he responded. "My order to Mr. Hagner was positive."

"So it was, Mr. President, and properly honored; but I found a vacant place in the west under the Indian Bureau, and preferred that to a position here."

"You have decided wisely, however well pleased we should have been to have you remain here. The west is better than Washington for a man at your age, and you have my best wishes."

"Ah, yes," said Judge Rowan, of Kentucky, "you may possibly settle in St. Louis. It is a fine place—a place with a great future."

And then he took snuff from a silver box, and gave me some, which made me sneeze, although, even then, St. Louis was by no means 'a place to be sneezed at.'

I never saw the good-hearted, well-meaning, cordial John Tyler again. He has passed into history, and his weaknesses are forgotten. Let him be thought of only as a sincere well-wisher of his country. His administration brought no evils on it. If it had only Fremont's explorations to be remembered by, it should have at least one white stone. I have been assured that if Mr. Tyler's time had lasted a few weeks longer, an inchoate treaty with Mexico would have been completed, and the war averted.

In all Washington City I could find no one to tell me how I could get to Council Bluffs. The Indian Bureau only knew that once a year the steamboat of the Fur Company went up the Missouri, and came down again, but it would be gone before my arrival at St. Louis. The map had a dot marked 'Lexington' on the river—the most westerly point named, and I concluded there would be a steamboat to that place at least, and thence I would get up by some means or other. St. Louis must be rather a smart place, no

doubt. We had exchanged with the Missouri Republican—quite a respectable paper, we thought, for a place so far out of the world. At length I fell in with Dr. Silas Reed, Surveyor General of Missouri, who assured me that St. Louis was ‘a wonderful city, growing very rapidly, and destined to be the starting point of a railroad to the Pacific ocean.’ But who could credit these western men, whose views always seemed to us in the east so bold and extravagant? From their talk one might suppose *they* were the metropolitans, and *we* the provincials. Dr. Reed told me I could get up the Missouri by steamboats in regular trade far away above Lexington, and probably all the way to my sub-agency; but I was on my guard against exaggeration, and the most I could believe was that I might possibly get to Fort Leavenworth. Kansas City will hardly credit me, but she was really not thought of forty years ago. Independence and Westport were small towns, in the exact geographical centre of the United States, according to Gilpin.

“Is everything satisfactory?” inquired Judge Porter, when I called to say farewell.

“Perfectly, Mr. Secretary. I start for the west to-morrow.”

“Too impatient. Something better would have opened up if you had waited.”

“Could not do it, sir. The Washington atmosphere is too heavy with anxieties of the needy. It seemed uncharitable to stand in their way. One feels more like a Christian, taking a place nobody else wants.”

We parted, never to meet again. Judge Porter was an able man, but went to Washington too late to become widely known. He would now be forgotten but for Mrs. Jesse Benton Fremont. When, in 1843, Fremont started on his second expedition, his wife remained in St. Louis and forwarded his letters. An order came from the Secretary of War directing Fremont not to take with him a howitzer from Fort Leavenworth, but Jesse thought such an order would do more good in her desk than in the hands of John C., and it did not get beyond St. Louis. The explorer took his gun.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN AUCTION—A TITLE—DOWN THE OHIO—CINCINNATI, THE QUEEN CITY—
HER OBSERVATORY—A LITTLE MOON STORY—OLD FASHION IN LIGHTS—
THE SWEET SINGERS—ST. LOUIS AND MISSOURI IN 1843—COL. MITCHELL
—INDIAN TRADE—CHOUTEAU, SIRE, SARPY, WALSH, CAMPBELL, MACKEN-
ZIE—STEAMER JOHN AULL, JOHN J. ROE, MASTER—AN ABLE DELEGATION
—COLLIER FACTORY—COL. RICHESON—BEANS—E. M. SAMUEL AND OTHER
PROMINENT MISSOURIANS—A RAILROAD TALKED OF—HEMP AND TOBACCO
TOWNS—BLACKSNAKE HILLS—MONSIEUR JOSEPH ROBIDOUX—THE NEW
TOWN NAMED SAINT JOSEPH.

Going—going-g—once, twice, three-e-e—GONE!

This was the peroration of Peter Wonderly's speech, as Sheriff's auc-
tioneer in Harrisburg. He had orated about the Intelligencer Block—four
stories and basement—cast-iron sills and lintels—and zinc roof. It was
'gone,' he said; but on my return from Washington, a public officer, there
it stood, a monument of enterprise, lost through political honesty, and
probably the only edifice ever lost in that way. Like the Tower of Babel,
it's fate was exceptional. But I had little time to indulge the pride of
having aided to get up one of the best buildings in the borough, as I must
hasten westward, expanded as I was already in anticipation of what Bryant
calls—

“The gardens of the desert, the unshorn fields,
Boundless yet beautiful, for which the speech of England hath no name
The prairies.”

and soon everything was arranged but my title. There was but one way to
fix this, and I called on Governor Porter.

“Going west, I understand?” he remarked.

“Yes, Your Excellency,” I replied, using the address of those polite old
times. “I thought it better than life in Washington.”

“Great country, sir. Not at all understood among our people; but if
they knew what opportunities it presents to industry and enterprise, too
many might be tempted to emigrate.”

“The Pennsylvanians are a home-loving people, Your Excellency. I
leave with regret, but may gain by the step.”

"No doubt you will; but can I aid you in any way?"

"Only by a Commission, Your Excellency. Out west men are apt to address each other as Captain, Major, or Colonel, and I would like to have a right to my title."

"Well, you shall have it. I'll commission you as my Aid-de-Camp."

This serious matter was settled. The Secretary was to mail the commission to Lewistown, where I would stop a day for farewells. Two days later, as we were all at the canal lock to greet the packet, who should be on the deck but the Governor himself.

"Good morning, Colonel," he said, as I approached to salute him, and added in undertones, "the commission is in the mail."

But the honor of my position as Governor's Aid did not appear to be rated very highly, as Tyler men, however politically honest, were supposed to be rather scampish. It was the same sort of feeling that even insulted Webster in New England, because he refused to follow Mr. Clay's lead in hostility to Tyler's administration, on account of the bank veto.

On the canal to Hollidaysburg, then over the Alleghenies on the Portage Railroad, and I was soon again in Pittsburgh; but not, as six years before, a wandering printer seeking a 'situation.' I was now an officer of the United States, and a Colonel of the State, bearing my blushing honors modestly.

How delightful was the voyage down the Ohio compared with the deck passage as a Texas emigrant in 1837! The Ohio and the Mississippi were both in flood, and in six days we had paddled 1,200 miles from Pittsburgh to St. Louis; a very rapid passage then, though we think one day a long time for the passage by rail now. We made a stop, too, at Cincinnati, where some of the passengers went to Walnut Hills, then forest I believe; but I do not remember much of the 'Queen City,' as she then with reason called herself. Her population of 46,388 in 1840 grew to 115,436 in 1850, when she was 'the largest inland city in the United States,' and in the number of her people was only excelled by Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans. Necessarily, in 1843 she was doing an immense business; killing more hogs than any other city in the world. Chicago is now the chief swine city, and has robbed Cincinnati of her prestige, but cannot rob her of her astronomical repute, as the first city in the United States to establish an Observatory. The labors of Prof. O. M. Mitchell in astronomical science have shed lustre on the name of Cincinnati. But even in matters as grave as the study of the stars and planets, one must guard against the vagaries of fancy, and I have never been able to credit the report of discoveries in the moon by the Cincinnati telescope, as given by the St. Louis Reveille in 1845, in a letter from Cincinnati:

"It is very well known to all that the Lunarians have very long nights, corresponding in length to what we call the dark of the moon. There must necessarily be great demand for lamps, and nature seems to have well provided for this in the abundance of that valuable animal, the hog. They

appear to have discovered the art of converting the entire hog into some such inflammable material as stearine; for along the dark edges of the moon, as it begins to show itself, the whole hog can frequently be seen, stuck up on end, resting on his nose and fore feet, and made to burn by lighting his tail; evidently intended for something like our street lamps."

When this fling at Cincinnati's Observatory (imitated from Locke's moon hoax) was made, lard oil was in common use for lamps, having superseded sperm oil. An alcoholic preparation called spirit gas was manufactured in St. Louis by Stephen Ridgley, to be burnt in lamps, with tin tubes for wicks two inches long. This fluid was superseded by veritable coal oil, distilled from bituminous coal, and the coal oil has been superseded by the petroleum provided by nature. Sixty years ago, each family in Pennsylvania made its own tallow candles, and spermaceti candles were also used sparingly. Stearine candles, made in factories, succeeded those of tallow. Flat iron lamps, holding lard, with a cotton or tow wick at one end, were in common use in kitchens, and many a school boy studied his lesson by their light during President Jackson's administration. From this iron lamp, very like those used by the old Romans, up to the electric lights, is a long step, but nothing in art or science is surprising now. If we can store up electricity for use when wanted, we need only to utilize the winds or waters to store up elastic force for our engines, in order to illuminate every place. Sticking types in a printing office with tallow candles, fifty years ago, seems now almost incredible, even to those who did it.

Very little do I remember of that speedy voyage from Pittsburgh to St. Louis. I have only the general memory of rapid progress, constant enjoyment of novel scenes, the majestic rivers,—and the sweet singers. These were two young ladies from New England, Miss Caroline and Miss Emeline Frisbee, who with their brother Joseph were on their way to join relations in Illinois. How delightfully they sang and how pleasant to listen! Addison's noble psalm, beginning—

"The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue etherial sky,"

as rendered by them, was an Oratorio in itself; and the song of the bells—

"Hark! 'tis the sound of the village bells!
How pleasantly—they strike—on the ear—
And how merrily they ring!"

seems yet at times to be borne in faint echoes to the ear. They are elderly ladies now, but I trust their hearts are young enough to enjoy their own music—or at least the memory of it, as I do.

Arrived at St. Louis May 13, 1843, I found myself in a CITY, just of age, having been raised to that dignity twenty-one years before (1822) when her population was probably about 2,000, as it only got up to 4,377 in 1830. She grew to 16,467 by 1840, and in 1843 had probably 25,000 people, as she rose to 77,680 by 1850. The entire state of Missouri, including St. Louis, had by the

census of 1840 only a population of 383,702, but was rapidly increasing. The immigrants were mostly from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and among them many 'Americans of African descent,' held as chattels, but generally as happy as the white part of the family, and often as well dressed.

Col. David D. Mitchell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, received me cordially, and at once introduced me to the Fur Company (P. Chouteau, jr., & Co.), Robert Campbell, Kenneth Mackenzie, and Messrs. J. and E. Walsh, all more or less concerned in the Indian trade; and we had a round of pleasant visits. The Indian trade was then a large business, ramifying through the Rocky Mountains, and I found the gentlemen engaged in it very different from the 'Indian traders' of my untutored fancy. Pierre Chouteau, Joseph A. Sire, John B. Sarpy, Edward Walsh, Robert Campbell, Kenneth Mackenzie, and others whom I met for the first time, were all gentlemen of that exquisite politeness which puts a stranger at ease. Ignorant as I was of Indian matters, they seemed unconscious of my lack of knowledge, and in a few hours managed to convey a great many facts without appearing to act as instructors. I was very grateful for their high toned courtesy.

I had inquired of Col. Mitchell how to reach my post at Council Bluffs, and the reply was—

"You can take boat to Blacksnake Hills, and from there you will easily get a wagon for baggage, and horses if you like the saddle."

"How about the taverns to stop at, Colonel?"

"My dear fellow—if you get settlers' cabins to sleep in you'll do well; and if not, you can lie in the wagon or bivouac."

I soon learned that Blacksnake Hills meant Monsieur Joseph Robidoux's trading post away above Fort Leavenworth, and in the 'Platte Purchase,' of which I then heard for the first time. It seemed all a new world to me, but if I might judge from the manners of the St. Louis gentlemen, not likely to be an unpleasant one. There was, however, one little matter that I can only note as a let-down. I was 'Major' everywhere! That was the title universally given by courtesy to Indian agents, and my parchment and broad seal title of Colonel, conferred so graciously by the Governor of Pennsylvania, was ignored, and has never been of any use to me since.

The good steamboat, John Aull, whereof John J. Roe, was Master, swung off and started. She was to have gone two days before, but all who were in St. Louis thirty or forty years ago, when the river front presented a scene of activity and a fleet of steamboats elsewhere unequalled, can tell you that a start on the advertised day often meant one or two days later. There were no regular 'Lines' then. Each boat was an independent cruiser, and it was better economy to lie in port and feed her passengers than to paddle off on a long voyage with less than a full cargo.

Bravely the John Aull breasted the rapid current of the Missouri, then in flood, and in a week we were at the end of her voyage. She had a long

hill to climb, as at Blacksnake Hills we were nearly three hundred feet higher above sea level than at St. Louis, the slope of the river being about eight inches to the mile. But Capt. John J. Roe had grown up on a steamboat, and would have tried the John Aull at an angle of forty-five degrees if necessary. No thought then of pork-packing, and the other big enterprises in which he was at a later date so conspicuous and so useful, till arrested by death in the fulness of activity and business. The sudden cessation of life was regarded as due to one of those decrees of Providence which we say are inscrutable; but I think it was the result of too intense work in his varied affairs.

Now that I think of it, I once lost ten dollars by Capt. Roe and Col. Thomas Richeson, in 1868, when the former was President of the Merchants Exchange. A delegate to the National Board of Trade, to meet for organization at Philadelphia, suddenly announced his inability to attend. At Col. Richeson's suggestion, Capt. Roe called on me to fill the vacancy, which I agreed to do, never supposing but what the derelict member would pay expenses—which he never did. The jaunt cost me \$110, but I had \$100 worth of enjoyment. The delegation consisted of Thomas Allen, George P. Plant, Henry T. Blow, Adolphus Meier, E. O. Stanard, and myself—and leaving myself out, I think an abler delegation never left St. Louis for any purpose. The Philadelphians, with hospitality that Royalty never equaled, took the whole Board a three days' excursion through the coal region of Pennsylvania. I was thus only loser to the amount of \$10, and this Col. Richeson will no doubt pay, when I call on him at the White Lead and Oil Works of the Collier Company in St. Louis; a great establishment, originated long years ago by Dr. Silas Reed, and brought to fruition by that most estimable gentleman and thorough business man, Henry T. Blow; taken from us in 1875 in the prime of his usefulness. For the last thirty years under the management of Col. Richeson, this factory, which was the first of its kind west of the Mississippi, and has paid more money to western farmers and lead miners than any other one concern, has grown to immense proportions, but the complicated business moves on with the precision of an Elgin watch. Col. Richeson puts into his work what Father advised me to put into my old Gazette, 'brains,' yet has found time to serve the public as President of the Exchange, and in positions of municipal and financial trust. Still, he is so little progressive in business matters that he has never got beyond the old saw that 'honesty is the best policy.'

The factory now gets its flaxseed and castor beans mostly by rail. In old times these were dangerous cargo on a boat, as the German emigrant family that came up the river thirty years ago could testify; for seeing a torn sack of nice-looking beans, they innocently put a fair measure of them into their pot of soup, and soon became convinced that the cholera had broken out afresh. The old folks are dead, but the lessons of childhood are lasting, and the son on his farm in Missouri is likely to reply, if any one

says 'beans' to him, as did the old soldier of the regular army when asked to re-enlist—'Not another (blank) infernal bean!'

Among the John Aull's passengers were E. M. Samuel, J. T. V. Thompson, and M. Arthur, very prominent citizens of Clay county; and we talked of the development and prospects of western Missouri. Listening eagerly to all they said, I soon found how little the people east of the Alleghenies then knew of our own country. Like a young robin with its mouth open in the nest, I swallowed everything, and soon began to learn something of what 'the west' really was. But I had my say on the subject of railroads, and advanced the opinion that the time would come when a railroad would be built from St. Louis to the west line of the state. They agreed it would be a good thing to have, as navigation of the Missouri could not go on in winter; but we all thought it would be a long time before we should see the railroad built. Only eight years later it was actually begun! The gentlemen I have named did much to promote the development of western Missouri. The commercial house of E. M. Samuel & Sons continues to exist in St. Louis (composed of the sons, Webster M. and Edward E. Samuel), and sustains the high character attained during the life of its founder.

The only towns I remember as having seen on that first trip up the Missouri are Lexington and Glasgow, and these appear in memory only as sloping clay banks, with hogsheads of tobacco and bales of hemp, and laughing negroes with wagons bringing in more. Both were places of much active business, and there must have been lots of merchandise and furniture of immigrants put off from the numerous boats then on the river; but the tobacco and hemp were new things to a raw Pennsylvanian, and made an enduring impression. If I were a born painter, as John Landis was, I could make a picture that would do for both of the old hemp and tobacco towns. Missouri was then profiting largely by the full-handed immigrants as well as by the products of her soil. Her people expended little for supplies from abroad, compared with the value of their exports, and St. Louis was financially the solidest city of her size in America; and the same phrase describes her very well yet.

On a bright Sabbath morning, May 20, 1843, we arrived at Blacksnake Hills, the old Indian trading station of Monsieur Joseph Robidoux. By 'we' I mean my brother Joseph and myself. Joe was younger than I, and had come out from Pennsylvania to see the world, and I was showing it to him. Sabbath it was, but only in the almanac, and on the smiling prairies and picturesque bluffs on the Missouri side, as well as over the river in what was not yet 'bleeding Kansas,' but simply a paradise for future Adams and Eves in linsey or store clothes, and as yet unknowing of Russel, or Butterfield, or Ben. Holliday, and their overland ventures. But Sabbath failed on the John Aull. Capt. Roe may have lost his almanac, and was in so much of a hurry to get home for another, that in a few hours the boat was unloaded, and after taking on some hides, deerskins, and bales of hemp,

from Mons. Robidoux's warehouse, turned her prow down stream. The warehouse was a building of stockade fashion, split logs set upright and roofed with clapboards, 'with the weight poles over,' as Maj. Alexis Mudd had it in his log cabin song. On its earthen floor were stored sugar, coffee, salt, and other merchandise, together with the household furniture and miscellaneous 'plunder' of the incoming settlers, and some barrels of that prime necessary of civilized frontier life, Bourbon whisky.

Monsieur Robidoux's ample log house for dwelling and trade, built many years before, stood a short distance away on the gentle slope of a hill, with his little corn-cracking mill on a 'branch' in the foreground; and the active old gentleman himself was mounting his horse for a ride to the land office, to be opened next day at Plattsburg. He wanted to be on hand early to enter his quarter section, which it was said the people of Buchanan county intended to take from him for a county seat. They wanted to lay out a town and sell lots; but so did Mons. Robidoux; and in September, 1843, the first sale of lots took place. With proper self-regard, he named the town after himself, ST. JOSEPH; but I protest that I would not, untutored, have taken him for a Saint, although he was an intelligent and respectable gentleman in his way. All this took place forty years and more ago, and I have seen multitudes of people since, but never another live Saint.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE ROAD — PLATTE PURCHASE — ATCHISON, KRUM AND SAMUEL — AN OPEN COURSE FOR EMPIRE — CAPT. ASHLEY'S APOLOGY — KEG CREEK IN FLOOD — MOSQUITO CREEK — A NIGHT OUT — A MERRY RECEPTION — FIRST WHITE MAN'S HOUSE IN COUNCIL BLUFFS — FIRST PRAIRIE PLOW IN SOUTHWEST IOWA — REUBEN HILDRETH ON HIGH WINDS — INDIAN BOYS FOR KENTUCKY — A ROBE FOR JAMES BIRNEY MARSHALL — COL. JOHNSON'S INDIAN ACADEMY — JOE'S WAY OF CONVEYING TRUTH.

Arranging at Blacksnake Hills for a wagon to follow on Tuesday with our baggage, and trusting it to entire strangers in a way that might not be safe now, Joe and I walked five or six miles to Jamestown, where there was a post office kept in a store, a tavern we could stop at, and a blacksmith shop constituting the rest of the town; all obsolete now I suppose. I had a nice rifle, brought from Pennsylvania, as I had not known that Samuel Hawken or T. J. Albright could supply as good, or better, in St. Louis; and I killed enough game on Monday to gain reputation with the landlord as a hunter, and to make a dinner for the guests of his house; the game being two gray squirrels and a woodcock, and the guests brother Joe and myself. It was a quiet town. The people strung along the road were on their way to select 'claims' and lived in camp. Hundreds of excellent locations in the 'Platte Purchase' were yet vacant, but were being rapidly taken up.

The Platte Purchase had in it about fifteen hundred thousand acres of as good country as ever laid open to sun and rain; but few of our present Missourians know its history, or to whom the State is indebted for it. The old west line of the state of Missouri ran due north from the mouth of the Kansas river. In 1835 David R. Atchison suggested the acquisition for the state of Missouri of all the territory east of the Missouri river, and south of a prolongation of the north line of the state westward to the river; and John M. Krum, of St. Louis (who had been a surveyor in his younger days), happening to be in western Missouri on legal business, assisted Mr. Atchison in preparations to bring before Congress the project of extending the Missouri boundary. E. M. Samuel prepared a strong memorial to Congress in favor of the measure, to which himself, John Thornton and

Andrew Hughes, all of Clay county, were the first signers; and this memorial gave vitality to the project at Jefferson and Washington Cities. The movement resulted in the act of Congress of June 7, and of the Legislature of Missouri of December 16, 1836; and the President of the United States, by his proclamation, declared the triangle between the old west line of the state and the Missouri river to be part of the state from March 28, 1837. Such was the 'Platte Purchase.' The Missouri Senators and Members of Congress all sustained the measure, but the greatest credit was due to the amiable Senator, Dr. Lewis F. Linn. The voluntary and unpaid services of Mr. Atchison, Mr. Krum and Mr. Samuel in starting the movement that resulted in so great an acquisition to the state, entitle them to monuments at its cost.

E. M. Samuel was widely known at an early day as a citizen of broad views and great public spirit; qualities which are happily inherited by his son, Webster M. Samuel, so well known in the commerce and enterprises of St. Louis.

With our baggage in an ox wagon and Joe and I afoot, our march towards Council Bluffs had so much of novelty in it that we were unconscious of fatigue; and we had settlers' houses to sleep in till we reached the north line of Missouri. The small streams had rude bridges, and the Nodaway and Neshnebotna ferries. The wagon would now and then almost stick fast in a prairie slough, but the driver had a repertoire of choice selections from the stars of his profession, and with a full measure of rugged profanity, and a big whip lash, managed to keep the cattle moving.

The quiet tavern at Jamestown was the last hostelry between St. Louis and Japan. No Walker House then for Ann Eliza, his nineteenth wife, to hide in from Brigham Young at Salt Lake; and no Palace Hotel at Yerba Buena, as the site of San Francisco was then called by the Mexican owners of California. Westward from Jamestown there was only the vast region of plains and mountains for the "Course of Empire" to take its way across the continent. We were on the 'ragged edge' of civilization; but the settlers along our road nearly all 'kept entertainment' and we had fared well in houses with no doorlocks, though I remember no particulars of any of the hospitable homes except Ashley's, a few miles beyond Savannah.

Captain Ashley had a splendid claim, and was very proud of its fertile soil, its abundance of water, and its goodly proportions of prairie and timber. We rested a day, and of course the Captain and I had a good deal of talk, during which I took care to tell him something of what I knew about farming. In March, 1844, going northward, I stopped again, with a two-horse wagon driven by myself. It had wooden axle-trees and old style spindles, with lynch pins, and in the morning I took a rail from the stable yard fence, and with a short stick of wood as a prop began to raise wheel after wheel to 'grease the wagon' from a tar bucket hung on the coupling pole. Capt. Ashley came out to assist, but I thanked him and said I could

get along very well by myself, as every teamster where I came from must be able to grease his own wagon. I had pieces of corn cobs stuck in the slots of the hubs to keep out the mud, and as I drew pin after pin, greased the spindles and slipped the wheels on again, putting in the linch pins and then the bits of corn cob in the slots, Capt. Ashley looked on the process as a revelation. At length he could hold in no longer—

“Major, I owe you a 'pology, and I'll come down like a squar man. When I see that tarpot on the wagon pole, I says to myself, who'd a thought it? For you see, when you was by here last spring, and talked about farmin', I says to myself, he's a blowin'—dogon'd if I din't. But I give in. That tarpot is some, and them corn cobs jest gits me! Dogon'd if I don't think you know somethin', after all.”

I only had the pleasure of stopping once with Capt. Ashley after this, but not even Horace Greeley himself could have outranked me there as a farmer.

At length Joe and I reached Keg Creek, about where the town of Glenwood, Iowa, now stands, and found it in flood. Two men with an ox team were there, carrying over their loading on trees felled across the narrow stream, having taken their wagon over piecemeal to load on the other side, and intending to swim the cattle. That was the way people had sometimes to do in a new country. Engaging these men to bring on our baggage, our team was sent back, and we undertook to walk to the camp of Capt. Burgwin's company of dragoons. It was a long walk, if we had known which trail to take, but we got lost and had to lay out by a fire, sleepless, till morning, with wolves howling round us, and mosquitos innumerable. We thought the stream under the bluff was very properly called Mosquito Creek, and we learned later that a man who had once been stripped and tied to a tree on its banks had died from the poison of the pestiferous insects. It was strange to us to find mosquitos annoying so far north, as we had always supposed them to be most numerous in the south, but I have since learned by experience that out on the open and high plains of Dakota they are in some places abundant and troublesome, even distant from water courses or swamps.

Wandering in the night through a burnt thicket before we decided to bivouac, I seemed to straddle every stiff stub near our course, and my trousers gave way, but my drawers were fortunately new and strong. With hands blackened from the burnt bushes, and faces in like condition from slaps at the mosquitos, we were in sorry plight when we reached Capt. Burgwin's camp about 8 o'clock next day; and as an officer of the United States and a Colonel of Pennsylvania, all the dignity I could put on did not blind the soldiers to my picturesque condition. One of them went to announce the arrival of the new Indian agent, and as Capt. Burgwin approached I opened the way for his smothered laugh by laughing myself as I told our mishaps; and the grin that the soldiers had been pretending not to know was on their faces broadened to a general smile all round. Never

was an Indian agent, however well dressed, received at his post so merrily ; but I was soon in a pair of Lieutenant McCrate's trowsers, and we had breakfast, not unwelcome after a fast of nearly twenty-four hours.

West and northwest, all was Indian land, and expected to remain so, except far-off Oregon, to which emigration was beginning. As to the Rocky Mountain regions, they were so little known that Fremont had only in 1842 made his first exploration, and in 1843 was engaged in his second.

Captain Burgwin's camp was in the little valley into which the City of Council Bluffs now extends itself. The ground of the camp is all in streets and city lots now. Within an hour after breakfast I had gone to the mouth of the little valley, and at the base of the bluff on the northern side had selected a site for a house, where I had a view of the broad prairie and the hills to the southwest and west beyond the river ; and there during the summer I built of cottonwood logs the first house ever erected in the city of Council Bluffs by a white man not connected by marriage with Indians. I am the "oldest Inhabitant" of that city, and in fact built the first white man's house, except the houses of the traders, in all Southwest Iowa. I do not know how far eastward it was from my house to the settled parts of Iowa, but probably about 150 miles.

In that summer of 1843 I had the first prairie broken that ever was invaded by a white man's prairie plow in Southwest Iowa. I got a man to come up from Missouri and break twenty acres immediately in front of the little valley mentioned. He had five yoke of oxen, and a plow with a wooden moldboard three or four feet long, and a share made by a country blacksmith, to cut a width of about two feet. The field is all city now, the busiest part of Council Bluffs, but no corn is ever grown in Southwest Iowa to excel my crop of 1844. Intelligent cultivators will know what the soil and season were, when I state that in a garden at my house we had in 1844 rhubarb pies from plants grown the same season from seed ; the leaf stalks having reached a length of ten inches, without manure or any unusual care in cultivation.

It was truly wonderful corn, each stalk as thick as a fat woman's arm, and three or four large ears on it. I sold the crop to Reuben Hildreth, a white man in charge of the Indian mill on Mosquito Creek, but he said he had seen corn as good "up in Michigan." He had seen wonderful things in Michigan. One day in the winter of 1844-5 he was at my house when a blizzard was filling the air with dust from the naked sandbars of the river and ashes from the burnt prairie, and our conversation took in the high winds.

"Yes, Major," he said, "it blows here, but I've seen it worse up in Michigan, on the lake shore. One time I went out hunting, with a small haversack of grub, and at night laid down to sleep in a pine bush. In the morning I woke up in the top of a tall pine tree."

"Blown up there, Reuben?"

"No, sir. I had laid down in what I took for a bush, but the wind got up in the night and blew the sand away, and there I was in a tree top."

"How did you get down, Reuben?"

"I walked down."

This sounded strong, but I said nothing. We sat quiet and smoked, as it was not a country to ask too many questions in.

"You see, Major," Mr. Hildreth resumed, "I had my grub along, and I knowed the wind would change. So I just waited, and the next night, sure enough, the wind blew the sand all back again, and I went on with my hunt. Yes, sir—they do have wind up in Michigan."

In the fall of 1843 I bought a Mackinaw boat from Peter A. Sarpy, whose trading house was at Belvue, on the western side of the Missouri. It had been built at the base of the Rocky Mountains, of boards cut out with a whip-saw, as was then the mode with the hardy successors in the distant Indian commerce of Ashley, Campbell, Sublette, and other men of courage and endurance. The boat had brought a cargo of furs, robes and pelts from the upper waters of the Missouri, and the goods having been sent to St. Louis by the steamboat which had brought up our supplies and annuities, the rude craft was for sale. It would do to float down to Weston, five miles above Fort Leavenworth, thirteen Indian boys that orders from Washington said must go to Col. Richard M. Johnson's Academy for civilizing Indians, at Georgetown, in Kentucky. Joe and I gathered up the boys, and with two experienced navigators, soon reached Weston where on the day after arrival we got a steamboat to St. Louis.

The delay of one 'sleep' enabled us to complete our outfit for a journey into a denser civilization, and to see Ben. Holliday. He was keeping a small drug shop in Weston, unconscious of the remarkable future in store for him; apparently contented in his eight by ten log shanty, dealing out drugs, cigars and tobacco, and possibly whisky too, for all I recollect; not by any means as big a man then in finance or commerce as Jean Blancjour, the jeweler on the other corner. Ben's subsequent career as a mail carrier across the continent, and owner of steamers on the Pacific, is one of those phenomena that do not explain themselves, unless we credit the individual with superior abilities, only needing a proper field and opportunity for their exercise. Ben in his little drug shop at Weston, and Ulysses in the leather store at Galena, were neither of them above the level of ordinary men; but opportunity roused their dormant powers. If California had not been acquired (by the unpensioned soldiers of the Mexican war), Ben. might have continued selling drugs and villainous cigars at Weston. If there had been no secession, Ulysses might still be selling material for boots and brogans. No better illustration than these two cases of what opportunity may do in the way of developing talent.

Arrived at Louisville on our way to Col. Johnson's civilizing Academy, I called at the printing house of James Birney Marshall, and had a friendly chat with that excellent man, whose heart was fuller of 'the milk of human

kindness,' I think, than ever his pocket was of cash. He was equally surprised and gratified when he found that I had brought him a very large buffalo robe, handsomely embellished with paintings by aboriginal artists, as an evidence of my appreciation of his generous treatment when I was a jour. printer in his office six years before. This incident is only of value as showing that a little gratitude was possible among men even forty years ago, and as enabling me to say, that the memory of that gift has been worth to me in self-applause the price of a hundred buffalo robes. It is delightful to indulge in gratitude, as it costs nothing, and nurses one's self-love in a harmless way, besides having a tinge of singularity in it that seems to set one a little apart from the mass of mankind, and almost lifts him to the moral elevation of the better and more grateful sex.

I have no recollection of what became of the Indian boys we took to Kentucky. The Academy was, I suppose, patronized by the government to help along Col. Johnson, who was the man who may have killed Tecumseh, and had been Vice President of the United States, but missed a reelection in 1840. Indian boys may have profited by the institution, but I never heard of any that did so. The folks at Washington have not yet learned that Indians can be brought to civilization better by having the children at work and at school in their own country.

We went on to Pennsylvania, and I left Joe at our native town as I passed, impatient to reach little John D. and his mother. Joe had seen the world far away, and at once began to tell of it. The first day he told the exact truth of the 'great west' so far as he had seen and understood it; the busy towns, the cruising steamboats, the active and intelligent people, the broad prairies and exuberant soil, the spread of settlements, and so on.

"Yes, Joe—it's very easy to talk"—was the usual commentary.

It was all so far beyond their ideas that they could not believe more than half of his narrations, and on the second day, as he told me afterwards, he "just doubled up on them."

"Why, Joe," said I, with elder brother gravity, "you ought to have given them the truth."

"Well, so I did. They only got half the truth the first day, as they didn't believe more than half of what I told them; but when I doubled up on them, and they still believed only half, they got it as near right as people can who have never been away from home."

A youth of manly bearing and rare talent, my brother Joseph, endowed with that good sense which gets on in the world; but he passed away in the first bloom of manhood. Sad fatality, that the brightest of all should soonest fade. In that decorous village cemetery, on the bank of the beautiful river, the summer birds sing gaily, heedless of the lost, as we pay our tribute of tears. With emotion that cannot be restrained we look on the marble placed there for the fond and faithful mother. Ranged on the one hand are the marbles for the sons she loved and cared for so well, and on the other is the unbroken sod, waiting for her mate of more than half a century, now numbering his fourscore years and ten.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BONNEVILLE — FREMONT — A WINTER IN ST. LOUIS — INDIANS — STODDARD ADDITION — THE OLD MILL DAM — PLANTERS HOUSE — STICKNEY'S PARADISE — JUDGE MULLANPHY GRANTS A LICENSE — UP TO WESTON — FIRST CIVIL MARRIAGE IN COUNCIL BLUFFS — OMAHA — LONG WAGON JOURNEY — A NIGHT BLIZZARD — UNRULY HORSE — ST. PATRICK'S DAY — SETTLERS AND SQUATTERS — WOMEN OF THE FRONTIER — POEM ON THE SQUATTER'S WIFE.

Returning westward in November, 1843, (little John D. and his mother along,) we had on the boat from Pittsburg Capt. B. L. E. Bonneville and his family—the same intelligent and modest gentleman, whose adventures as an explorer and Indian trader have been so happily told by Washington Irving. As I had not then read Irving, I did not know the worth or rank of our traveling companion, and as he said nothing of his past history I did not learn that he had done so much for Fremont to imitate or excel. Ranking as General Bonneville, he survived to know that a railroad had crossed the deserts where he had endured so many hardships and encountered so many perils. His name, with those of other adventurers of fifty or more years ago, ought to be inscribed on a monument at the Nation's cost in the midst of the continent, say in the National Park, on some divide where it would look at once on the waters flowing to the Atlantic and to the Pacific.

Does the reader know how a renowned explorer was made? When the whigs were fiercest in their assaults on President Tyler, and help from any quarter was desirable, Dr. Silas Reed suggested to the President to attempt the conciliation of Col. Benton (as an offset to Mr. Clay) by sending his son-in-law (who had run away with his daughter Jesse) on an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains. John Charles Fremont was then a Lieutenant in the Army, and Mr. Tyler, acting on Dr. Reed's suggestion, sent him out in 1842. Whatever the world has gained by Gen. Fremont's public services in exploration must be credited partly to Silas Reed and John Tyler, who made him an explorer, and partly to his excellent wife, who to her father's spunk and spirit, added the domestic virtues and intellectual graces which adorn womanhood.

Mrs. Butler was also on board our boat from Pittsburgh. I do not remember where she was from or where she was going, but only that she was an interesting widow lady of about three decades, and that on Sunday evening she regretted very much that there was no clergyman on board, but thought that as I had a grave and rather clerical appearance I might read some passages of Scripture for general edification. Now, reading Scripture on Sunday evenings in the cabins of steamboats had never been a habit of mine, but in sheer good nature and to pass the time profitably I complied, only to find that my selections were not happily made. Very innocently I began with the Song of Solomon, but had not proceeded very far before Mrs. Butler very politely signified that while she was much indebted for my compliance with her suggestion, perhaps the services might as well close, as nearly all the lady passengers appeared to have become sleepy and had left the cabin during the reading. I have never read the Scriptures aloud in a steamboat cabin since, lest I might again be unfortunate in the choice of the portions read. The Song of Solomon is a very poetic piece of sacred literature; but if people will persist in misinterpreting allegorical or metaphorical passages, and suppose them to have occult meanings unsuited them for utterance in a mixed company, in the cabin of a boat, the only safe rule for an amateur is not to read at all. Besides, I had to endure a gentle lecture on the proprieties from one in authority after retirement to the stateroom.

We spent the winter of 1843-4 in St. Louis, and took boarding at first in the then outskirts of the city, in the brick mansion owned by Mrs. John Perry, on the corner of Sixth and Locust streets. Luther M. Kennett was building the first marble-front ever in St. Louis on the next lot north, but folks generally thought it was rather far away from business, then mostly transacted on the Levee, Main and Second streets. From our windows we could look westward to a clump of forest trees at Eighteenth and St. Charles streets, and could see the camp of some Indians on a friendly visit to Col. Mitchell, the Superintendent. Beyond the Indian camp were farms which have long since been entirely destroyed—ruthlessly laid out in city lots, and now with dwellings, schools, churches, and swarms of civilized people, with all the virtues and possibly some of the vices of humanity. Only eight years after our sojourn at Sixth and Locust, I assisted to lay out blocks and lots on several good farms, nearly half a mile west of the Indian camp, and at a three days' auction, beginning September 10, 1851, we made nearly as much noise in what we called 'Stoddard Addition' as Commodore Perry did in his famous battle on Lake Erie (the anniversary of which we had chosen for the sale),—lots being knocked down to the Vandals present at from five to ten dollars a front foot, now going at two hundred or there-away—an increase in value of 50 per cent or more per annum of original cost. If present or future people ever think of the manner in which that addition was laid out, with its wide streets, deep lots and ample alleys, let them thank Hiram W. Leffingwell and myself. We had charge of the survey and insisted on having it right, although some of the owners of the

property thought that 'front feet sell better than back feet,' and wanted short lots and all the front feet possible, regardless of the public interest. We made the subdivision to harmonize as well as possible with the older part of the city, and this was one of the services to St. Louis of Hiram and myself that we never blew our trumpets over, and nobody blew for us.

Our next boarding house during the winter of '43-4 was on the corner of Elm and Second streets; but Michael Sutter's Omnibus had not begun to toil through the mud. The genial Wilson Prim came walking up Second street in the morning from his cottage home, smoking his pipe with the serene composure of an honest gentleman, his profession as a lawyer 'to the contrary notwithstanding.' I had very little to do, and often strolled away up to Sixth or Seventh streets, where but few houses obstructed the view; and I sometimes went even as far as Chouteau's Pond, and would look at the outside of the old stone mill (in which ten years later, I aided to start the first stone-sawing by steam in St. Louis), and would try to imagine what a nice cascade the water trickling over the mill-dam would make if there was only enough of it. Mr. Renshaw's lone mansion was at the corner of Ninth and Market streets, but there was little if any city growth beyond. As to Morgan street and Franklin avenue—when I was told that I could get lots at Seventh or Eighth streets for seven or eight dollars a foot, I did not think it worth while to regret that I had no money to buy with. Once I wandered towards the north pole, and got as far as the old reservoir on Ashley street, and one fine day in February I drove out with little John D. and his mother, passing the Big Mound and actually crossing a far away stream called Rocky Branch!

The Astor House in New York was then the big hotel of the Atlantic slope, and the Planters House in St. Louis and the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans were the grand hotels of the Mississippi Valley. Gales and Seaton, editors of the National Intelligencer, having requested me to note things worth telling of in their paper, I sent them a description of the Planters House, the hotel being of unusual size for the times. Mr. Stickney gave me the particulars very readily, but cared little whether his house got into the paper or not, as guests were plenty. He tendered hospitalities for 'writing up' his hotel, but I declined them, and the delights of his 'paradise' up the river I never had the opportunity of enjoying. I only heard of it in the early summer of 1855. Taking boat at Keokuk for St. Louis, I found Mr. Augustus Kerr on board, and after the greetings usual between fellow townsmen abroad, expressed my surprise at meeting him there.

"Oh, I've been up at Stickney's place," he replied

"I didn't know he had a place up the river."

"But he has though. At Rock Island. A perfect paradise—mint patch right at the door, and you can have a julep before breakfast, with the dew on it!"

Byron says 'many are poets who have never penned their inspiration,' and Mr. Kerr was probably of this class. The idea of a mint julep 'with

the dew on it,' has a poetic flavor, and the association of a mint patch and paradise is beyond anything in Bryant or Longfellow.

During the winter I applied to His Honor Bryan Mullanphy, Judge of the St. Louis Circuit Court, for license to practice law. The eccentric character of this learned gentleman—whose munificent bequest established the 'Mullanphy Emigrant's Home,' that has given aid and comfort to so many poor wanderers—is well known; but my examination was a pleasant ordeal. After a few questions, readily answered by one who had for some weeks been diligently reading up in borrowed law books, the Judge said—

"You have a very particular memory, sir—very particular—and I shall grant your license with much pleasure."

The license was dated January 5, 1844, but the 'particular memory' was due in great measure to recent study of Britton A. Hill's law books. As to memory, let me advise you, My Young Friend, to cultivate your memory if you can. It is the better part of genius for many uses. Macauley's style is brilliant, because of illustrations at hand in his affluent memory. Mezzofanti's memory never lost a word or inflexion of a strange language, and, with his ready perception, made him the most remarkable linguist of all history. Particularly if you imagine yourself to possess the 'gift of the gab,' and want to shine as an orator, try to improve your memory. The inestimable faculty of Edward Everett, which enabled him to commit his polished sentences to memory, and utter them as if arising in his mind at the moment, made his fame. Even the great Daniel Webster carefully thought out beforehand what he wished to say on any important occasion, and never forgot his carefully forged thunder. To the impromptu speaker a well-stored memory is the ammunition belt, from which he can draw a fresh missile for every one fired off.

Although Judge Mullanphy had authorized me to make a fortune at the law, I preferred to retain for a time my little Indian office, and on the 24th of February we took boat for Weston. There my farm learning, acquired after I had quit school at the age of thirteen, came into play. I fitted up a wagon (little John D.'s mother and Mrs. Scoggin making up the Osnaburg cover) and with two stout horses we started in March for a drive of about 160 miles to Council Bluffs.

The name of "Council Bluffs" on our side of the Missouri was a misnomer, and it is improper yet, applied to the lively city up there, within the limits of which, in 1844, I solemnized the first civil marriage in all Southwest Iowa. Marriage in some form or other has gone on pretty much every where for a long time, and the heart of our miller, Reuben Hildreth, had been smitten by the charms of an Indian maiden in the family of Mr. Joseph Laframboise, my half-breed Interpreter, where she and his two wives did the housework. A young lady of decorum, Miss Labang was (although her name meant Pancake) and scorned the idea of an unceremonious marriage. Reuben would have been easily satisfied, but she—well, marriage in the aboriginal mode might do for less decorous damsels,

but not for her. Here, now, was a difficulty. The Priest had made us his annual visit in May, and about ten months would elapse before he would come again; but Mr. Laframboise was equal to the occasion. He strolled over to the agency house—

“My Fadder,” he said to me, dis bad business. Hard on Labang—hard on Reub. Labang good girl—Reub. good man. Want to marry—want to marry bad. No Priest—don’t want to wait next year.”

“Well, Joseph, how can I help them?”

“Dat’s it, my Fadder. You see, dem traders calls you Major. All agent is Major. But Indian calls you Fadder.”

“Well?”

“Dis way. Priest he Fadder too for ’ligion. You Fadder for business. Pay annuity—look out for gov’mnt—look out for Indian—traders too and fellers from de states. You big man over all dis country.”

“Well, Joseph, what has that to do with Labang and Reub?”

“Dis what I say, Fadder. Little man down in states he marry people. What you call him—Justice Peace. You bigger man—like great Chief. You come my home Sunday night. Reub. be dere. Heap people too. Den you marry dem, same Justice Peace.”

So it was settled, and on Sunday evening, as Chief Magistrate of Pottawatamie Land, I performed the marriage ceremony and declared Mr. Hildreth and Miss Labang to be husband and wife, to their mutual satisfaction, and the gratification of Mr. Laframboise, who had invented the process. They may be husband and wife yet for all I know, and I have only mentioned the circumstance to put on record the first civil marriage (in the presence of spectators) in all southwest Iowa. As I returned homeward that happy summer night, the tall elms in the little valley, with their interlocking limbs high overhead and the moonlight streaming through, were silently teaching Gothic Architecture, presenting a series of arches equal to any that my friend John F. Mitchel could design, with all his skill as an architect.

The Council Bluffs of history, where Lewis and Clark held a solemn council with the Indians, nearly eighty years ago, while the world was struggling along without railroads or telegraphs, or even steamboats, are on the west side of the Missouri, above the point where the Boyer river enters on the east, and about fifteen miles from the site of the old 'Maha village. The village is obsolete, and on or near its site, the enterprising city of Omaha now

Fronts the rude blizzard with the courage high
That only knows to conquer or to die;
The central spot of all this world so fair,
For, starting thence, one can go anywhere!

Our wagon journey was a novel experience to little John D.’s mother, but with that exquisite sense of propriety which always governs a good wife, she made herself at home in all the settlers’ cabins we stopped at, and,

town-bred though she was, bore with exemplary patience the discomfort and actual hardships. The nice little widow, Mrs. Scoggin, who was going along on a visit to her parents, was also patient and cheerful. As usual, the fortitude was on the side of the women, for as Joseph M. Field once wrote, 'it seems to be the lot of women to endure.' The fretting was thus left to me, and I did justice to the occasions, particularly the first night after we crossed the Missouri line. We had lodged at a border house, and had to camp at Keg Creek; for after a smart rain a blizzard came on at night that nearly upset our wagon; three in a bed and little John D. extra. It was close packing in the wagon box, on a feather bed taken along for emergencies, John D. and his mother in the middle, and the widow on one outside and I on the other; but what with the cold blizzard, and one of the horses, tied by a chain to a fore-wheel, trying to get back to the states, our sleep was not profound. Let me caution you, My Venturesome Friend, when you go on a wagon trip in the wilderness, with Madam and your three year old son, and a charming widow of good Kentucky stock, all in the same wagon, be sure you don't go in the blizzard season, or have a horse that pulls at the wheel you tie him to; for 'tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep' is hardly possible under circumstances so adverse.

But the blizzard fortunately blew itself out, and as we moved on next morning the brilliant sun which they have in that country, where the river is 960 feet above sea level, threw his inspiring beams over the prairie and gave us millions of diamonds where the rain had congealed on the dry weeds and grass. It was Saint Patrick's Day, 1844, and as I twisted my head round to explain to the widow, as a polite man should, how the good Saint had cleared Erin of snakes, but that the use of that sovereign remedy for their bites—whisky—had become so common in the green Isle that it was hardly given up yet, although the snakes had all disappeared centuries ago,—John D.'s mother suggested that I had better look where the horses were going (as we were breaking a track across the prairie) and added the remark that she hoped we would soon get to some kind of a breakfast. More appropriate remarks were never made, but to this day I am not sure whether Mrs. Scoggin got a clear idea of snakes or not.

About noon we reached Point-aux-Poules, and drove to the Interpreter's House;—not the one John Bunyan tells of, but that of my old half-breed friend, Peerish LeClaire, whose bustling Indian wife, although her hair was streaked with gray, soon had us seated at a goodly spread of fried chicken, biscuit and coffee. As we had expected to arrive the day before, but had been detained by the storm, and had exhausted our lunch, we all thought it the best breakfast we had lately had a chance at. To me it was even better than the breakfast of the year before, with Capt. Burgwin, to the exact amount of the difference between two agreeable ladies and two pleasant gentlemen.

John D.'s mother was much interested in the life of the pioneer women. Living as they did in makeshift houses, with scanty furniture, poor raiment,

constant toil, and at times with but limited supplies of food, the condition of the women excited her womanly sympathies, and really added to the material hardships of the journey. Traveling as we did nearly the entire length of the Platte Purchase, we saw the houses of the settlers and squatters; the former intended to be permanent, the latter mostly temporary. We could tell the class he belonged to as soon as a man began to talk. The settler descanted on his intended 'betterments;' the squatter enlarged on the value of his 'claim,' which he was always ready to sell in order to move on. In each class the women's lot was hard; that of the settler's wife to help raise money to pay the United States for the land; that of the squatter's wife to keep the house in shape till the claim could be sold, when she would be ready, with her lord, and the little tow-headed children, to endure again the inconveniences and hardships of seeking a new location.

Neither story nor song has ever done justice to the women of the frontier. Their industry, patience, fortitude and endurance have been so wonderful, as only to be accounted for by the fact that they knew no better. Their manifestation of these qualities has often put to shame—or ought to have done so—the men associated with their lives. The great world knows little or nothing of the faithful sisterhood of pioneer women; but their obscure lives were often full of what in men would be called heroism; and we owe to them in a great degree the spread of empire westward, ever since the matrons and maids were first led into the wilderness by Daniel Boone and his courageous comrades. There ought to be an obelisk erected—taller than any on earth—and dedicated to the pioneer women of America, who, ever since the landing of the Mayflower, have been the patient and slightly rewarded servitors of civilization.

THE SQUATTER'S WIFE.

God bless you for comin'. Doctor—nigh on to twenty mile;
 She's bin a-ravin' a little, and a-moanin' all the while.
 The fever, it come like a painter—suddenly, with a jump,
 And afore we know'd of the ailin' she was all of a burnin' lump.

Yes—corn and roughness a plenty—I'll tend to the nag myself,
 And you'll find a nip in the corner, right thar on the middle shelf.
 Neighbors? You'd better believe it! Four mile and odd away,
 But mostly here by daylight—down some one draps in to stay.

Kind? Why bless you, Doctor, that word don't tell it right—
 A-comin' so fur to see her, and stayin' the lonesome night.
 Yes—women, as men looks at it, is sometimes light o' head,
 But they minds me more of angels, a-watchin' round her bed

She's hed a hard road of it, Doctor, most allays up to the hub,
 A-spinnin', a-weavin' and sewin'—a-washin' and cookin' o' grub.
 Besides the care of the childer, and raisin' the garden stuff—
 She allays sed it would kill her, and I think, now, 'twas most enough.

I hev'n't meant to be triflin' and nobody calls me mean,
But I doubt ef I've been as keerful of Sue as I mought hev bin.
Away up thar on Pigeon, them times in Tennessee,
No whar round Moccasin Crossin' was a par like Sue and me.

But what with movin' and movin'—a-squattin', and movin' on,
A-makin' o' claims and a-sellin', nigh thirty year has gone.
But I've hearn of a place to settle, whar they say the range is fine—
A plenty of timber and prairie, jest over the Indian line.

Well now go in to see her—God bless her, a-sufferin' thar—
And, Doctor, ef you kin cure her, lead home yon sorrel mar.
She's bin a good woman, Doctor—sho !—well, it wor a tear,
For we wus young together, and bin yoked for thirty year.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CIVILIZING THE INDIANS—HUDSON E. BRIDGE AND SAMUEL GATY—A LEFT-HAND PLOW—ASTONISHING CORN—THE CHARMS OF SOLITUDE—A CONVENIENT POST OFFICE—LETTERS 25 CENTS EACH—CHOICE MUSIC—AN UNUSUAL AUDITOR—LOG OF THE HIBERNIAN—MORMONS—BOUNDARIES OF IOWA—DOUGLAS SECURES THEM—A DEBT OF IOWA—WHAT FOREVER MEANT IN 1845—A NATIONAL HIGHWAY TO OREGON.

We were civilizing the Indians, and I had orders to get some plows to aid the process. When first located on their five million acres in Southwest Iowa—about 2,500 acres to each Pottawatamie soul—a very respectable gentleman who had seen better days, Mr. Hardin, of the Kentucky Hardins, had been employed as a 'Farmer' to teach the Indians agriculture; but no implements had ever been furnished, and his office had been abolished just before my time. With exquisite wisdom, equalled nowhere on earth unless in Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, the Indian Bureau at Washington ordered plows to be provided more than a year after the 'Farmer' who was to teach the Indians how to use them had been dismissed from office.

Early in the winter I had called on Mr. Hudson E. Bridge, who dealt in stoves and also plows, as was then the custom—stoves for fall trade and plows for spring; and having contracted for thirty-five of his Carey-Jewett plows, all made to turn the furrow to the right—

"Mr. Bridge," I asked, could you furnish me a plow like these, only made to turn the furrow to the left?"

"I suppose we could; but, really, nobody uses that kind of plow."

"No matter for that. I was raised behind a lefthand plow, and would'nt have any other kind on the place, except to break prairie with oxen, so that the man to drive (and swear) may walk on the unbroken ground."

Mr. Bridge evidently regarded me as a little odd, but made my plow with the rest. But so totally unfit was I for public office, that I purposely paid for my own plow out of my own pocket, instead of including it in the lot paid for by the government; and this derogatory fact must have gotten to the lugs of the Indian Bureau: for the next fall I was required to get new sureties on my official bond, and in much tribulation came down to St.

Louis, intending a visit to Pennsylvania to fix it up, when Col. David D. Mitchell, learning the facts, very kindly said he would "settle all that (blank) nonsense," by going on the bond himself; a kindness with a great deal of Christianity in it.

Samuel Gaty had started in St. Louis the first foundry for general castings, and the first machine shop, west of the Mississippi fifty-five years ago; and Hudson E. Bridge made the first stoves west of the Mississippi in 1837. Both were industrial pioneers, and their names ought to be on a roll of honor, as among our true nobility. The part taken by each in large enterprises beneficial to St. Louis and the west, would if detailed fill a volume.

When our plows were delivered at Council Bluffs in April by the Fur Company's boat on its way to the Mountains, the Indians detected the difference between theirs and mine, and supposed some 'great medicine' was involved. They walked round my plow, looked at it on every side, and gabbed over it with many a 'Wah!-ty-yah!' which in a free translation may be rendered—'What the deuce does all this mean!'

About the first of May, Nahum Bent, an Ohio farmer of mature years who had settled on the Nodaway in Missouri, came up to get a permit to drive in a few cattle for sale to the Indians. I was using my new plow to stir the ground broken the year before, and Mr. Bent 'lighted down' for a chat. He had heard of lefthand plows, though he had never seen one; but as I at once granted the desired permit he was polite enough to concede that my plow might after all do as well as if it turned the soil over the other way.

"Certainly, Mr. Bent, but all depends on the planting. I must plant as soon as I can."

"Well, yes—I reckon it's about time."

"Time?—Why, if I don't get my seed in next week I must wait till about the first of June."

"Going away, Major?"

"Not at all—but don't you see? It will be the dark of the moon week after next."

"The dark of the moon?"

"To be sure; and it will never do to plant corn then."

"Why, Major, what has the moon got to do with it?"

"Every thing, Mr. Bent. A Pennsylvania farmer never plants corn in the dark of the moon, or potatoes in the light. They go by the Almanac altogether, and always use a lefthand plow."

"Well—well—well—if I ever heard of that before!"

"True, though, and just wait till you see the corn I'll have, using a lefthand plow and planting in the light of the moon."

Sure enough—the field being where the fertility from the bluffs and the little valley had been deposited for centuries, and the prairie sod, broken the year before, well rotted—the corn grew and eared out amazingly; and when

Mr. Bent came up to the annuity payment in the latter end of August, he was converted to the lefthand plow doctrine, and the absolute necessity of always planting corn in the light of the moon. After the payment was over the Chiefs held a council to discuss the wonderful corn, and after being told that I had grown up among the best farmers in the world, who always used lefthand plows, and always planted things which make their product under ground in the dark, and things, like corn, which produce above ground, in the light of the moon, they went to their wigwams very much wiser than they came; all of one mind, that if they ever had any ground broken it should be stirred with lefthand plows, and not a hill of corn should be planted save in the right phase of the moon. The sincerity of this resolve could not be doubted, as I believe they never attempted to use the right-hand plows I had bought of Mr. Bridge.

Little John D.'s mother went back to Pennsylvania in September, taking that adorable child along. I was alone in my cottonwood mansion for the winter, going a quarter of a mile for meals; and except for thoughts of loved ones far away it was one of the happiest winters of my life. There is a wonderful charm in solitude, and it is not strange that the 'mountain men,' as we used to call them, were so restless when returned to civilization. They were cramped by the restraints of orderly life, and missed the free air of the plains and mountains. It is so easy, so natural to deteriorate, that if there had been no ties of kindred, affection and duty, I might possibly have remained in the wilderness. True, my solitude was not very perfect. I had the traders to visit, the mill and smithshop to look after, and had excellent companions in books, which never intruded their chatter upon me, but only spoke when I wished them to do so. Our mail facilities had been greatly improved, for whereas, in 1843, Jamestown, our post office, was about 130 miles distant, we had in 1844 an office at our very door, as it seemed, down at the Nishnabotna Ferry, only about 60 miles away; and there the mail arrived on horseback once a week if nothing happened to detain it, and brought letters at 25 cents each for postage. We paid for our letters on delivery, if the sender did not recklessly pay in advance. The regular rate of postage on letters for long distances was 25 cents for each sheet. Envelopes had not come into use. We folded our letter so as to conceal the writing, and leave a blank space for the address. It looks hard—25 cents for a letter—but we had never had them cheaper, and did not really know how wretched our fate was.

My greatest enjoyment in solitude was vocal and instrumental music. My voice was powerful, and in its way excellent, but I had discovered that the ears of other persons were not so constituted as to enjoy it, and I could only sing to advantage when alone; always excepting the happy days of the log cabin election campaign of 1840, when strength of lungs had due appreciation, and nobody was fastidious about tune or tone. The flute, too, was a great solace in my lone cabin, and I enjoyed my toots on it more than ever Paganini did his one-string performance on the fiddle. The Star Span-

gled Banner, Yankee Doodle, Oft in the Stilly Night, and other tunes proper to heroic as well as sentimental verses, were rendered in a manner never excelled in originality, and with variations that would have astonished the composers if within hearing. That my music had power was proved one mild winter day, when I had stepped to the porch, and had just begun Yankee Doodle on the flute, and as I turned my head round to look over to the 'Maha bluffs, a large gray wolf stood about twenty yards from the corner of the house, with his eyes fixed on me and his ears open to the stirring notes of the revolutionary tune. I played away, and the auditor listened for quite a while; but I have never been able to decide whether he was arrested by genuine admiration or intense astonishment.

Having visited St. Louis in the spring of 1845, to meet little John D., his mother and his aunt, and his wee sister that I had not yet seen—all coming from Pennsylvania—I had some leisure and took a trip on the Steamboat Hibernian, Capt. Miller, to that queer town, Galena, which Reub. Hildreth had described to me as "the most comical looking place ever seen any where." It was then a very lively town, had a large interior trade, and shipped lead and other products of the country. As I had two ruling infirmities—to write for the journals and to regulate public affairs on paper—I wrote up a log of our voyage for the St. Louis Reveille, and did justice to the captain of our boat, who thought it a rather tame business to navigate the Upper Mississippi, but was proud to have once had a boat in the perilous Missouri. The navigation of the latter stream, he thought, had a dash of heroism in it. The constant peril, he said, developed the highest qualities of a Steamboat Captain. That so few accidents causing loss of life should occur, considering the number of boats then on the Missouri, was really remarkable, he said; and in this I heartily concurred. Had I not been on boats commanded by Roe, Sire Throckmorton, Atchison, and their compeers; and had I not been up in the pilot house with Joseph LaBarge, Elisha Fine, and other gentlemen of the wheel, who knew where every sand bar had ever been, and where the next one would form, and could almost call the snags by name? Had I not known Uncle Davy, and was I not on the boat once, with him at the wheel, coming down stream, heading straight for a sand bar? Was I not sure something would happen, as I saw but small chance to get through the bunch of snags off to the starboard of our course? And did not something happen? Did not Uncle Davy 'let her nose run right into the sand bar,' when, as he intended, her stern swung round, and she actually *backed* through the only passage practicable, but which could have been reached in no other way? Yes, I have seen skillful and heroic work with steamboats on the Missouri, but only Captains Joseph and John LaBarge and Joseph E. Gorman survive to attest my tale.

There was a good deal of Mormon excitement in 1845, and as there were several Mormons on the Hibernian, the peculiarities of the 'chosen people' were discussed. The 'spiritual wife' system of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, was much commented on, but the Mormons denied that there was any such

system at all; and one lively dame of about three score and five declared that she did not believe a word of it—"for I'm sure," she said, "Joseph never hinted any thing of the kind to *me*." The system has since matured into polygamy on a grand scale.

In the way of aiding to regulate big matters not of personal concern to myself, I wrote in my 'Log' and put in the *St. Louis Reveille* a paragraph on Iowa:

"At Fort Madison and Burlington we found the recent rejection by the people of the Constitution of Iowa the most prominent subject of discussion. The Constitution was objected to by some on account of its radical features—by some on account of the limit to the boundaries proposed by Congress—by others on both these grounds—and by others again on the narrow consideration that they did not desire to assume the burden of a state government, but wished to depend on Uncle Sam a little longer. We found the politicians exceedingly sore under the rejection, as it deranged all the little plans of ambition which they intended to put in operation under the State government. It was certainly an error in Congress to cut Iowa off from the Missouri river. The northern territory should have been selected for the shears. It seems to me that a good boundary could be obtained by starting at the mouth of the Des Moines river; thence up the Mississippi to the 43rd parallel of latitude; thence west along said parallel to the Little Sioux river; thence down the Little Sioux river to the Missouri; down the Missouri to the northwest corner of this state (Missouri); thence along the north line of this state to the Des Moines river, and down that river to the place of beginning. This would give the state a large territory and convenient boundaries; and if the question were to be decided by practical men, well acquainted with all the country included within these limits, they would be adopted unanimously."

In a volunteer editorial written for the *St. Louis Republican*, and printed in that paper April 9, 1845, I had said:

"It is known that Iowa is shorn of the limits claimed by her convention, by the act of Congress providing for her admission as a state. * * * An error has been committed by Congress in regard to the western boundary. Cutting her off from the Missouri river can answer no purpose of immediate good, nor do we see any ulterior advantage of general or local interest, to sustain the decision of Congress. The members of that body seem to have acted under a misapprehension of the character of the district cut off. It was supposed that by running the west line of Iowa on a longitudinal line considerably east of the Missouri a strip of country would be left bordering on the river of sufficient magnitude and resources to justify the organization of a new territory at an early day and ultimately a new state; but such is not the fact. The country is sufficient, if the Indian title were extinguished, to afford, perhaps, three counties, but scarcely more. We base this opinion on the resources rather than the extent of the excluded district. Its soil is mainly of excellent quality, but the scarcity of timber and materials for

building is so great as to preclude all idea of dense settlements; rock is scarcer than timber, and much of the country must remain open prairie for many years, as the constant burnings, which it is impossible to check, prevent the growth of forests. If this country were included within the limits of Iowa, and the five million acres held by the Pottawatamie Indians, purchased, (as we anticipate will soon be the case under the policy of the Indian Department,) the whole of it to the Little Sioux river would no doubt soon be settled to the extent of its capacity; and the people of Iowa would thus have an outlet, as they ought to have, to the Missouri river, while the general government would be saved the further expense of organizing a new territorial government over a country whose resources would not justify it."

In my annual report as Indian Sub Agent for 1844, I had put a carefully written paragraph on the boundaries which the proposed state of Iowa ought to have, giving them as in the "Log of the Hibernian;" but when I went to Washington in October, 1845, and got the printed documents, I found that Mr. T. Hartley Crawford, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, had stricken out this useful paragraph and all other matter in my report of any value, and had only printed the customary sentimental bosh about Indians that all agents were expected to re-hash at least once a year. I had along my original manuscript report and at once copied the paragraph on Iowa and enclosed it in a letter to Stephen A. Douglas, then chairman of the Committee on Territories of the House of Representatives, telling him how the proposed state ought in my opinion to be bounded.

Mr. Douglas saw at once that the Commissioner was wrong and that I was right. He acknowledged the receipt of my letter, with a request to call on him; and thus began an acquaintance that lasted till his early and lamented death. We had many interviews to discuss the region about Council Bluffs, and he assured me that I was the only man who had ever given him definite and practical information about the country in question. The result of it all was that he was able to present the case so strongly to his committee, that the bill was carried, and Iowa got her boundaries as I had sketched them in my emasculated report, and in the newspapers, except that the north line was put half a degree further up than I had proposed.

Iowa might have gotten her boundary on the Missouri if I had never lived, or been in the Indian service, but she probably would not have gotten it so soon, and possibly might never have had it at all. She is indebted to Stephen A. Douglas and myself, and as surviving partner, I have a right to collect the debts due the firm. She owes us a twin statue of gold (join 'em like Chang and Eng) an hundred feet high, and large in proportion; but I would be satisfied to knock off ninety-nine feet, provided both the twins are cast rather chunky, and the heads modeled after that of Mr. Douglas.

All this is not told as a toot of my own horn, but to show—1st, what Stephen and I did for Iowa; 2nd, to remind the state, now so rich, of an honest debt she has never acknowledged; and 3rd, to show how mistaken we may have been after all, looking to the general interests of the west.

The line of Iowa might well have been put on the divide between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, with her north line half a degree above where it is now; and the area thus given her would have made a splendid state. Another good state could have been made west of her, taking in some of the country on the other side of the Missouri; and still another state could, in time, have been made in the plains beyond. These three states would have given us six votes in the Senate, instead of the four we now have from Iowa and Nebraska.

But at the time, nobody valued rightly the region about Council Bluffs; nobody anticipated the future of the Pottawatamie domain in Southwest Iowa, or of the wilderness over the river. Of the former I had written that its soil was excellent, but that the scarcity of timber and materials for building, (rock being scarcer even than timber,) was so great as "to preclude all idea of dense settlements." This was a correct enough view at the time, as no one looked forward to trains of cars bringing lumber across Iowa from Michigan, or up from Missouri or Arkansas. I had said that "much of the country must remain open prairie for many years, as the constant burnings, which it is impossible to check, prevent the growth of forests." In this sentence the continuance, if not the origin, of the Iowa prairies was accounted for, though learned philosophers had undertaken to explain them by theories harder to comprehend than the prairies themselves. I had also, in this brief passage, back in 1845, substantially asserted the practicability of GROWING FORESTS ON THE GREAT PLAINS, as unconscious then of my destiny to be a tree planter on them twenty-five years later, as Ben. Holliday at Weston, and Grant at Gravois or Galena, ever were of the big work in store for each.

Then all the country south of the 40th parallel of latitude, and west of Missouri and Arkansas, away down to Texas, was to be and remain a home for the Indians forever. That was the very word—FOREVER. Douglas used it. We all used it. And not a solitary man in 1845 realized that it meant less than half a score of years.

North of the 40th parallel of latitude, Mr. Douglas wanted a strip of country opened up from the Missouri westward, mainly for a wagon road along the Platte Valley for emigrants to Oregon. He had introduced a bill for that purpose, and in a letter to me said: "I am glad that we agree upon the policy and propriety of the Nebraska Territory, and shall be happy of the aid of your pen to obviate objections and place the subject properly before the country. The point to be kept prominently in view is, that it is THE GREAT NATIONAL HIGHWAY TO THE PACIFIC." I quote this to show that a mind even so comprehensive as that of Stephen A. Douglas, was in December, 1845, only exercised to provide a WAGON ROAD up the Platte or Nebraska river for overland travel. California was then Mexican territory, and his "national highway" was intended only for Oregon. Unfortunately he was even in this too far in advance of others, and the bill failed. Had it become a law, the complications arising out of the 'Kansas-Nebraska bill' of 1854 might never have disturbed the public peace.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UP THE MISSOURI — JUPITERS AND LEGISLATORS — DOGGEREL LINES — CAPT. SIRE'S GUEST, MONSIEUR LE COMTE — TROUBLE WITH CHINCES — PERILS FROM SNAGS — POINT AUX POULES — THE MORMONS — SCHOOL OF HYDRAULIC ENGINEERING — THE MISSOURI AND ITS TASK — LIKE THE MISSISSIPPI — HOW TO IMPROVE THE NAVIGATION — BARGES FROM OMAHA TO PORT EADS.

We were fortunate in the spring of 1845 to get up to the 'Bluffs' on the steamboat General Brooke, on her way to the Mountains, Capt. Joseph A. Sire in command; the "we" being John D., his wee sister, his mother, his aunt, and myself. It was the same General Brooke that I had gone up the river on in November, 1844, Capt. Throckmorton on deck and Joseph E. Gorman in the office; with dignitaries of the Missouri Legislature on board, and also some of those who had helped to make them. The latter were the Jupiters who flashed lightning on us daily, and forged editorial thunderbolts. We left the Jupiters, and the packages of legislative wisdom—James H. Lucas, Willis L. Williams and others—at Jefferson City, and I went on to Weston; leaving Jno. W. Reid at Independence Landing, undreaming of Brazito, Sacramento, or Mexican cannon balls. Willis L. Williams attracted my hearty good will, his hobby being reform in the laws regarding the property rights of married women; but I have forgotten whether he accomplished anything for them or not. Samuel Treat, now the grave Judge of the United States Court in St. Louis, had more thought than of slashing editorials (not excelled now-a-days, My Young Friend,) than he had of judicial decisions, never to be overruled in any case of importance; but fortunately for Jurisprudence the 'woolsack' won him from the 'tripod'—if they ever had a 'tripod' in Shadrack Penn's old St. Louis Reporter office. The cars now whirl the Legislators in a few hours from St. Louis to Jefferson; but there are no journeys so pleasant and profitable, and with so much wit and wisdom abroad, as ours on the old General Brooke. The only weakness I ever knew of His Honor was, that he thought my doggerel 'Letter from an Ancient Mariner,' giving some account of the trip, worth reading. Perhaps I might trust the Court to overrule demurrers and give some of the verses; but a few lines will suffice:

“ We had a CHAMBERS too, and took a KNAPP
 On board (I always spell it with a K.)
 A jovial party as you could entrap
 At such a time to start from home away;
 'Twas quite a TREAT to have another chap
 Along—his name I think you'll guess—you may;
 Besides, as beautiful and lovely maid as
 Eye e'er bath seen, came on with other ladies.”

And so it ran on for a column. The piece was a *jeu d'esprit*, well understood at the time, and hence its appreciation by His Honor; but the hits now touch only the empty air. Adam B. Chambers, long one of the editors of the Republican, departed this life nearly thirty years ago, and few are left who knew him or his personal worth and great public services. I only know of Judge Samuel Treat, Col. George Knapp, Capt. Joseph E. Gorman, and myself, as survivors of that voyage in November, 1844.

[While reading proof of the foregoing paragraph, the sad intelligence came that Col. Knapp, who had gone abroad in the hope of benefit to his health, had died at sea on the homeward voyage, September 18, 1883. No eulogy of mine could add to the respect in which his memory is held in the Mississippi Valley.]

Our trip in 1845, with Capt. Sire on deck, had no legislative wisdom on board, nor press-gang. The only writer for the public was the *de facto* Major and *de jure* Colonel, myself. But Captain Sire had a guest of distinguished lineage, on a tour to the Mountains. This was Monsieur le Comte d'Outrante, son of Fouché, Bonaparte's Chief of Police; but as I had not been personally acquainted with Fouché, and in fact knew nothing more of him than I had learned from Sir Walter's Life of General Bonaparte (as the British Government, with amazing absurdity, persisted in styling the Emperor,) I was only attracted to the Count by his genuine bonhomie and agreeable manners. His father's history and character had been by no means admirable; but never have I travelled with a stranger more sedulous than the Count to promote every one's enjoyment; and though Capt. Sire was careful, as we all were, always to address his high-rank passenger as 'Monsieur le Comte,' yet nobody would have guessed from his deportment that he was anything more than an unassuming gentleman.

We were about the mouth of Kaw River, one morning, when the Count addressed John D.'s mother and aunt—

“ Ze Boogs, Mesdames—you 'ave ze boogs?—eh?—non?”

“ Books?” inquiringly from the matron.

“ Books, Monsieur le Comte?” from the aunt.

“ Oui—yes—Mesdames—ze boogs. Nevalre Je—I—'ave ze many boogs, like on zees boat. Non, non—nevaire!”

“ We have some, Monsieur le Comte. Ours are in the trunks, as we did not care to use them.”

“ Ah—oui—yes—in ze troonks. Zat ees so. Zees boogs will be in ze troonks—diable!”

"Our books are in English, Monsieur le Comte," continued John D.'s aunt. "You read English, I suppose? But if yours are French we could not read them; but thank you very much; very much indeed."

"Ah! Ma'm'selle—you me not comprend. It ees not as you zinks—not *zées*,"—taking a small volume from his pocket—"it is ze leet! what you zay—in ze chambre—million—oui—million!"

Light broke suddenly on the minds of the puzzled ladies—they looked at each other, and with one impulse whispered—

"Chinces!"

That was our polite name in Pennsylvania for the insects which had annoyed the good count; a name that has come down from the decorous days when piano legs were arrayed in pantalets, and no one would have risked the cold shoulder of good society so far as to say 'bed bugs.' It was a fastidious age, but perhaps as safe as the present more 'free and easy' modes.

The Count had evidently seen a great deal of the world, but never a stream like the Missouri, with its muddy current, snags and sawyers. The snags kept him in constant excitement. They looked fearful to unaccustomed eyes, and every nest of them was an object of interest if not terror to the polite Frenchman. Of course we talked a great deal about snags, and the perils of navigation, and little John D., listening, was convinced that snags were dreadful things, though he had no very clear idea of what they were.

"Oh, Mother! Mother!" he squalled, running out to the guard, where we were all admiring the grassy slopes of the prairies in the region of the Nemahas—"she's got a snag!—she's got a snag!"

His mother and aunt hurried to the cabin, and found the daughter of Peerish Le Claire in convulsions on the floor, while the excited child kept up his exclamations—"She's got a snag!—she's got a snag!" The sufferer was a three-quarter Indian girl, who had been at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis to be educated, and was returning home under the particular care of Capt. Sire. Handsome and graceful, and the daughter of a Chief, she was of course treated with politeness; but being unfortunately subject to epileptic attacks, the novelty and excitement of so much attention from the Captain and his distinguished guest had kept her in a nervous condition calculated to bring on the dreaded spasms. Hence the alarm of little John D., and the fearful cry which summoned assistance.

Capt. Sire and the steward were soon at hand, and while they were trying, with the help of the ladies, to restore the struggling girl, by the application of a wet towel to her forehead, and other remedies, the amiable Count of Otranto (as his name ran in our vernacular), was doing his best to quiet the agitated boy.

"It ees not ze snag, mon fils, zat 'ave troub' ze Ma'm'selle. Non, non, it ees not ze snag. Ze snag not in ze boat, mon enfant. Ze snag tout in ze riviere—voilà! Nevaire ze snag troub' ze ladee!"

And when the excitement had quieted down, on Miss Le Claire's revival and retirement to her stateroom, and the Count and I were seated with our cigars on the guard, he said to me—

"It ees ver' terrib', Monsieur, when l'enfant say ze snag! Je 'ave fear he ees in ze boat. Mais, non—non. It ees not ze snag zat make seek ze Ma'm'selle. Monsieur le Capitaine, he tell me ze snag not nevaire come in hee's boat!"

The General Brooke landed us safely and went on her way up the long hill to the Yellowstone; but we never again saw the amiable Count, or heard how he got on with the 'boogs.'

Our home in 1845 was at Point-aux-Poules, or Chicken Point, near the bank of the Missouri, opposite Belvue. I had sold my house at the base of the fantastic hills, where the modern city of Council Bluffs long since destroyed my old cornfield, or what was left of it after the Mormons had departed. The Saints began to gather at the mouth of the little valley late in 1845, (as Illinois had got too hot for them,) and called the place Kanessville, or 'Winter Quarters,' as you can see in Mrs. Ann Eliza Young's book, written after she ran away from Brigham because he had a dozen and a half other wives in advance of herself. Fortunately for Iowa the Saints did not make a long stay on her fertile soil, but nearly all went on westward in 1846.

Chicken Point, where the traders were located, was the most convenient place for the Agency, and I could buy a building cheap from Peter A. Sarpy. The only question was, whether it would stay till no longer needed. The Indians would probably leave in four or five years.

"I must consider, Mr. Sarpy, whether the building will last long enough."

"Last, Major? It's good for twenty years. Every log sound."

"That's not the point. The question is, how soon will it go into the river?"

"Into the river! What do you mean, Major?"

"Only this: the river is cutting in above, and may possibly take the building before the Indians go."

But I concluded to buy. I had studied the action of the Missouri, and thought I could tell in advance what it would do. I was in a school of Civil Engineering, with the river as tutor and Hydraulics the branch taught. The current might cut away Chicken Point in three years, but probably not for five or six. I never knew whether the building finally went down with the caving bank, or was hauled away; but the Missouri did its work and vindicated my prophecy. The funniest thing about the whole transaction was, that the Indian Bureau at Washington, with inscrutable wisdom, would never allow an agency house to be provided, until measures were in train to treat with the Indians for removal to another 'permanent home!'"

There was great enjoyment in contemplating the Missouri. It was

always in its soiled work-a-day clothes, as if it did not care for prince or potentate, but was only intent on accomplishing its task, which was, to tear down the bank on one side, and partly deposit the stuff on the other; taking some of it further along, and constantly working to get all the sand and clay down towards the Gulf of Mexico. It never seemed at a loss or to have a doubt of its power, but had a self-satisfied and saucy air about it, indicating entire confidence in itself, and appearing to challenge the ability of any mortal man to control it. The swaggering old thing had, however, to do its work out-o'-doors, in view of everybody, and I soon began to learn the way it carried on, and why it was that Joseph La Barge, Elisha Fine, and the other practiced Hydraulic Engineers up in the pilot houses came to understand its moods and manners so thoroughly. And I never dreamed, while I was musing there on the river bank, or up with the pilots, that I was developing my little natural gift for hydraulic engineering, and cultivating a taste for the science, which was never adequately taught in schools or institutes, or made plain to all comprehensions, until the masterly expositions of Mr. Eads. Yet so it was. If John Tyler had not vetoed the bank bill, and if the Whigs in Pennsylvania had not thrown McCurdy and me overboard because we were honest, I never should have been in the Indian service at Council Bluffs, and might never have seen the Missouri, or written enough about that stream and the Mississippi to make a book bigger than the pestiferous Life of Dr. Franklin, which fifty years ago seduced me from the vocation of an 'honest farmer.'

I studied the habits of the Missouri—identically those of the Mississippi from Wood river down, save in the more impetuous current of the former, sweeping and tumbling along as if enraged that its name was not extended to the Delta, by right of the fact that it is a longer and more adventurous stream than the branch in cleaner raiment that comes to meet it near Alton, and shrinks away to the eastern bank, overawed by the majesty of the flood from the distant mountains. More than three thousand miles of steamboat navigation from the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi up almost to the perpetual snows which nourish its infancy, tell us plainly enough that if Marquette had seen the Missouri first it would never have lost its name till it had reached salt water. Then

Afar through trackless waste and solitude
 The lone Missouri poured a turbid flood;
 Where all was wild, and primitive, and vast,
 And save a thunder peal, or hurdling blast,
 Or tramp of herd, or savage man all wild
 Awoke the silence, it for ages past
 Else slept unwoke—and Sabbath had not smiled
 To hear God's law proclaimed in temple undefiled.

With proper measures to improve the navigation of the Missouri, and protect the lands on its borders, everybody would be surprised to see how soon the masterful stream would answer to the curb and rein; and even a

flood like that of 1844 would not seriously impair its condition. Some old engineering notions would be exploded, especially the venerable dogma that 'sediment-bearing streams are the most difficult to control.' All you have to do is to learn what nature does, and then imitate her works. The result of all would be that five or six thousand tons of grain in barges could in one tow be taken from Omaha or Yankton to New Orleans, or better yet perhaps to Port Eads; and the only trouble would be to find a market for it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN AGREEABLE VISITOR—MAJOR HARVEY'S FAILURE IN TREATY MAKING—CHIEFS POW-WOWING—WAHIBONSEH DREAMS OF A TRIP TO WASHINGTON—THREE OTHER DREAMS—CHIEFS IN ST. LOUIS—THE OLD STEAMBOAT CAPTAINS, PILOTS AND CLERKS—HEALTHY MISSOURI WATER—ST. LOUIS HAS A NEW RESERVOIR—PHRENOLOGY AND MESMERISM—OVER THE ALLEGHENIES—A RECEPTION—ME-AM-MIS TALKS.

One August day in 1843, a tall, slim gentleman made up to my lone cabin in the (now) city of Council Bluffs,—where I sat on the porch with a sort of Alexander Selkirk feeling all over me—and with a bow to the mane of his pony addressed me—

“The Agent, I presume?”

There was something so refreshing in his manner, the grace of which Chesterfield himself could not have excelled, up there, that I was charmed, and actually got on my legs to return his salute and acknowledge my official rank. It was a conservative country, and folks generally did not get up from a good seat when they could help it; but with all the suaviter in modo at command I invited the stranger to ‘light down;’ and we were soon in lively chat. Beyond affairs of the Agency I have no remembrance of the topics discussed, but the sun was far down towards the ‘Maha hills before he took leave. To meet a gentleman so full of information, wit, humor and sprightly anecdote in a city would have been a pleasure; but the inspiration of his presence in the wilderness, breaking in on the dull musing of an idle hour, can only be appreciated by some old citizen of Indiana who knew Senator “Wash. Ewing.” We became friends at once, and so continued till his death; and of all the men I have known in half a century I have never met his superior in strong sense, wit, humor, fun, hard work, and telling a good story. We had much business together in Washington, at sundry times up to 1849, but in all his large operations with the Indians—in regard to which I was one of his legal counsel—never did I hear from his lips a word inconsistent with the character of an honest and high-toned business man. Such was the character of one of the gentlemen, who as ‘Indian traders,’ were often treated by the Indian bureau as if they were only designing scoundrels. His brother, Wm. G.

Ewing, was in sterling worth a man of the same stamp, but was not given to the wit, humor, and funny narration that gave a charm to the leisure of George W. The ex-Secretary of the Navy, Richard M. Thompson, of Indiana, can bear witness to the unreasonable action in old times of the Indian bureau towards the gentlemen I have named, who were merchants on a large scale, having stores at many of the Indian agencies. There may be better conduct in the Indian bureau now; but if Indian matters are managed with common sense, and a due regard to the rights of the Indians under treaties, as well as the rights of the licensed merchants, the change has been great since the days of T. Hartley Crawford, and his successor, Wm. Medill, as Commissioners of Indian Affairs. I have mentioned Col. Ewing, because he aided in the treaty that finally gave the Pottawatamie country to the State of Iowa.

In the summer of 1845, Major Thomas H. Harvey, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis—civil service reform having rotated Col. D. D. Mitchell out to make room for this gentleman—came up to my domain to make a treaty with the Pottawatamies, and get them to move down and join their relations in Kansas. The Indians grunted, 'ugh'd,' and objected. On both sides fine speeches were made, but nothing came of the discussion, and Major Harvey had to go back without even the draft of a protocol, satisfied that the Indians were not disposed to sell their five million acres.

But hardly had the fragrance of the Superintendent's dignified presence exhaled from Chicken Point, before I noticed mysterious pow-wowing among the Chiefs. Unusual gravity sat on their bronzed faces, as pipes were handed round, and by signs rather than words something important was being discussed. Old Me-ah-mis, Chief of the scantily-clad gentlemen who had their wigwams on the head streams of the Nishnabotna, lingered at our village and had on an extra weight of decorum and dignity. Even the jolly Op-te-ke-shick, or Half-Day, our pompous and eloquent orator, who, when not engaged in grave matters of business, was bubbling over with fun, and sputtering Indian wit as merrily as a kettle of boiling shirts can sputter on washday, had neither joke nor smile for anybody, and would even pass little John D. without the customary "How!-Nic-con!" It was plain that something was in the air beside the usual odors of Chicken Point, but there was only one proper way for me to discover what it was:—I must wait.

Soon it all came out. They had not been averse to a fair treaty, but the stately old Wah-bon-seh, with the snows of eighty winters on his head, had 'dreamed' that Major Harvey was but a little Father after all (six feet and over in his stockings though he was), and that the treaty could only be properly made with their Great Father at Washington. It was a wonderful revelation, especially as his dream had indicated the very Chiefs who were to be in the mission to the Capital—himself among them; and he had 'dreamed' again, after the departure of Major Harvey, that "Cose-non" was to go along with the chiefs as their guide, philosopher and friend.

Then a remarkable 'dream' came into *my* noddle, coinciding in the most surprising manner with that of Wah-bon-seh, as to the Washington visit; and in a second 'dream'—both having strangely enough occurred while I was wide awake—it was clearly revealed that the Chiefs, out of the funds of the tribe, were to bear all expenses and pay me fifteen hundred dollars to take care of them and their interests. A third 'dream' resulted in a letter to Washington, placing my office at the disposal of the Secretary of War, as no longer needed. Ever since these apparently supernatural revelations I have been disposed to regret that I was not born before the time of Mahomet, as I might have had a better Koran than his revealed to me, in broad daylight and with both eyes open.

Great was Major Harvey's surprise when we arrived in St. Louis—the Indians, little John D., and the rest of us. He was 'glad the Chiefs had come to make the treaty;' but Op-te-ke-shick, in a speech as luminous as one of Brother Beecher's, and quite as convincing, soon undeceived him; and old Wah-bon-seh orated to the effect that they had no light up in their wigwams, but thought they would possibly be able to see the dawn of a new morning if they could look on the big face of their Great Father at Washington.

Our voyage down on the Amaranth, Capt. George W. Atchison, had been pleasant, but I have forgotten the incidents, except that in a snaggy bend near Iowa Point the anchor was dropped, and after the boat had swung round, a hawser coiled on the capstan was made fast to a snag, and she was let down to safe water. The hawser was reeled off the capstan as successfully as we had expected to reel the silk off our cocoons in the *Morus Multicaulis* days; when the two men, left at the snag with the yawl, cast off the line to be reeled on board, and we headed down stream again. It was all very simple, after we saw it done, and I mention this bit of steamboating under difficulties to give an idea of the expedients necessary on occasions 'to get along' in bad parts of the river. Not meaning to disparage the moderns, let me say that our steamboat Captains, Pilots and Clerks of thirty-five or forty years ago were not the rude and reckless characters many innocent people have supposed them to have been. Intent on their duties, they often had little time to entertain talking people, but I think there is no record anywhere of so many perils encountered with so few disasters as in old days in the Missouri river.

As a rule, our Captains made little pretensions to 'science,' except in taking people and things along safely; and when the lady with the notebook talked so learnedly (as a lady from the Atlantic slope ought), and holding up her glass at dinner was curious to know the reason why the Missouri water was considered so 'healthy,'—the Captain's reply rather surprised me, as an original view of that fluid, and I was glad the lady noted it down as one of the remarkable facts of the great west, which I suppose went into her book of travels:

"Madam," replied Captain E., with the grace and suavity proper to the

host at head of table—"the reason is well understood along the river. The sand in the water scours out the bowels, and the more one drinks of it the healthier he gets."

Soon little John D., his wee sister and the ladies whose pleasure it was to take care of those wonderful children, were in a St. Louis dwelling, and the Chiefs, Interpreters and myself took boat for Pittsburgh, there to take canal and railroad through Pennsylvania and round by Baltimore to Washington. As I was pressed for time in St. Louis, I could not get up to the reservoir on Ashley street, to see the great addition made to it, of which I had read in the Republican that it was actually "one hundred feet each way by twelve feet deep," and was made of planks "caulked and pitched." St. Louis was growing so rapidly that this provision for increased water supply was actually necessary, and Peter Brooks was complimented very highly for his skill in making it.

Never a more decorous party than my Indians on the steamboat, but not unsocial. Op-te-ke-shick would even try to talk English and crack jokes with the passengers; and old Wah-bon-seh would tell, through the interpreter, how he got his name, when, as a young brave, he 'struck' the sleeping Osages. It was a nice little military history, and the snowy-headed old Indian felt as proud of his feat of arms as any general who ever commanded thousands.

Phrenology and Mesmerism were much discussed in that age, and one evening in the ladies' cabin, as we paddled up the Ohio, there was a general fumbling of heads for bumps; a model head in plaster, with a chart on it, serving to indicate their position; and much amusement resulted from the reading of character by the sense of touch, as the blind absorb literature. We next tried Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism as it ought to be called, having been known long before Mesmer practised it; and in due course it came my turn to make a trial. I had scarcely taken my seat in front of a lady passenger and begun the proper stare, and the prescribed holding of her hands, and the passes over her forehead and eyes, when the Chiefs, whose education had not taken in the 'great medicine' of Mesmer, became interested in the unusual proceedings. The feeling of heads had puzzled them, as we were evidently not engaged (like their neighbors, the Ottoes across the Missouri) in any search for entomological specimens; but the holding of hands, and staring, and pawing over the faces and arms of the ladies, might mean unknown calamities. Nearer and nearer they drew, intent to witness the catastrophe, when the subject, having gone into the Mesmeric sleep, I turned her face upward and arranged her rigid arms as if in supplication, much to the astonishment if not alarm of my friends of the wilderness.

"Wah!—ty—yah!" exclaimed the sturdy Me-ah-mis,—"*Cose-non!*—*Che-moke-mon-quai!*"

Which reads, in a free translation—"Hello!—what in thunder has our father been doing to the white woman!"

The passage of the Alleghenies actually elicited two or three 'ughs' in acknowledgment of their wonders; the Indians never having been among hills, except those of a prairie country, which one can only see by going down towards the streams. The little locomotives on the levels of the Portage Railroad were not regarded as of much consequence, as the travelers had all seen steamboats, with wheels a world bigger than those of the locomotives, and they had learned that the mysterious force of steam could turn the big wheels in the water; but the ropes of the inclined planes, moving apparently by their own volition and hauling us up the long hill, were 'great medicine'—'ugh!'

It was a great treat to my native town to stop a day. No live Indian had been seen in that valley for unknown years, possibly since Logan left; and we had a 'reception.' The whole town came to see us, and Andrew Parker Jacob, in all the freshness, hope and vigor of a young lawyer's life, made an address, to which Me-ah-mis replied. After the proper compliments (for our Chiefs were all gentlemen), he said:

"My Friends, we have come a long journey—on our way to see our Great Father, the President. Our business is important. We have left our homes, our wives, and our little ones to attend to it personally. Our Great Father has promised that justice shall be done. He has said he will do something for us *at the proper time*. The proper time has never come yet. We are going to try to find out when it will come. When we learn that we will know more than we do now!"

These words of Me-ah-mis tell the tale of a great deal of Indian dissatisfaction, which has in many cases cost the lives of innocent people. The proper time was never observed. As Indian agent, I found it impossible to have business between the Indians and the government carried on in a common sense way. Congress would not make in proper time the appropriations required by treaties; and the Indian bureau delayed the annuities in goods and money. The unbroken rule was, that these would not arrive until after the date required by the promises of the United States. It was often exasperating to see the patient and simple Pottawatamies waiting for the 'payment,' when they ought to have been on their annual buffalo hunt to lay in a supply of meat for the winter. It was no doubt the destiny of the aborigines to fade away—but their treatment by the government might as well have been honest and wise, and of course humane.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT WASHINGTON—ELECTRO MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH—WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT
 —DAGUERREOTYPES—INDIANS TAKEN OFF—FIRST GALLERY IN ST. LOUIS
 —FITZGIBBON—INDIANS AND THE PRESIDENT—OP-TE-KE-SHICK THE OR-
 ATOR—THE HATCHET—AN ATMOSPHERE—USE OF THE PRESS.

Fuller's Hotel at Washington, now Willard's, afforded the Pottawatamies ample quarters. Better housed than ever before, they took it all as a matter of course, but were not fussy guests, and had no use for the boot-black. Some of our friends, the 'traders,' were in the city, of whom I remember Col. Geo. W. Ewing and Capt. Joseph A. Sire. The Indians were in debt to these gentlemen, and if a treaty was to be made, it was well enough for the rights of all to be looked after; and the Chiefs were very much gratified to have their friends present, although the sapient Indian bureau regarded the merchants who had credited the members of the tribe as little better than thieves and robbers.

Col. Ewing was especially useful to us, as he could 'talk Indian,' and help to interpret. When we went to see the 'Electro-Magnetic Telegraph,' as it was called,—having been only six months in use for general business between Washington and Baltimore—he aided to explain it, and made quite a speech to the Chiefs about the Great Spirit, the lightning, and Professor Morse. The Professor was then the Genius of the Century, although he may perhaps be almost forgotten ere its close. Congress, after weary begging, had aided him to get in operation the line from Washington to Baltimore, and private enterprise (October 1845) was carrying it on, even to Philadelphia and New York! But hardly anybody anticipated the extent to which the telegraph would come into use, and to 'put a girdle round the world' by cables in the seas was not yet dreamed of. The first message ever sent by an electric telegraph line was the sentence—"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT," transmitted from Washington to Baltimore, May 24, 1844. This message was suggested by Miss Annie Ellsworth, a lass in her teens, who had been the first to inform Mr. Morse that his bill had passed Congress.

The telegraph was 'great medicine' to the Chiefs. Years before they had learned why it was that a piece of paper, with marks on it, could convey ideas and preserve them; but this thing of stretching a wire on posts

forty miles, sending along any thing one wanted to say, and having the reply in a minute, jotted down in mysterious dots and dashes on a strip of paper, was something akin to what the Great Spirit himself might be expected to do if he felt in the humor. They would not have been able to believe it all if they had not seen that Col. Ewing, Capt. Sire, and myself gave full credence; and when old Wah-bon-seh had his name sent to Baltimore, and it came clicking back before he had time for more than three whiffs of his pipe, he expelled the last draught of smoke through his venerable nostrils, gave us a monstrous 'ugh!' and declared that he had seen so many wonders in his life that he must now be called Twilight, as it was not worth while ever to see any more.

The Daguerreotype gallery of John Plumbe, near Brown's Hotel (now the Metropolitan), was a palace of wonders, not only to the Indians, but to many of our white fellow-mortals who had never yet been portrayed by the Daguerrean artist. It was only in 1839, six years before, that Monsieur Daguerre had brought his process into public use, and the French government (perhaps as enlightened in some things as our own) had purchased it for the general benefit; and making pictures by self-acting light was not by any means so universal as now, when we have the photograph and artotype; and poor old Daguerre, who no doubt thought himself famous, is almost gone into oblivion. The New York Herald, in November 1845, had a Washington letter which said:

"The greatest wonder of all to country folks are those who take other people off without touching them at all. Among them is the gentleman at Plumbe's Daguerrean gallery. He takes everybody off, from the President down to common folks. Here are John Tyler old, John Tyler young, and hundreds of others, all hanging up with their backs against the walls as natural and life-like as if they were living, breathing creatures. Pottawatamies were there too. I saw them the other day, and never saw them look better than they do in plates; (they're pretty good along side of a plate, if full enough). Among them is Wah-bon-seh, the old brave of whom McKenny, in his 'North American Indians,' gives us a striking portrait and an interesting biography. This old fellow's name means literally Dawn of Day, and he gained it by an exploit of his youth. He went solus on an expedition against the Osages, to avenge the death of a friend; stole into their camp, tomahawked a dozen before the alarm was given, and then escaped just as the day was dawning. 'Wah-bon-seh!' he exclaimed, 'day a little!' and took that for his name. In the Black Hawk war he was very active on behalf of the whites. Shah-be-nay, another chief, is well portrayed. This man distinguished himself about the time the Black Hawk war broke out, by his expeditions to warn the inhabitants of Illinois of their danger. Half Day, the orator of the party, is a fine-looking Indian, and makes a capital picture. He is a jolly fellow, and says his picture would look much better with 'two white squaws,' one on each side. The Indians were much surprised at the magnetic telegraph, but more at the Daguerreotype process."

The young reader will hardly know what the Daguerreotype was—a picture taken on a metallic plate, before the art came in of taking pictures on prepared paper. Miss Lilly has only known of what we call the Photograph, or its multiplier, the Artotype. But her greatest misfortune (and that of Adonis too) is that the advancement in Science and Art has in the last fifty years been so great, that there is nothing left to wonder at. Things which afforded us surprise and taxed our faculties in efforts to understand them, thus giving us the double pleasure of excited wonder and triumph over mystery, are now so common that Lilly and Adonis lose all the enjoyment we had in old times over strange things; and they can only go on telling each other the old, old story, which, they may thank their Creator, will ever be new to each generation. But as to the old Daguerreotype process, I might say that it made a better picture than the photographic art can show, judging by my own likeness, taken in 1845 at Plumbe's gallery; for I defy any Photographer to make as handsome a picture of me now!

The amount of cheap pleasure afforded by photography is incalculable. Adonis can have his Lilly's pretty face for his pocketbook at a cost so small as to be almost contemptible; but only a little over forty years ago her painted miniature would have been too dear for his purse. Among the first cities of the world to enjoy the results of Daguerre's art was St. Louis, as a gallery was established by John H. Fitzgibbon in 1841, only two years after the French had made the process public. This excellent man went to his rest in 1882, but the St. Louis Photographer, a monthly journal founded by him, is continued under Mrs. Fitzgibbon, and is the exponent of photographic art for the great valley.

FITZGIBBON.

Long years ago he drew
The magic pictures by the sun's assistance;
The art was then so curious and so new,
We wonder'd it had come so great a distance,
With such perfection and a touch so true.

For scarce Daguerre had thrown
His wond'rous process open to the nations,
When here on Mississippi's banks 'twas known,
By our Fitzgibbon's dext'rous ministrations,
And portraits in our cabinets were shown

My infant darlings then
Were taken off with marvellous precision;
Though long since women grown and men,
I see them smiling in a happy vision,
As if their childhood were all back again.

Our Chiefs called on Senator Benton and had a talk. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont was present, and much pleased to meet frontier people who knew of her adventurous husband. Our half-breed interpreters, who had learned

French from Canadian voyageurs before the Pottawatamies had left their homes near Chicago, were delighted with Madame's conversation in that language, and wondered that a lady could speak French so well, who had grown up so far away from where they had learned it. Senator Benton had received us with as much courtesy as if we had been the entire diplomatic corps, and promised his aid in adjusting our affairs with the government.

J. Knox Walker, President Polk's Secretary, had been formally advised that the Pottawatamie ambassadors would pay their respects to the President of the United States, at any hour to suit the convenience of their Great Father; and soon an orderly brought us a gilt-edged note from Mr. Walker as instructed by the President, directing the next day and the hour of noon for the ceremony. Part of the night was spent in solemn council, and the next morning was devoted to personal adornment. LeClaire, Holliday and Beaubien, half-breeds, had come down to the white man's dress, but the Chiefs rejected with scorn the suggestion of any costume but that of the prairie. It had gotten out that the interview was to take place, and when we filed out from Fuller's and marched toward the White House, our conspicuous and somewhat picturesque procession had a crowd of spectators big enough to stamp us as the best show of the day.

President Polk, Secretary of War Marcy, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs Medill, received us in a spacious apartment; and we were also honored by the presence of several ladies. Op-te-ke-shick, or Half Day, addressed the President:

"My Great Father: You see your red children, the Chief and Braves of the Pottawatamies. We are very glad to shake you by the hand. We have come a long way and our hearts beat lively when we see you."

President Polk replied that he was very much pleased to meet his red children from the far west.

"You have come," he continued, "a long distance to the seat of government, and you consider the business which has brought you here of importance. It shall be attended to. Full justice shall be done to you. The government desires to preserve relations of friendship and peace to all the Indian tribes, so that the hatchet between the red man and the white man may long remain buried."

Having, like a skillful diplomatist, drawn out these professions and promises, Op-te-ke-shick proceeded to deliver the speech agreed on in our night council:

"My Father: Your chiefs and braves here present respect the government of the United States. All our people at home respect the government. The white man is our friend and we are his. We have always given you our land when you asked for it. We never refused you. Like good children we always said yes.

"Father: We have given you all our land about the Great Lakes. Look at it. Millions of white men can live on it. They are now on it. It is a

great country, and it contains the bones of our grandfathers. It is ours no longer, but we love it still. When we look back to it our hearts are sad.

"Father: You gave us a country on the Missouri, where we now are. Twelve winters ago at Chicago you told us it should be our home as long as the sun shines and water flows; that we should grow up there like the grass in the prairies; and that all you had promised should be done for us there. We have not seen it.

"Father: We love the country where we are. But you have asked us to go southwest of the Missouri. We do not know what to do. There is a cloud before us, and we look to you to remove it. We can depend on no one but you.

"Father: If we stay where we are, we are told the white man's laws will be extended over us by the State of Iowa. We do not understand them.

"Father: You are from the West. You know what your red children want. You can make us see clearly and make our hearts glad."

The President made another speech and told us the Secretary of War would look into the case and see justice done. All the promises of the government, he said, should be kept; and after everything should be arranged he would like to see us all again before starting home. Then we shook hands all 'round and marched back to Fuller's, where we discussed the President's speeches, which had afforded the Chiefs much satisfaction, except the sentence about the hatchet. They had heard so much of the hatchet, which they had (figuratively) buried so many years before, that they were tired of it; and besides, they had lived so long on the border of civilization, that they thought this hatchet talk, which might do for the wild fellows out on the plains, ought to be dropped. I was awfully tired of it too. I had taken a distaste to the mention of a hatchet in childhood, when it seemed to me so absurd to give little George Washington so much applause for simply telling the truth, which was a common thing in our family. When Father inquired what had become of the piece of buckskin which he intended for a patch on his riding clothes where the saddle had worn them, I never thought of anything else than just to tell him that I had taken it for the boys to cover their balls with; but from what followed right away after I have always doubted Mr. Weemes' pretty story of the way little George's father behaved to him about the cutting of the cherry tree.

As Col. Ewing and I were taking our late oysters to sleep on, he said—

"Major, who are those fellows prowling through the corridors after our Indians? Goggles!—yes, sir—one of them with goggles on! They pushed in at the President's to-day too. And there's old Sam Stambaugh—what's he after? He has enough to do to look after his Cherokees."

"Don't be disturbed, Colonel. Its all right. Those fellows, as you call them, are the gentlemen to make an atmosphere."

"An atmosphere? What the deuce is an atmosphere?"

"Just wait, and you'll see."

"Well, all I've got to say is—don't lend them any money."

"No fear of that. They're not after money."

"Then what do they want, if not money? Everybody in Washington wants money."

"Not of course. But wait and see."

I would give him no explanation; but when Father Ritchie's paper, the Union, official organ of Mr. Polk's administration, came out next morning with a two column editorial written by Col. Stambaugh, giving a graphic account of our call at the White House, and assuring everybody that justice must and should be done to the noble Pottawatamies, who had come all the way from Council Bluffs to get it; and when, next day, the New York Herald and Philadelphia Ledger got in, the glowing letters about the 'red brethren,' their intelligent friend (giving me the proper title of Colonel), the great wrongs of the Indians, the splendid domain on the Missouri, which the government wanted to wheedle them out of, and so on, the way to make an 'atmosphere,' and the use to be made of it, became palpable to the apprehension of Col. Ewing.

I was using the Press. We had paraded to visit Col. Benton, to see the telegraph, and the Daguerrean gallery, had inspected the curiosities of the Patent Office (where a suit of Washington's every-day clothes were preserved in a glass case), and had taken a look at the Capitol; but only a few persons saw us after all, and only a limited public sentiment could be created by all this marching and countermarching. Besides, how would the gazing public know what to think of us? But the newspapers carried us everywhere, and told the people what views they ought to take of us; and the public, as in duty bound, was on our side. There was a Pottawatomie atmosphere everywhere. It even reached the lungs of the dignified old National Intelligencer, which from its lofty position gave us an editorial puff. We were in all thoughts and on all tongues. Never before or since has an Indian delegation at Washington been so much talked about and so heartily sympathised with.

"Major," said Capt. Sire to me, "if you pay for a single dozen of oysters, or a bottle of wine, while we are in Washington, I'll make it a personal matter, sir."

Col. Ewing was highly amused, and acknowledged that my 'atmosphere' was just the thing to waft us onward in our treaty making enterprise; and told me that when I should get back to St. Louis, and get out my 'shingle' as a lawyer, I must consider myself as engaged by the year as attorney for the firm of W. G. & G. W. Ewing. He even took back all he had said about the "goggles," and insisted on making the acquaintance of Dr. Wallace, of the New York Herald, who wore the glasses.

The Press had been used but in that unsophisticated age not a dollar had been paid to any writer, as all were glad of the chance to write about Indians; and not a line was printed that was not substantially true. From prudence as well as principle, the Indians and myself gave out only facts, and we had thus no dread of detection or exposure.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SOLEMN COUNCIL—PREPARED ORATORY—FIRST OFFER DECLINED—COUNCIL BREAKS UP—THE PRESS INDIGNANT—A CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—THE DOOR OPENED AGAIN—MORE ELOQUENCE—THE COUNTRY ABOUT CHICAGO—A SATISFACTORY OFFER AND A PROTOCOL—DREAMING—PAINT AND FEATHERS PAST AND GONE—ASA WHITNEY AND HIS PACIFIC RAILROAD—LAND GRANTS—THEIR ORIGINATOR FORGOTTEN.

Gen. Gibson and Maj. T. P. Andrews, of the army, were selected by President Polk to treat with us, and the important conference would begin next day. At night the corridors of Fuller's hotel reeked with smoke. Having gained a point we did not mean to lose it, and no step should be taken without due consideration. I only remember hazily the decisions of our grave council, but the main thing was, not to hastily commit ourselves. Wah-bon-seh was to open briefly, and conclude with the hope that if we should agree on a treaty it might be a wise one, as he did not expect ever to take part in making another. Peerish Le Claire, in Indian lingo, was to refer to some former treaties, the promises of which had not been kept by the government, and was to expatiate on the charms of the country about Chicago, where the frogs in the marshes sang more sweetly than birds in other parts—a land of beauty, which they had ceded to the government for a mere trifle, although it had been their home so long that they had traditions of Pierrot, the first white man who ever set foot upon it, two hundred years before. He was to conclude with praises of the Platte country in Missouri, once promised to them as their home 'forever,' but from which they had in a short time been pushed up northward. Op-te-ke-shiek was to repeat, substantially, the speech made to the President, with expatiation on the beauty and value of their five million acres (so much desired by the people of Iowa as part of their prospective state), and was to magnify the reluctance of the Pottawatomies to give up so fine a country, with a suggestion that their brethren in Kansas might come up there, if the government wanted them all in one place, as there was room enough for every body. He was also to hint of shortcomings of the Indian bureau, and conclude with the assurance that his folks would all be perfectly happy in their present location, if their Great Father would only not forget his

promises, and would stop troubling their ears with talk about moving again.

Should the diplomats on the side of the government make any distinct proposal, the sturdy Me-ab-mis was to tell them that the Chiefs would retire to the great wigwam of Mr. Fuller to consider it, and would agree to it if it looked all right. As their friend and adviser, I was to say nothing, but observe closely, and if I should see any signs of sharp practice on the part of the commissioners, was to give a hint to Wah-bon-seh, who would adjourn the council. No lawyers in consultation over a difficult case ever arranged its management more carefully.

It was a nice program, and we carried it out with tolerable success, but our councilings ran through several days. The incidents and their order have faded from memory, but I recollect clearly that the first offer for our five million acres, a domain six times the size of Rhode Island, was \$250,000. This we declined, of course; but I totally forget how it was that, after a few interviews, we got into a snarl, and a good deal of temper was displayed on both sides; whereupon the negotiation was broken off in a huff all round.

We were in the papers again—insulted, they said, by the top-lofty commissioners! The modest friend of the Indians had been roused to indignation! The dignity of the Chiefs would not permit them longer to continue in a council where no respect was paid to their rights or feelings. Monstrous injustice—unseemly attempt to wheedle the poor Indians, and, this failing, infamous browbeating! The word “bull-dosing” had not been invented, or it would no doubt have been used. Much to be regretted, they said, this rupture of the negotiation, on many accounts, and especially as the five million acres would suit so well as part of the new state of Iowa. The “atmosphere” was full of brimstone.

We must take leave of the President, and go home. Again, in paint and feathers, we paraded up to the White House, all very wide awake, although most of the night before had been spent in assorting our thunderbolts, and selecting the best for use. Dr. Wallace, of the New York Herald, under date of November 21, 1845, gave an account of us:

“The Pottowatamie delegation, under the care of their friend the Colonel, had another talk with the President to-day in the White House. They occupied several hours of the morning in arranging their toilet, and when they appeared, debouching from Fuller’s hotel in Indian file, their costume presented a most singular admixture of savage and civilized fashions. Moccasins, buckskin gaiters, beads, medals, long flowing masses of a crim-son sea-grass or hair, eagle’s feathers, raven’s wings, ear ornaments, fragments of bear skins, hung with numerous small bells, and a profusion of paint of different colors, were strangely blended with frock coats, fur caps, turbans and ivory-headed walking sticks. Arrived at the President’s, they were conducted to the reception room of their Great Father. A number of white citizens and strangers were present, some of them distinguished person-

ages. The President came in, accompanied by Mr. Marcey, the Secretary of War, and Mr. J. Knox Walker, the Private Secretary of the Executive. * * * * On the west side door was thrown open, and several beautiful female countenances contemplated the pow-wow.

“The delegation all having shaken hands with the President and those about him, they were again seated, and after a moment's pause, Op-te-ke-shiek, or Half Day, the orator, stepped forward, shook hands with his Great Father and the Secretary of War, and stepping backward to an open space, motioned to M. B. Beaubien, a half-breed, and an intelligent man, to rise and interpret to the President the speech intended for his hearing.

“But before we proceed to the speech, let us describe Half Day and his rig. Op-te-ke-shiek is a stout man, rather corpulent, of about five feet nine inches in height, with a full, broad open countenance, more expressive of a lively, gay and volatile temperament than of the usual inflexible stolidity of the Indian. He has a fine set of teeth, which, when he smiles, are exhibited without reservation. His cheeks and temples were painted a bright vermilion, with a zigzag stripe of Prussian blue upon each side, which, from the contrast of the bright ground color of red, stood out in fine relief. His thick suit of black hair was docketed all round, and combed over his brow from the crown. His crown was surmounted by a flaming top-knot of a red fibrous material, like hair, in the centre of which was a large eagle's feather fixed upon a pivot, and from which dangled a fantastically carved wooden skip-jack of about eight inches by two. He wore mocassins and buckskin leggins, and a civilized shirt, which, instead of tucking into his short buckskin breeches, he wore over them as a butcher wears his white apron. To crown this magnificent display of finery, he had on a blue frock coat, and a black silk cravat tied loosely about his throat. His left hand rested on the large ivory head of a sword-cane, and his right was left free for action. His attitude was dignified and erect, the expression of his countenance stern and impressive, his voice clear, decisive and distinct—his gestures chaste, appropriate, and almost an interpretation of his words; his whole manner was elegant and admirable.

“He said in substance, that when last he talked to the President, it was in this same room; that his talk was good; that he had told them (the Indians) their rights should be respected, etc. They had been referred to the Secretary of War, and he had referred them to the two braves, (Messrs. Gibson and Andrews) but nothing had been done. They (the Indians) had been told that the lands which they now occupy in pursuance of the treaties of Chicago, were not intended for their permanent residence. They had been given to understand differently when they made those treaties. They had come a long way to lay their complaints before their Great Father. They could now only rely upon him. If they were disappointed they desired to be told so, that they might know how to act, or whether to remain any longer at the seat of government or not.

“When Half Day had finished his speech, he walked up again to the

President and the Secretary of War, and the few persons immediately about them, and laughing, shook hands with them, exclaiming as he passed from one to another, How de do? Ah! hah! Major, how de do?

"The President replied that the government was bound to take care of all its red children, and that it would do so. (Here an exclamation 'Whoo-who!' of evident pleasure passed round the Indian line.) The President, however, said that the subject belonged to the Secretary of War and the Commissioners; that this delegation had come voluntarily to the seat of government; but that it was his wish, notwithstanding, that they might yet go home entirely satisfied.

"Half Day rejoined in a style even more determined and animated than at first, that they had come because the government was in their debt. He desired to know of the President, if they (the Indians) were in his debt, whether he would not go out to them or send a messenger to collect the money? The government had owed them for twelve years for the lands they had sold it. When this old bill was settled, it would be time enough to talk of a new contract.

"A consultation ensued between Colonel Elliott for the tribe on the one part, and the president and the Secretary of War for the government on the other; after which the President said that their may have been some misunderstanding in the talk had with the two Commissioners, and that it was intended to give his red children another council on Monday next.

"Half Day replied that during the President's consultation, he had also had a little consultation with his Chiefs. But the Commissioners at the last council had told them that the door was closed.

"The President said that it should be opened again. At this, Half Day laughed heartily, and shortly thereafter, the delegation returned to their quarters at the hotel. The bearing of the President towards these poor people was kind and paternal. He endeavored to impress upon their minds that the government would not see them wronged—that it was bound to protect them and would not fail to do it."

This long extract refers to events which led to the early cession of the Pottawatamie lands in Iowa, and gives a graphic picture of my friend Half Day, one of the jolliest fellows I ever knew, and yet a man of excellent sense in his way. The correspondent does scant justice to his speeches, the points of which had all been agreed on the night before; nor did the good scribe (with the goggles) catch the wink, the burly orator gave us as he came up laughing to shake hands all round. The wink meant that we had gained the object of our farewell call, which was, in fact, to re-open the negotiation, as the Chief's had no idea of going home without having accomplished anything, to be complained of by some of their people, and laughed at by others. The Chiefs who had rubbed against civilization, had a dread of ridicule directed against themselves, and like white men, only enjoyed it when others were the victims.

The council re-opened. Never was Half Day so eloquent. He portrayed

the magnificent domain in Northern Illinois, which at the wish of the government, the Pottawatamies had abandoned—its rivers, its lakes, its game, its groves of cottonwood for the winter forage of their ponies—its forests of sugar trees—and the graves of their fathers for unknown generations—all given to the white man. The Indians must go, they had been told; but they were to have a home in Missouri 'forever.' How long did 'forever' last? Just as many winters as he had fingers on his hands; for two years ago they had been told it was time to be taking down their lodges to move again. He would have liked to take off his moccasins and count on his toes; but their Great Father only looked at their fingers. That was his 'forever.' Their brethren down in Kansas had a 'forever' too, but how long would it last, if he and his people were to go there? It was a good country on the Missouri; not as good as round Chicago, and on the Kankakee, but it would do. They liked it more and more. Many of them had log houses and little farms; they had homes which they did not want to leave. Even the people of Me-ah-mis, on the Nishnabotna, had good wigwams, and were happy. If their Great Father wants them to go to Kansas, he must have put new hearts into the braves (Gibson and Andrews) sent to talk with them again. The Great Father has a big house to live in. He must be very rich. But the braves had acted as if he was poor. They had only offered a little sum for their five million acres, like giving a poor fellow the tail of a buffalo to keep him warm. He wanted a whole robe or nothing. He could not go home to his people and have only a buffalo tail to show for all their land.

At a vast expense of oratory on both sides we went on day after day with our council, but the novelty was wearing off, and the public, I think, was getting a little tired of us, when we at length closed the contract at \$-50,000 for the Pottawatamie domain in Iowa; just \$600,000 more than first offered for it. A sort of protocol was signed, not as a final treaty, but to be executed as such at Council Bluffs, "when the grass grows" in the following spring. Our last council was a very solemn affair, but we separated in good humor, with the distinct understanding that the same Commissioners were to visit the Bluffs, in the spring, and the same friends of the Indians were to be present. The Chiefs particularly designated me as their friend and adviser, who must be there, as I could tell their people the Treaty was all right, and could see that it was executed according to the agreement already entered into.

That night at Fuller's we 'dreamed' again. My dream was to the effect that the Chiefs were to pay me three 'boxes,' in the spring, for going to their country to aid in completing the Treaty; and the Chiefs dreamed that the arrangement was 'good.' A 'box' meant \$1,000, as their cash amenities were paid in silver, each box containing that sum.

As I was to remain a few weeks in Washington, the delegation bade me farewell, and I have never seen any of them since. On their way home, a stage was upset in Ohio, and Wah-bon-seh was killed. Some of the others

were hurt, but not fatally. The old Chief's bones (and there was not much else), were laid in the soil of Ohio, and may have fertilized the vegetation which has been nourishing some Buckeye boy for a future President.

The days of Indian delegations to Washington, in paint and feathers, are past and gone, and hence I have given so full an account of our visit in 1845, as a record of earnest action never to be repeated. It was part of the process of pushing the Indians further westward, to make room for what we consider a better order of human kind. Yet we had only faint notions of what was to come. If the reader will go back to that date, and consider what were the condition and prospects of the continent west and northwest from Council Bluffs to the Pacific, and contrast it with the present, he will see how far the reality of progress has outrun any possible anticipation. Or let him in imagination go back to Chicago in 1834, and sit in council with the Pottawatamies, then making the treaty by which they ceded to the United States their splendid domain of northern Illinois, and he will see that the world has no record of changes equal to those at the end of Lake Michigan.

During my stay in Washington, I boarded in the same house with Asa Whitney, then urging his grand scheme of a Pacific Railroad. He wanted to start from Lake Michigan, and run to the Pacific by way of the South Pass, and petitioned Congress for a grant of lands one hundred miles wide, afterwards reduced to sixty, to provide means to build the road. Through the press I co-operated with him in educating the public mind on the subject of a Pacific Railroad, on his or some other plan. Mr. Whitney was a most amiable, intelligent and interesting man, of views too broad and comprehensive to be readily appreciated by Congress or the people. But he did a good deal to create that enlightened public sentiment, which began in 1862 to take practical shape in acts of Congress organizing the Union Pacific Railroad Company, but which had, years before, resulted in the incorporation of a Pacific Railroad in Missouri, and the actual beginning of its construction in 1851.

Mr. Whitney's efforts to start his Pacific Railroad no doubt led to the grant of lands to Illinois for the Central road, and to all the land grants which have followed—greatly to the present benefit of the nation, notwithstanding the frauds which have in some cases grown out of these measures. But Mr. Whitney himself is forgotten, and there is not even a station named for him on any of the great lines of continental railroads.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ST. LOUIS LAWYERS—A LAND SPECULATION—BRITTON A. HILL'S BOOK, LIBERTY AND LAW—CASE IN THE CRIMINAL COURT—INDICTMENT QUASHED—UNDUE PROTECTION OF THE CRIMINAL CLASSES—MEXICAN WAR—ST. LOUIS LEGION—GARRISON'S BIG STEAMBOAT—LACLEDE RANGERS—UNSULLIED SWORDS—POLK'S STATESMANSHIP—AT FORT LEAVENWORTH—NO SUPPER—ORATORY IN PLACE OF RATIONS—THE POTTAWATAMIE TREATY.

Early in 1846 my sign 'Attorney-at-Law' was up in St. Louis, whose bar had then old members of very high rank, and younger ones of unusual promise. Among the former were Edward Bates, Hamilton R. Gamble, Henry S. Geyer, Josiah Spalding, John F. Darby, Luke E. Lawless, and Trusten Polk. Among the latter were Britton A. Hill, Albert Todd, John M. Krum, Thomas B. Hudson, Thomas T. Gantt, and others who have since made their mark. I was appalled when I contemplated this array of talents, learning and experience, and could not well imagine myself coping with forces so great. Years before I had once been on business in the presence of Daniel Webster, when it almost seemed as if he could by a wave of his hand annihilate me; and the majesty of the St. Louis bar had a similar effect. I made few acquaintances; but among the earliest of those with whom I had any intercourse was Britton A. Hill. This gentleman received the stranger with so much kindness that I often enjoyed his entertaining and instructive conversation; and on one occasion he took me in a buggy down near the arsenal and offered me one-half share in a ten acre lot he was about to purchase in the City Commons, fronting on Carondelet avenue. The price was fifty dollars an acre; but I had no money. There was money subject to my order in the bank, but it belonged to the United States, and I was so simple, that I never once thought of using it for my own benefit; nor did Mr. Hill ever suggest this convenient appropriation of it. The purchase, I believe, resulted in large profit to my friend, but I lost my share of it because I did not know how to use public funds for private advantage.

The volume published in recent years by Britton A. Hill, entitled 'LIBERTY AND LAW,' is one of the remarkable books of the century. But its original and comprehensive views of society and government, will require

time to be fully understood and appreciated. It is a grand effort towards the elevation of mankind; but reforms intended to eradicate abuses hoary with age, and to bring about comparative perfection in society and government, can only make their way by uprooting evils which have by usage become almost a part of human nature. To this achievement Mr. Hill has given his labor without care for other reward than the consciousness of having done a service needed by the world. The volume is a marvellous compendium of thought and suggestion. It should be in every library, and studied by all entrusted with municipal, state or federal legislation. Many of the recommendations are so practical, and the ends to be attained so desirable, that they should be adopted at once; notably those in regard to the codification of state and national laws.

My law office was in a second floor room opposite the old Court House, where I had Blackstone, Chitty, Story, Greenleaf, eight Missouri Reports (all then issued), the Bible and Shakspeare, as a law library. The carpetless and dusky office, and scant outfit of book lore did not trouble me, but I was very dubious as to my fitness for civil practice, though I thought I might get on in the criminal court. I had a vague notion about that court something like the idea of Sol. Smith, when on one occasion he undertook the prosecuting attorney's duties during the absence of that officer.

"I like this," he said to a friend, "better than the civil practice. There's no confounded filing things!"

My first caller was Bernard McNulty, the Irish baker. Mrs. Mary McMenemy had been arrested by City Marshal Dougherty with a stolen shawl on her shoulders, as she was boarding the ferry boat to cross the river, and McNulty had gone bail for her appearance in court.

It was apparently a plain case for the prosecution. The shawl would be identified, and Mrs. McMenemy could not account for its possession. But the indictment had two counts—one placing the value of the stolen article at more than ten dollars, and the other under that sum; ten dollar stealing being felony, with penitentiary, and less than ten misdemeanor, with county jail. The Supreme Court, with that ineffable wisdom so often manifested by grave tribunals, had in one case ruled that felony and misdemeanor could not be joined in the same indictment; and I moved the Court to "quash," on the ground of misjoinder of two offences. My personal friend, Thomas B. Hudson, one of the ablest criminal lawyers at the bar, told me there was nothing in the point; and the prosecuting attorney, Miron Leslie, smiled pleasantly and said, in his good-natured way, that it was well enough for a young lawyer to make the "quash" motion, but that I would "take nothing by it."

Law day came. The defendant was in the court room, and I quietly told her that when I began to fumble my left ear as if it was itchy, she must get away and over to her home in Illinois in the quickest possible time. Judge Manning was on 'the bench'—a chair with double cushions, enabling him to look over his desk, as nature had not been liberal in his stature. I had

taken over my library, and had it on the desk in front of me, with the volumes pointing at His Honor like a battery of cannon with their breeches depressed to get the range. Stating the point of misjoinder, I read the sole decision on which I relied, and was proceeding to enlarge on the importance of all possible guards to the rights and liberties of citizens, when the Judge said :

“ I'll hear from the other side.”

“ If the Court please,” waving my hand over the artillery—“ here are other authorities.”

“ Not necessary. I'll hear from the other side.”

Mr. Leslie made a strong speech, full of good sense and sound argument, but it could not dispel the ruling of the Supreme Court.

“ This indictment is quashed,” said His Honor.

My left ear was itchy, and after fumbling it I looked round for Mrs. McMenamy, but she was not visible ; nor have I ever seen her since, or the promised fee of twenty dollars.

The young lawyer may deduce two rules from this case : 1st, to get his fee in advance ; and 2nd, if there is but one point in his case, however flimsy, try it on. But if he simply wants to be a good citizen, he may possibly inquire if we have not placed so many guards round the rights, privileges and immunities of the criminal classes, that but few securities are left for those of honest folks. If Tallyrand ever said that language was invented to conceal thought, I think we could better say that many features of our modern jurisprudence seem to have been invented to shield scoundrels. It is thirty-seven years since Mrs. McMenamy slipped away, but in all that time I have never been able to see how that double-loaded indictment did her any injustice. She was guilty, but a technicality saved her.

Very little business came, but I looked forward cheerfully to the Pottawatamie treaty. The ‘ boxes ’ I was to get would be a good year's work, and I need not fret for even twenty dollar fees. As the spring opened, and went on expanding, I called daily at the Indian office, but Maj. Harvey had heard nothing of the treaty, nor had Mr. Haverty, the old clerk. April had gone and May was fast going, but still no news of the treaty !

Meantime, the battles between the armies of Mexico and of the United States had taken place in the disputed territory extending from the Nueces River in Texas to the Rio Grande, and Gen. Gaines—husband of Myra Clarke Gaines, the lady of big lawsuits—had called for volunteers from Missouri ; and St. Louis had responded with her “ Legion ” of organized citizen soldiers, Col. Alton R. Easton in command. Col. John Knapp, and Capt. George W. West, who were officers in the Legion, will remember the patriotic spirit then prevalent, and the admiring throngs who visited their parade ground in the open country at Twelfth and Olive streets. We who were only spectators thought the well-clad warriors, eight hundred strong, had a long march down Olive to the wharf ; but they were choice spirits, and steamed gaily down stream on the Convoy, the largest steamboat ever on the river

up to that date, and capable of carrying 1,500 tons. Cornelius K. Garrison, now an eminent citizen of New York, was owner and master, not then thinking of the Pacific Coast. The same enterprising spirit which prompted Mr. Garrison to build a steamboat larger than any other then on the western waters, led him at an early day to California, where his superior talents as a business man, gave him position and large rewards. In 1846 William C. Ralston was clerk on the Convoy or some other St. Louis boat, and you might have bought his interest in California for a very small sum, as no one, except possibly Fremont, had, before the Mexican war, looked forward to the acquisition of that country, then known only as a region of wild cattle, horses and hides. The subsequent career of Mr. Ralston, as a speculator and banker, was exceptionally brilliant and of great benefit to many interests on the Pacific side; but with all its Aladdin-like splendor, it ended sadly; and under the shadow of misfortune he passed dubiously from his grand palace in San Francisco to the grave. They have even stricken his name from a mining camp in Arizona, and called it Shakspeare!

About the time rendered memorable by the departure of the Legion, impatient to enjoy the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war, somewhere or somehow, a letter came from Senator Benton, stating that an armed force would be sent across the plains to New Mexico; and soon an official order reached Col. Stephen W. Kearney at Fort Leavenworth, to get ready three hundred U. S. Dragoons and one thousand mounted volunteers for a march to Santa Fe and elsewhere—something like the clearance of a ship 'to Cowes and a Market.' The decisive call on Missouri at length came, and the air was full of patriotism.

The city and county of St. Louis, if I recollect rightly, were left out of the call; but how can patriotic impulses be kept down? Thomas B. Hudson began to organize a company, he as Captain and I as 1st Lieutenant. Hudson was not only a good lawyer but a natural orator, and for several nights the old Court House rang with militant eloquence. We soon had one hundred men in uniform and mounted—the 'Laclede Rangers'—and were mustered into the state service by Col. Robert Campbell. We paraded (as had the Legion) in the open country surrounding the brick edifices which Mr. Lucas had erected on Twelfth street, for a market if ever needed; with no other buildings near except an unfinished row on Olive street.

While our preparations for deadly war were going on, Capt. Hudson and his 1st Lieutenant had an invitation to the 'Empire,' a public house at Pine and Third streets. Samuel Treat, Esq. (now the honored Judge of the U. S. District Court), Col. Charles Keemle, Joseph M. Field (Miss Kate's father), and Peter W. Johnston, Esq., are all I can recollect as in the party. To testify their confidence in us and to stimulate our heroic souls, some of our friends had determined to present swords to Capt. Hudson and myself, and hence our meeting at the 'Empire.' Col. Keemle made a separate address to each, and presented the swords, and each in turn replied. The essence of our responses was, that those elegant swords, tokens of esteem and friend-

ship, 'should never be dishonored'—and they never were. We put them carefully away at home before we left, and on our return we found them unsullied, as we had left them—handsome parade swords for *infantry*, but not well suited for cavalry service. Dishonored?—Never!

Not the least animosity had I felt towards the Mexicans, nor did I wish to kill anybody; but as the war seemed to be taking so much of the Government's attention that the Pottawatamie treaty was probably overlooked—and as, by volunteering I would acquire a sort of right to talk against war in the future—I had decided that I might as well be one of the 'Army of the West,' which I had a notion would be recalled before we should get half way to Santa Fe. The narrow strip of country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, which Texas had only conquered constructively, did not appear to be worth fighting for; and I supposed the Government would occupy it with large armies, and then negotiate, as the cheapest way of acquiring title. I even imagined the St. Louis Legion marching up and down along the Rio Grande, scaring away any Mexican troops that might want to come over.

But President Polk, who declared in his message that war existed 'by the act of Mexico,' had views differing from mine, as I had not risen above plain common sense, and he had got up to statesmanship. The upshot was, that before the dispute was settled, millions on millions of wealth were wasted, thousands of good lives were sacrificed, unutterable distress brought to many homes, and a crop of veterans left to solicit in vain for pensions. Mr. Polk's policy, thanks to the soldiers, added to the national domain nearly all of what are now Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and California. We took them as 'indemnity for the past and security for the future;' and then, in the Gadsden Purchase, we bought a strip to straighten our southern boundary, just as we might have bought the land between the Nueces and Rio Grande, and had no war at all. But the general sentiment was, that the Mexicans were a half-barbarous set any way, and had no business to send their greasy and ragged soldiers over the Rio Grande, into a territory always owned by them but constructively conquered by the Texans, who were the advanced guard of our superior civilization; and we taught the successors of Montezuma the infallible maxim that justice and right are always on the side of the strongest armies. Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Corwin, and a few others in Congress regarded the war as cruel and unjust, but once begun it had to go on.

Our 'Laclede Rangers' were a company to be proud of. So readily did they acquire skill in movement, that when the steamboat *Pride of the West* had taken position at the upper part of St. Louis, near Walsh's Mill, the horses and kits were taken on and secured in a time so short as to astonish some dragoon officers of the regular army, who happened to be on board. Michael McEnnis, late President of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, can vouch for the spirit and discipline displayed. The ladies had prepared a guidon for us, which Samuel Treat, Esq., presented in a sparkling and

eloquent speech, and Capt. Hudson replied, telling how courageously we would carry it in battle.

Receiving a salute and our commissions at Jefferson City, we paddled on, stopping to be admired at Boonville, Glasgow and other points; and at length reached a nice landing-place, where the Kansans have since built a beautiful and prosperous city called Leavenworth. From there we marched to the Fort, guidon aloft, as we did not know what else to do with it. Col. Kearney received us as soldiers at once; ordered the men to be shown quarters, directed Capt. Alley to muster us into the service of the United States at daylight next morning; invited Capt. Hudson and his Lieutenants to supper; and in all respects behaved like a gallant commander and thoughtful gentleman.

Our Rangers were men of pluck and fortitude, but having taken dinner at noon on the boat, began towards evening to look round their naked quarters in the barracks for supper. The quartermaster could give them no camp equipage, as they were not yet mustered into service. The commissary was so tangled in red tape that it was impossible to issue a ration till muster was over next morning; and he even turned a deaf ear to the wags among the 'boys,' who craved the privilege of smelling his empty pork barrels. Hiram Rich, the sutler, had a scanty supply of crackers and cheese, and a varied assortment of liquid necessaries in bottles and casks; but the Rangers were not flush of money, nor accustomed to the diet of the sutler's store. Like the whisperings of zephyrs, comment on the situation began, but gradually swelled to something like the mutterings of remote thunder; and by the time the officers had risen from Col. Kearney's table, and bowed their adieus to host and hostess, there was some clamor at the company's quarters, which the 1st Sergeant, Alexander Patterson, was trying to quell by the assurance that it was "(blank) nonsense to be making a fuss, when it couldn't mend things." Sergeant Patterson met us near the Colonel's mansion and announced a new obligation—

"Captain Hudson, the devil's to pay!"

"Well, Sergeant, what's the matter?"

"The men can't get any supper, and they don't like it."

"That must be looked to. We'll see what can be done."

Lieutenant La Beaume went with the Sergeant, and the Captain and I to the Commissary; but no rations could be got.

"This is a (blank) bad business," the Captain said to me privately. "What do you think we'd better do?"

"There's but one thing to be done, Capt. Hudson. We got up the company in St. Louis on your speeches. You must give 'em a blast about hardship, patience, fortitude and all that sort of thing."

It was the only advice possible, and was acted on.

"The government," said the Captain to the Rangers "has done no more for your officers than for you;" which was true, as it was Col. Kearney who had given us our suppers; and then in glowing phrases he pictured the hero-

ism of war, the sublime achievements of patriotism—the great things we would accomplish—our pluck, discipline, fortitude—our splendid march into the Fort with our guidon up, as emblematic of our march into the strong places of Mexico! “Yes, we shall knock at the gates of Santa Fe, as Ethan Allen knocked at the gates of Ticonderoga, and to the question—who’s there?—we shall reply—open these gates in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Laeledge Rangers!” This was received with tremendous applause. “But suppose,” he continued, “the fellows inside should call out—are you the same Laeledge Rangers who went whining round Fort Leavenworth in search of a supper?” That settled them. The clamor subsided, and in excellent humor the brave Rangers went supperless to bed, rolled in their blankets on the floor.

After muster next morning I met on the parade the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Maj. Harvey, who had been up to Council Bluffs to complete the Pottawatamie treaty! After denying to me in St. Louis that he knew anything of the treaty, Maj. Harvey had gone to the Bluffs with Maj. Andrews, who had not landed in St. Louis for fear I should see him, and they had completed the treaty, with the satisfaction of having escaped my presence at the negotiation. The Indians were deprived of the presence of the friend they relied on, and I lost a just compensation for honest services, having made \$600,000 for the tribe. Years after I met my old Interpreter, Joseph Laframboise, with two or three others, in St. Louis, and when I told them how the officials had behaved to me, they expressed their gratification that their trusted friend had not been unfaithful. I never knew where the faithless action towards me originated. In every proper way and in no other, I had done a good part to arrange the future of the tribe, and to serve the public in extending the boundary of Iowa to the Missouri river; but official action that no man of common sense could have anticipated, deprived me of compensation. The French proverb says, ‘it is only the unexpected that happens’ But I have done so much work that has never been adequately requited, that I may as well charge it all to destiny.

The Pottawatamies went to Kansas, where a remnant may yet exist about St. Mary’s, on the Kansas Pacific Railway. Their doom began with the treaty of 1834 at Chicago.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DONIPHAN'S REGIMENT ORGANIZED—ST. LOUIS ARTILLERY—SCHOOL OF THE TROOPER—LEAVE FOR SANTA FE—SANTA FE TRAIL—THE ARKANSAS VALLEY—ALL AT BENT'S FORT—PIKE'S PEAK IN THE DISTANCE—FIRST AMERICAN ON ITS TOP—MAJOR GILPIN'S VIEWS—CAPTAIN FISHER'S PEAK—PURGATORY RIVER AT WORK—IN AN UNKNOWN LAND—NO UNWORTHY MILITARY JEALOUSY—SOME GEOLOGICAL SPECULATIONS—WORK OF EL DIAVOLO—MINERAL WEALTH OF NEW MEXICO.

The Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers (June, 1846), elected William A. Doniphan, Colonel, and Charles Ruff, Lieutenant Colonel. William Gilpin, a Mr. Hughes, and myself were candidates for Major. Each stood on the parade, and the voters formed lines for their choice. So there was no cheating. Gilpin had the longest string, and mine was next. If another vote should be taken, the Hughes men, all from the interior, might go to Gilpin, and elect him. As the Captain and Lieutenants of the Laclède Rangers, in new broad cloth uniforms, had been a little top-lofty in bearing towards the patriotic volunteers from the rural districts, it was not reasonable to expect their votes, and in order not to be *defeated*, I declined a further trial, and Gilpin became Major. Too late I learned that if I had stood out, the Hughes men would have come over to me, and I would have been chosen! The bump of 'caution' lost me the rank of Major; but the Regiment had in William Gilpin an excellent Major—the same gentleman who has since been Governor of Colorado. A day or two after the election, Capt. John D. Stephenson arrived with a fine company from Franklin county, and the Rangers were detached by Col. Kearney, from Doniphan's Regiment, and attached to the 1st Regiment of U. S. Dragoons. We were thus in a higher position, as we thought, than any other volunteer company.

Two full companies of artillery, each one hundred strong, with Richard H. Weightman and Waldemar Fischer as Captains, arrived at Fort Leavenworth from St. Louis, under Merriwether Lewis Clarke as Major of the battalion. St. Louis had thus three hundred Alexanders in uniform, each ready to conquer a world if he could only get the right kind of a chance. If any of

the artillery survive, in addition to Charles Johnson of the Wabash railroad, I wish to say for them and their decendants, that a better battalion of men was seldom, if ever, assembled. Leonidas D. Walker was adjutant of the battalion, if I recollect rightly; but with nearly all the other gallant gentlemen under Major Clarke, he has long since paid the debt that none of us can defer or avoid. Weightman fell at Wilson's Creek in 1861.

While at the Fort the Rangers were instructed in the 'School of the Trooper' by Lieutenant Andrew Jackson Smith, 1st Dragoons, U. S. Army. He was remarkably well suited to the task, not only by natural ability, technical culture, and experience in military life, but also because of qualities the reader would hardly guess: his inexhaustible patience, and his apparent incapacity to appreciate ludicrous incidents. No dulness or blunders on our part ever ruffled his temper, and none of our marvellous feats of horsemanship, on untrained steeds, and with unaccustomed weapons in our grasp, ever brought a smile. The exercises were mainly with sabres, and we at times dashed over the drill ground—trot! gallop! charge!—with a reckless disregard of consequences, appalling to the lookers-on, especially when a horseman would sometimes be seen to plunge directly towards the delighted spectators. We were doing the cavalry tactics, with variations more original than any in the books. But the toil of our amiable instructor was not lost. We could soon mount and ride with the best of Uncle Sam's Dragoons, and if we felt a little pride in comparing ourselves with the patriotic volunteers, we had by diligent practice and unknown hazards entitled ourselves to indulge it. General A. J. Smith, as he is now known in his St. Louis home, has been through so many scenes of more consequence, including his efficient command of large forces between 1861 and 1865, that he has probably forgotten the little episode of his life that gave the Laeude Rangers, as *we* thought, the right to claim superiority as the best drilled mounted volunteers in the 'Army of the West.'

We left Fort Leavenworth June 29, 1846—several other companies having gone before, and some to follow. We were on a march of hundreds of miles to Santa Fe, and where to beyond that point no one knew or cared. Very important consequences to the people of the United States have followed, but we had then no idea what the future was to be. No thought of any thing but success in everything we might undertake ever entered our heads. At times it seemed more like a pleasure jaunt than a serious march to invade a distant province of an enemy, whose strength could not be known. Reliable information of affairs in New Mexico was not to be had, and neither the authorities at Washington, nor Col. Kearney, knew what was in store for us. Every authentic tale differed from every other authentic tale, not so much from intended falsehood as from the different aspects in which the same conditions and events appeared to different minds.

Life on the prairies had little novelty for me, except in military events and duties, as I had been on the frontier long enough to be familiar with out-door life. From old notes taken on the march, I might, if I had the

ability required, write out a story of more diversity and interest than Irving's Crayon Miscellany; but the day for prairie sketches has gone by, as every one can now go out in a Pullman car and see for himself. A century hence, some future Sir Walter may work up long gone events into romance, but we are now too near the past and too busy.

We were on the old Santa Fe trail, a broad and well marked natural highway, which had been surveyed under an act of Congress of 1824, and had since been the route of wagons employed in commerce with New Mexico, Chihuahua, and other parts of the Mexican Republic. As we neared the Arkansas river we encountered the buffalo, but our first sight numbered only three or four. Capt. Hudson, Lieutenant Emory (of the Engineers) and myself gave chase, but the deceiving animals, that looked so unwieldy and ran so fast, led us a long race before we got near enough for pistol practice, and even then they did not give up, or rather come down. As we moved up the Arkansas the number of buffalo was beyond computation, and we feasted on choice bits, which had the supreme relish that appetite gives.

It was at times a weary march up the long valley of the Arkansas, rising about seven feet to the mile, in a region then apparently a waste, but now with civilized people in its entire length, and having rapid and cheap transit by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. The millions of buffalo are gone forever, and even the coyotes and prairie dogs will soon be extinct. Whatever the toils and enjoyments of our march, they can never be repeated, as the conditions are changed by invading civilization. We were, however, making history in a moderate way, and fulfilling destiny. The different companies, squadrons, commissary trains, traders' wagons, et cetera, were strung out many miles for convenience in marching and camping; but the entire Army of the West was concentrated within cannon shot of Bent's Fort on the 1st of August, as designed by Col. Kearney.

We had caught glimpses of Pike's Peak, the historic mountain of the great Rocky Mountain system—the first of the family south of the Missouri to which 'the speech of Englaud,' as Bryant phrases it, had given a name. Major Zebulon Montgomery Pike, the intrepid and daring explorer, who was the first to carry the flag to that region, caught sight of the mountain top on the 15th of November, 1806, when, as recited in his journal, it "appeared like a small blue cloud." On the 17th he "marched at the usual hour, pushed with the idea of arriving at the mountains; but found at night no visible difference from yesterday." Again on the 25th he "marched early with the expectation of ascending the mountain, but was only able to camp at its base." Major Pike and his men no doubt wondered that the march was so long to what seemed to be so near; and many a toiling pilgrim in the days of golden dreams in 1859, heart sick with hope deferred, experienced the same wonder.

But we now understand the remarkable transparency of the atmosphere

so high above the level of tide water; and we are no longer surprised that the old peak, so near to the vision, is yet so distant to the footstep.

For nearly a dozen years the locomotive has raced back and forth in front of Pike's Peak, and there is even a signal station on its top; but as serenely as in the long ago the old mountain lifts its snowy cope against the infinite blue. Tourists climb to the summit, nearly three times the height of Mount Washington, and over mountains on three sides, and plains on the fourth, enjoy a view that is beyond description. The towns, the farms, the acequias, even the railway itself, seem but toys at the mountain's foot. Man has invaded the wilderness and erected his temples; but he and his works are dwarfed by the majestic surroundings; and he cannot, if he would, impair the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. Dr. James, attached to the exploring party of Col. S. H. Long, in 1820, ascended the peak, and he and his two men were no doubt "the first Americans, if not the first human beings, who ever stood upon the summit of this famous mountain." Col. Long named the mountain James' Peak; but Fremont restored the name given it in honor of the first explorer, and it will be Pike's Peak forever. But even Major Pike was probably not the first American who saw the Peak; for he states in his journal that he met in Santa Fe one James Pursley, from Bardstown, Kentucky, "the first American who ever penetrated the immense wilds of western Louisiana," and who, as a captive of the Indians, had been taken into the Pike's Peak region, and was, in fact, the first American to find gold in what is now the State of Colorado. Of late years the ascent of Pike's Peak is often accomplished, and even by those of the gentler but now somewhat aggressive sex, the first of whom planted her airy foot on the mountain top in 1859.

I could fill chapters with incidents of our march, but need only say that we heard at Bent's Fort of formidable enemies, somewhere between us and Santa Fe. We had not seen any, except a few unarmed Mexicans, on mules and burros, who had come out to the Arkansas to see what was going on, and had been told by the Colonel that if they would look at his mounted men, and Maj. Clarke's big guns, they could see that he had force enough to whip anything that should dare to meet him, and more were coming.

We had traversed the charming prairies of Kansas, supposing them destined to remain forever the pasture of the buffalo and the hunting ground of the Indian. We had been amused by the *mirage*, which often gave us fine views of illusive lakes, and transformed the bluffs along the Arkansas into castles and towers, or the edifices of magnificent cities. We had seen buffalo, antelope, prairie dogs, coyotes, owls and rattlesnakes. We had nearly "crossed the plains" in a month's ride, and had, as we thought, penetrated their mysteries.

Yet, save Major Gilpin, I suppose that not one man in the Army of the West believed the great plains would ever be inhabited by civilized man, except perhaps a narrow strip along the west line of Missouri. Gilpin was regarded as a little enthusiastic (to use a mild term) on the subject of "the

great grazing region,"—"the land of beef and wool,"—"the unbounded pastoral domain of the continent," as he was in the habit of phrasing it. He was equally enthusiastic about the mineral wealth of the Rocky Mountains, not then discovered, but which he said must exist in "the rhomboid masses of upheaved rocks," the "domes of the continent," as he called them. Time has proved that Gilpin was right.

In the fall of 1874 I passed our camp of the last days of July, 1846. I was on the south side of the Arkansas river. There were cattle and sheep, quietly grazing on the plains. There were dwellings of farmers and herdsmen. I had gone in less than thirty hours the distance which in 1846 consumed thirty days. I was in the lively, bustling town of Las Animas, Colorado.

On 2nd August, 1846, the Army of the West moved forward on its march into New Mexico. We pursued the route now taken by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, which leaves the Arkansas at the same point we left it in 1846. Needless to tell how dry and dusty the road; how brackish the water of Timpas creek, or how scarce at the Willows, or the Hole in the Rock, or the Hole in the Prairie. Needless to tell. But in the march of four days to the camp on the Purgatory, I think the army in Flanders was outdone. "Our army swore terribly in Flanders," said Uncle Toby; but he never heard the Army of the West.

We crossed the Purgatory, or River of Souls—*Rio de las Animas* in Mexican—and camped on its bank, under the shadow of the Raton Mountain. Magnificent views of mountain and plain had almost beguiled us into forgetfulness of fatigue and annoyance on the march. In front was the Raton, with its precipitous cliffs and mesa-like top, and with its sentinel peak standing guard at its northern end. During one of our halts, Capt. Waldemar Fischer, of the St. Louis Artillery, ascended the peak, and Lieut. Emory named it after him. It is Fischer's Peak on maps. Those of our volunteers, and of the regulars with us, who in New and Old Mexico, and in California, perished in battle or by disease, are nearly all forgotten; but the adopted citizen is immortal in geography. When he came down from the peak, he said to us:

"Ah, gentlemen, I did find a little flower up dere, and did wish my goot wife could be dere; but I have him—see—in my pocket-book, and I send him in a letter, and den she say—Oh, if only my Waldemar was here!"

To the right of our line of march was the Spanish range, with its twin peaks thrust up to the region of perpetual snow. To the left were the plains, diversified by ridge and mesa and butte, stretching away to indefinite distance, where you can hardly tell which is plain and which is sky. But we were not enthusiastic about scenery. We were thirsty; and we enjoyed, as never before any fluid, the sparkling waters of the *Rio de las Animas*. It is a bold stream from the mountains, and enters the Arkansas near the town of Las Animas.

It goes to meet the long river, where now the railroad meets them both. It was gay and sportive when we first saw it so long ago; like a young spendthrift, with never a thought of care or labor. It tries to be gay and sportive yet, and starts out from its mountain home in the same perpetual frolic as of old. So free and joyous, as it emerges from the hills, you can hardly believe it is ever to be reduced to slavery. Yet such is its fate.

They have put it to work in mills. They have made it water their fields. They have harnessed it up in divers ways to make it pull forward what they call the 'car of civilization.' Our beautiful *Rio* is a servant and a drudge.

Trinidad! This is Mexican or Spanish for Trinity; a name given to a town on the bank of the Rio de las Animas. It is a name suggesting holy thoughts, and possibly the Trinitaders are holy^d people. I was there in October, 1874, and again in November, going to and coming from New Mexico. I was a coach passenger, and only stopped for meals. It was a town of life and bustle, and great expectations. The very coach that carried me had a man whose purpose was to put an additional yoke on the little stream, and make it work a sash and door factory. A tyrant joining other tyrants to enslave the frolicsome river. But the railroad now runs past Trinidad, and has a town of its own, which I suppose does not help the old one any.

How they do make the little river work! All along they have acequias to lead it out on their lands, from above Trinidad to the canyon forty miles below. But its spirit they can't break; for as soon as it gets into the friendly canyon it dashes on as joyous as ever, and more triumphant. Even as it works it goes purling and singing along, whenever it gets a chance. They catch it again below the canyon, and make it water their fields, even to the shores of the Arkansas.

We were three days in crossing the Raton mountain in 1846, passing the coal vein already noted in these chapters. There is coal still nearer the town of Trinidad, which has thus both steam and water power for factories. Prof. Le Conte, of Philadelphia, thinks the coal of Cretaceous, and Dr. Hayden of Tertiary age. Prof. Lesquereux concurs with Hayden. Whatever its age, it is of great value. It is a sort of bituminous lignite, and can be coked. With similar coal, immense iron and steel works are in operation at Pueblo, in Colorado.

Our camp on the south side of the Raton was on a little branch of the Canadian river, that joins the Arkansas near Fort Smith. We were in a land unknown to the Great American public in 1846; and not very well known yet. To Col. Kearney's army, as we entered, it had charms of mystery, and even a sort of shadowy grandeur, which can never be known again. Our long march across the plains having lost all pleasant novelty, had become a trifle monotonous; but as we approached and passed the Raton, we had not only more diversified outlines in the landscape to cheer us, but also the livelier anticipation of scenes and events to be enjoyed

within the month. Were we to fight, and if so—how much? Was the land anywhere populous, and if so—how much? Was it rich in gold and silver, and if so—how much? Were the people more civilized than savage, and if so—how much? Questions like these ran through our circles like the catechism of life insurance. But they only nerved us for the coming fate, whatever it might be. We would take New Mexico. That was fixed. It was part of the land of Montezuma, and Capt. Hudson had said in his speeches that we would “revel in the halls of Montezuma,” whatever that meant.

The truth was, we were in New Mexico, but not in the peopled part of it. We were further in than Major Pike was in 1806, when the Mexicans took him prisoner as an intruder; but all had been an open waste from the Missouri, and we had not yet realized that we were *pro tanto* conquerors. What Col. Kearney's plans and thoughts were, as we went marching on, may have been known to Capt. Henry S. Turner, his adjutant, and to others at headquarters. The great mass of the army only knew that he was going ahead, and taking us along. For all we could tell, Armijo, the Governor of New Mexico, might meet us any day, and get the drubbing we were sworn to give him. Frank P. Blair, out in the wilds for his health, and William Bent—our scouts—could only reconnoitre a few miles in advance.

On my coach trip in 1874, we passed the Raton both ways in the night; but I had a daylight view of the old camp ground of the Canadian, and of the little plain where the dragoons and Laclede Rangers were put through a regimental drill by Capt. Sumner, and by desperate charges routed imaginary foes. Doniphan's regiment was near us, jealous enough to witness our fearful plunges through the sage brush, and the unmerciful treading down of cactus and yucca. For all they knew we were practising for some extra-hazardous service, in which they were not to share, and would gather so many laurels there would be none left for them.

As to jealousy in military circles, there is melancholy amusement in reading some of the Memoirs of the American Revolution, and to see how certain human nature is to have its way, even in the heroic epoch of a nation. Trumbull's Reminiscences and Graydon's Memoirs are in point. We learn that even in the days of heroes and sages, as we used to talk of them on the Fourth of July, there were petty jealousies abroad. Brave men thought it more honorable to abandon the colonial service than to wait a little for promotion. Our brothers of Doniphan's Regiment did not in pique emulate examples to be found in Revolutionary history, nor think of so doing. They only vowed, in language somewhat emphatic, that no regular troops or St. Louis volunteers should do better work than the “country boys;” and in due time made the vow good at Brazito and Sacramento. In truth, Doniphan and his regiment were a hard lot to scare. They did not know what fear meant. Not pretty soldiers for show, perhaps, but first-class for service. They afterwards marched a thousand or two miles into Mexico, not knowing what was before them, and nothing behind to fall back on.

Trinidad in Colorado, is on the north side of the Raton, but some thirty

miles before reaching it in 1874, on the coach road, I saw abundant evidences of eruptive action. The cretaceous and tertiary strata, generally horizontal in the plains, are disturbed in some localities near Trinidad, and in others apparently lifted up bodily, while over large areas they are concealed by later drift. The Raton mountain seems to have been heaved up in a mass, and part of its top is a wide mesa or table, with precipitous sides. The upper portion of the mountain, where the old road crossed, seven thousand five hundred feet above sea level, seems to be a heavy layer of trap or igneous rock, generally supposed to have been poured out in a fluid condition from some tremendous volcano in the olden times. Northeast from Trinidad there is a profusion of lava-like cobble stones in the gullies; and thirty miles out in the plain there is a remarkable dyke of apparently plutonic rock, whose trend is in line with the two high cones known as the Spanish Peaks, which are said by Dr. Hayden to be of volcanic origin in long past ages.

Quien sabe?—which is Spanish or Mexican for—who knows? Verily, I cannot undertake to account for the varied topography; but I can enjoy the magnificent views from the Raton; I can admire the twin peaks with their copes of snow even in midsummer; I can rejoice to see the cattle, horses and sheep, the towns and farms, where all was unused nature in 1846; and I value as they merit, the coal and iron, and ores of precious metals in the recesses of the mountains; but I cannot tell how the minerals got there.

Yet why not have a theory? I have been careful to speak of “eruptive action,” and to use the term “volcanic” only when I give the ideas of others. I am not as a general thing sure about the volcanoes. It appears to me that if all the disturbances of strata and outpouring of trap or igneous rock, of which we have so many evidences in New Mexico, had been due generally to volcanic action, as usually understood, there would have been left numerous old craters and other marks by which we could locate the scenes of greatest activity. But there are few if any such old craters to be found, at least such as can be distinctly identified; and I am therefore inclined to the belief that the disturbances of the earth’s crust may have been the cause and not the consequence of the action classed as “volcanic” by most of those who have described the geological features.

If we suppose the earth’s crust to have contracted in cooling, and to have been ruptured by the tension because of the heated inner mass not contracting so rapidly as the cooling crust, we can readily understand how the shell could be broken, and how the fused matter of the interior could come up through fissures thus caused and flow over the surface; and how the rent strata could be tilted up at various angles. This might be styled eruptive, but not strictly volcanic, action; and it would I think suffice to produce the geological conditions found in New Mexico and adjacent regions.

We find evidence, too, that the breaking of the crust, the uplifting of the sedimentary rocks, the protrusion of granitic masses, and the outpouring of lava and basalt over wide regions (and now seen capping hills and spread over broad mesas), probably took place while the old tertiary

ocean covered that part of the continent; and that the ocean remained long enough for its currents to further modify the surface during the succeeding glacial and drift periods. By a gradual up-swelling, the central plateau of the continent was subsequently lifted out of the water to perhaps its present elevation; or the sinking of the classic Atlantis or some other continent unknown to history or fable, may have simply made room for the ocean to drain off. *Quien sabe?*

The results of the tremendous commotions so long ago, when El Diavolo was at work, as an honest Mexican assured me, are seen in the numerous ranges of mountains which diversify New Mexico, and in the mineral veins and deposits so profusely scattered through them. For the benefit of civilized man, the strata were turned topsy-turvy, and the veins and deposits of ores yielding iron, lead, copper, silver and gold were placed within our reach. In view of economic possibilities the geology of the country has for its student a practical as well as abstract interest. The great fact may be considered established, that New Mexico, as well as Colorado and Arizona, is passing rich in minerals, and that many localities give promise of good returns for exploitation. If there is really a filthy thing—of which my experience does not enable me to judge—perhaps, after all, El Diavolo, as my Mexican friend said, may have had a hand in placing these enormous riches where they can be got at to possibly debase mankind.

Our march in 1846, on half rations and no salt, was too rapid for much examination of the country, and for one I had not knowledge enough to understand it. Iron ores and coal I knew at sight, but beyond these a rock was a rock, and nothing more, except some dykes near the Canadian looking like artificial walls,—some lava boulders near Rayado creek,—and some petrified trunks of cedar trees on Rio Galisteo, twenty miles south of Santa Fe. But in twenty-eight years, from '46 to '74, I had been in some mines—once having been amazingly rich in anticipation from a copper mine in Missouri—and I supposed myself to have learned some outlines of geology. So during my coach journey, I almost thought I knew it all.

From the nether base of the Raton mountain by the old road to Las Vegas, as well as by the present railroad, we are for most of the distance in a broad valley, or plain, diversified by mesas and buttes, and intersected by shallow wadies, mostly with water flowing or in pools. In every direction, among the hills to the westward, or in the plain to the eastward, there is excellent grazing from one horizon to the other. In the hills west are coal veins, and in the mountain ranges, in which the Cimaron, Rayado and other streams originate, there are veins of gold quartz, while in the little valleys, hemmed in by the mountains, there are placer workings which are said to yield lavish returns. But I had no time in 1846 to look for mines, and in 1874 had no money. I left all the vast wealth to others, and many are now in search of it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONQUERING NEW MEXICO—A GALLANT CHARGE—LAMENT FOR CÆSAR—GOVERNOR ARMILJO'S LETTER—AN ORDERLY CAMP—LAS VEGAS TAKEN—SOLEMN PROMISES NOT KEPT—INJUSTICE TO MEXICAN LANDOWNERS—OLD LAS VEGAS IN 1874—THE RAILROAD AND NEW CITY—THE HOT SPRINGS AND MONTEZUMA HOTEL—THE GOOD DOMINIE—BATTLE OF PUERTO DEL PADRE—TOURISTS AND RELICS.

The Army of the West, August 13, 1846, marched into the broad plain and valley of the Moro, beyond the supposed volcanic hills near the Ocate, where the porous boulders of scoria, as stated by Emory and repeated by Hayden, are so light as to be blown about by the winds. Our camp had been in the plain at the Santa Clara pools, near where Fort Union now stands. The Laclède Rangers were in advance, and we had not gone far when a hostile force was seen in the distance. The colonel halted us; the glass was levelled: "Mexicans or Indians!" The enemy at last! We could all see them with the naked eye. The old mountaineer, Fitzpatrick, smiled quietly and said nothing. Lieut. Emory was ordered to take a dozen men and reconnoitre. While Sergt. Alex. Patterson, now a quiet citizen of Butler, Missouri, was selecting the braves, I asked permission of Capt. Thos. B. Hudson to volunteer, and we trotted off as rapidly as our jaded horses could carry us. It was exhilarating.

A fight! A victory! In imagination the St. Louis newspapers already had the bulletin, with big type at the top. Trot, trot, trot! The enemy stood fast. We were glad they did not run and cheat us of our victory; but when we charged down upon them, they turned out to be only a cedar-post corral! What with the mirage, the weariness of our eyes from the long march over the plains and our desire for a fight, we had mistaken the harmless timbers for Mexican enemies. Fitzpatrick's eye, trained by long usage, had seen things as they were, but even with the field-glass, other eyes had been deceived.

"Six miles," says Emory in his journal, "brought us to the first settlement we had seen in seven hundred and seventy-five miles." There were only two houses at Moro creek, but they were the first we had seen since

leaving the Missouri frontier. On my coach journey in 1874 I was never twenty miles from a house, settlement or town from the Arkansas to the Sapillo, and there I found ranches and farms in every direction through the wide reach of arable and pasture lands. The old town of Moro was not seen on our march. It is in the hills to the west, where a small valley has been under irrigation for perhaps a century; but in the plain there is only the civilization introduced since the conquest. Greatly did I enjoy the coaching trip in 1874. It is so charming to visit a country which you have conquered in earlier days, when it had no people in it, and find happy homes and increasing population. I am touched with melancholy when I think of Cæsar; not so much because Brutus killed him, as because the poor fellow never enjoyed the felicity of returning to Gaul after 28 years' absence to find broad regions full of people, where all was desolation when he conquered the country.

Soon after the army moved from our camp on the Sapillo next day, under a brilliant sun, after a night of showers—for what they call by a pleasant figure of speech the rainy season of New Mexico was upon us—we were met by a messenger from Gov. Armijo, bearing a very formidable looking letter to Col. Kearney. It was a sensible straightforward document, says Emory, and if written by an Englishman or an American would have meant this: "You have notified me that you intend to take possession of the country I govern. The people have risen in my defence. If you take the country it will be because you are strongest in battle. I suggest to you to stop at Sapillo, and I will march to Las Vegas. We will meet and negotiate on the plains between."

If this was intended to scare the colonel, it failed; but some caution was necessary, and so he very politely dismissed the messenger. "The road to Santa Fe is as free to you as to myself. Say to Gen. Armijo that I shall soon meet him, and that I hope it will be as friends." Precisely what this reply meant was not very clear, but it was probably drawn mild on account of the position of Maj. Philip St. George Cooke, some days before sent forward to Santa Fe with a flag and only a small escort, and who had not yet been heard from. In conquering a country it is proper to be a little on your guard when you get near the inhabited parts. Besides, we had heard that Armijo was preparing to resist us at Apache canyon, fifteen miles from Santa Fe—a narrow gorge which he had fortified, but where the colonel knew it was not necessary to fight him, as the position could be turned by another road.

In the afternoon we reached the valley of Gallinas creek, and camped in view of Las Vegas. It was an old town, built of adobes or sun-dried bricks, each particular house suggesting the idea of a brick-kiln ready for burning; but we learned afterwards by experience that houses so constructed, with their earth covering for roofs, are delightfully cool in summer and warm in winter. The Spanish intruders who had come in about three centuries before, had modified the old Aztec multistorious domicil, and built as a rule

only one-story, but I think did not lack wisdom in building of such cheap and durable materials. I doubt if a hundred houses in New Mexico have been damaged by fire since the advent of the dons. Only the scanty wood-work can be burnt—the walls are fire-proof.

"Our camp," says Emory, "extended for a mile down the valley. On one side was the stream; on the other the corn fields, with no hedge or fence intervening. What a tantalizing prospect for our hungry, jaded nags! The water was free, but a chain of sentinels was posted to protect the corn, and strict orders given that it should not be disturbed." Some idea of the discipline of Col. Kearney's army may be had from the fact that, although we had marched eight hundred miles, crossed the "Great American Desert," and were in the enemy's country, which we were conquering day by day—yet not one plant or blade of corn was disturbed. Poor old Missouri! I look back on our forbearance that memorable night as the sublime heroism of self-denial.

"At 12 o'clock last night," Emory notes August 15, "information was received that 600 men had collected at the pass, two miles distant, and would oppose our march. In the morning orders were given to prepare to meet the enemy. At 7 o'clock the army moved, and just as we made the road leading through the town, Maj. Swords, Lieut. Gilmer and Capt. Weightman joined us, and presented Col. Kearney with his commission as brigadier-general. They had heard we were to have a battle, and rode sixty miles during the night to be in it."

It looks queer that men should ride so far in the dark just to get into a fight, but ride they did. The prospect of a battle seemed inspiring. On the 14th the Rangers had six or seven men "on sick report," but on the morning of the 15th all were in the saddle, marching on to battle. Exhilaration pervaded the ranks as cartridge-boxes were filled for the conflict. The masculine human creature seems to have a natural taste for "battle, murder and sudden death." Thank heaven for the feminine!

At 8 o'clock we took the town of Las Vegas, not by shooting off guns, but by quietly marching in. It is the historic town of Uncle Sam's domain, as the first on soil then foreign ever captured by his irresistible nephews. The general got on the roof of a house to swear in the alcalde and make an American citizen of him, in the bright sunshine and in view of all the people, while the unterrified soldiers sat on their horses in the plaza or public square, fearlessly looking on. The civil reader who has never seen war may possibly think it a small matter to take a town in that way, but I can assure him it is a very comfortable way for both takers and taken; and the reduction of Las Vegas was an important occurrence, in view of the ceremonies indulged in.

The general made a good speech, well meant, but which, without any fault of his, turned out to be somewhat of a delusion if not a snare. A few passages may be quoted for the use of historical students:

“MR. ALCALDE AND PEOPLE OF NEW MEXICO—I have come amongst you by orders of my government to take possession of your country and extend over it the laws of the United States. * * * * We come amongst you as friends, not as enemies; as protectors, not as conquerors. Henceforth I absolve you from all allegiance to the Mexican government, and from all obedience to Gov. Armijo. * * * * I shall not expect you to take up arms to fight your own people, who may oppose me; but I now tell you that those who remain peaceably at home, attending to their crops and herds, shall be protected by me in their property, their persons and their religion, and not a pepper or an onion shall be taken by my troops without pay or by the consent of the owner. But listen! He who promises to be quiet and is found in arms against me, I will hang.”

So far, so good. By the American soldiers, as I can vouch for the ten months I remained in the country, the people were unmolested and the general's words were made good. We paid for everything, and I never heard of a case of theft or outrage. But he promised more:

“From the Mexican government you have never received protection. The Apaches and Navajos come down from the mountains and carry off your sheep, and even your women, whenever they please. The government will correct all this. It will keep off the Indians, protect you in your persons and property, and I repeat again, will protect you in your religion.”

These were brave words, authorized by orders from Washington, and believed by the general when uttered. So far as religion and the general treatment of Mexicans by the Americans is concerned, the promises have been fairly performed. But the protection against Indians, so solemnly promised, and the mention of which caused the Las Vegas alcalde to grin with satisfaction, has never been realized. The people of New Mexico never received the protection against the savages promised by Gen. Kearney. His pledges, made in good faith, were for more than a third of a century practically repudiated by the authorities at Washington. Yet the much-abused people of the territory remained loyal to a government that had not kept its pledges, and only a few manifested any hostile spirit from 1861 to 1865.

The failure to control the Indians was not only a flagrant violation of good faith but did much to retard the growth of the territory. Ignorance, stupidity, conceit and red tape at Washington—possibly with a little spice of fraud mixed in—have caused many lives to be sacrificed, and many homes to be desolated; and at last the Indian evils will be finally cured, rather by the private purses that build railroads into the country, stock its pastures and open its mines, than by the government at Washington, which has never yet handled the Indian problem with common sense.

Nor has the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, made with Mexico at the close of the wicked war with that country, been executed in New Mexico by our government. It provided that Mexicans who remained in the ceded country should have their possessions assured to them; which meant that the own-

ers of lands should hold their possessions without disturbance. It was supposed that if the United States should claim any part of the territory as public domain the government would at its own cost find out what it might be entitled to, and in doing this necessarily ascertain the boundaries of private estates. But Congress has required all claimants of lands under Spanish or Mexican laws to pay for the surveys, and after this injustice is submitted to (by those who can't help themselves), the boundaries are reduced and the estates cut down to suit the whims or interests of the gentlemen who manage the General Land Office, and those in the capital who pass the acts. The result has been that Mexicans, whose families have had undisputed possession of lands for a century and more, have had no assurance that they could continue to hold an acre. The protection to property promised at Las Vegas failed, and land tenure has been in little better condition than in Turkey. Imbecility and dishonesty, instead of statesmanship, too often ruled on the Potomac.

Las Vegas was not in 1874 the same town it was when we took it in 1846. The old Campo Santo or burial place, with its stone wall, was on the mesa as of yore, but fuller of dead humanity. The living town had also increased considerably in population, and was doing a large business in hides, wool and varied merchandise. It had many new buildings, some of large size; and also public schools, and churches of several denominations. It had three newspapers, one of them a church journal. Daily coaches and wagon trains gave an air of life and bustle, as the town was the gateway to a large portion of the territory. All this, when the railroad was yet a dream of the hopeful and visionary, nine years ago. But now the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad is along there, and a new Las Vegas, apart from the quiet old town, has been built and flourishes. The hot springs, which were so useful in 1846-7, to cleanse a red flannel shirt of the living as well as lifeless results of long wear and contact with the natives, has now a grand hotel which would overawe Montezuma with its splendors, although named after him; and, generally speaking, everything is new. The Boston man with his cash has been there, and the solitude in which Dr. De Camp had his army hospital thirty-six years ago is invaded by the railroad, the porter and the hotel clerk.

As to the new city of Las Vegas, long may it wave! The good dominie, Rt. Rev. G. K. Dunlop, so long our Rector in the parish of Grace Church, in Kirkwood, has his home there, as Bishop of New Mexico and Arizona. His presence will save it.

After we had taken the old town, the Army of the West moved on to battle. The hostiles were said to be posted at El Puerto del Padre—literally the door or gate of the priest—where the remarkable strata of rocks, tilted up to nearly a vertical position, bound the valley on the west, and have been cut through by a wet weather water course. While the general was engaged in transmuting the alcalde and his townsmen into free and happy American citizens, two companies of infantry or dismounted troopers had

gone forward to cross the hills near the Puerto, their movement so timed that they would come on the field of battle just as the Rangers, dragoons and artillery would be routing the enemy, and could be of great use in helping to bury the dead. The main road approaches the Puerto close to and parallel with the ridge, making a short turn to enter the pass; and when within a quarter of a mile of the battle ground the command "trot! march!" was given—then "gallop!"—then "charge!" and with sabres flashing, we hurled ourselves at the foe—the artillery of Maj. Clarke's battalion (St. Louis men) rumbling close behind us to do the heavy work. We were splendidly supported also by the soldiers on foot, who had crossed the summit and with reckless bravery were descending the inner slope of the hill as we thundered through the gorge. The cavalry drill at the Canadian, mentioned in a former chapter, was a sort of sham fight, and the charge of Emory, Patterson and myself with our dozen desperate heroes on the cedar corral had a sort of titillating effect on the risibilities. But our work at the classic Puerto del Padre was in sober earnest, and I have never doubted that we should have covered ourselves with glory as well as dust but for one circumstance, inevitably fatal to military distinction—which was that that there was no hostile force at the Puerto, and had not been probably since the days of Coronado, three hundred years before.

Whether the general had really believed that our heroic march was to be resisted at that identical spot or only wanted to try our mettle we never knew, but we had proved our courage according to orders. During the rest of the day flankers were kept out, but no hostiles were discovered, and after a march of nineteen miles and capturing the town of Tocalote as we went along (where we met Maj. Cooke on his return), we went into camp at night to dream of bloodless victories, which after all are a pretty kind to gain when you are conquering a province. Neither Cæsar nor Napoleon could have made a better fight under the circumstances than we did, nor could either ever gain a victory with less loss than ours at Puerto del Padre. Tourists to Las Vegas hot springs can take a horseback ride along the ridge to the battle ground, and can chip off all the bits of rock they want as mementoes, but fortunately there are no grave-stones for the simpletons with more money than brains to mutilate. Uncle Sam is fortunate in having one battle ground in his domain where the senseless and selfish relic-hunters can do no harm.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MARCHING ON THE CAPITAL—A SUPPER OF SPOON FOOD—ARMIJO'S FORTIFICATIONS—CAPTURED CANNONS—FLYING ARTILLERY IN POSITION—SANTA FE TAKEN—A MEMORABLE NIGHT—OFFICER OF THE GUARD—THE WHOLE TERRITORY OURS—SEVENTY-SEVEN MILLION ACRES—ALTITUDE AND STREAMS—CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS—POOR OLD MISSOURIANS.

Having worried along on roads leading over sharp and rocky hills and through waste valleys, and taking the town of San Miguel as we marched on, conquering and to conquer, we camped on the 16th on the banks of the Pecos river, its red waters and flooded condition telling of rains in the mountains to the west. On the evening of the 17th we made our camp at the village of Pecos, near the ruins of Aztec structures and edifices of Spanish origin; but no archaeological temptation could lure us from the important duties of eating and sleeping. Fortunately the village was too small for even a speech from the general or the usual swearing-in process (both required at Tualote and San Miguel), and it was conquered not only without gunpowder, but also without promises or pledges. Jaded animals, with scant forage, and hungry men, fuller of vim than rations, made up the Army of the West, but we might go to sleep with the consciousness of duty performed. We had made the longest march in American history, and had been victorious over all obstacles.

Three of us having called at the alcalde's mansion of one story and two rooms, had a supper of green peas in mutton broth, relished as heartily as if the native earthen pot in which they were served had been scoured within the half year preceding. We had long before ceased to be fastidious in little matters of pots, pans or cookery, and we rather astonished our host and his señora by the manner in which the broth was dipped up by all from the same reservoir and swallowed, spoons and all. Pieces of tortilla (a thin cake) made the spoons, folded to contain some of the broth and peas, and the spoons and their contents went down together. It was a novel banquet, for which our host would only accept payment after one of us who could "habla" Spanish a little managed to make him understand that if he wished to be regarded as a good "Americano" he must take everything he could get his hands on, honestly of course.

In the early hours of August 18, 1846, a day that ought to be memorable as the first in which an army under the high bird of liberty ever captured the chief city of an enemy's province, we were in motion for a march of twenty-nine miles to Santa Fe. By ten o'clock the Rangers and dragoons had reached the eastern entrance of Apache canyon, and there waited in a park of fair grazing for the artillery and Doniphan's regiment to come up. The native potato was in bloom, and there were tubers about the size of small hickory nuts. The potato had never been cultivated in New Mexico, but for what reason I have forgotten, if I ever knew. A detail of twenty men under Lieut. Hammond, United States Army, sent forward at 3 o'clock A. M., had gone through the canyon and found the remains of Gov. Armijo's fortifications at its western end. They also found a spiked piece of ordnance which had been abandoned, and saw the tracks where others had been taken off—afterward captured, unguarded, in the forest, by some of the St. Louis artillerists. With but a small force Gov. Armijo could have checked our easy progress, and perhaps stopped us altogether; but if his men had not run away twenty-four hours before our arrival, we could have turned his position by going over the mesa from Pecos, and on to Santa Fe by way of Galisteo.

The truth is, Gov. Armijo, if in earnest, was too late in trying to get ready for us. If he had met us at the pass at Raton—a narrow valley with a railroad in it now—and kept meeting us at other close passages, as well as annoying us and picking off our beef cattle and stragglers—for which the advantages were all on the side of men knowing the country well, and accustomed, as the Mexicans were, to scant rations—our march, if we could have got along at all, would have been a succession of bloodier battles than that of El Puerto del Padre. The population of the territory was about 100,000, and if its fighting material had been well organized and under good leaders, the Army of the West would have had a record of greater hardships than half rations and no salt on its march of 312 miles from Bent's Fort to Santa Fe. But then, I suppose, if it had been necessary, we should have used more caution and have had more men. Our conquest, more difficult, would have been more highly valued.

As soon as the different commands had gotten together after a heavy drag on roads softened by recent rains, we moved on through the canyon and over the hills beyond. By three o'clock the head of the column had reached a spot overlooking the doomed city; but its tail, like that of a comet, stretched out rather indefinitely. It was a heroic march on the part of the skeleton mules, horses and oxen, especially those attached to the "flying artillery," as Maj. Clarke's command was gravely styled in official papers; but the big guns came creeping into place at last, and the Rangers and dragoons then had the honor of marching into the city and through the principal streets in all the pride and dust of deadly war. The flag was run up on the palace, late the residence of Gov. Armijo, and the cannon on the hill thundered a national salute.

Santa Fe, the ancient city, now growing more beautiful in her old age than she ever was in youth—was captured! The only gunpowder burned in the campaign was that in the cannon saluting the American Eagle, new lighted on her towers. Our victorious general occupied her palace, built of raw brick, as were those of Nineveh, and was the ruler of the province. Senor Armijo, the native governor, had gone to Old Mexico, whence I believe he never returned. Whether he or the central government of Mexico, or the people of the territory, should bear the blame, I know not, but certain it is, that a force much greater than the Army of the West would have been needed to take the province, if proper resistance had been made.

It was a night to be remembered, that of August 18, 1846. Having traversed the principal streets and marched around the plaza to salute the newly raised flag—having glanced at the sinister countenances of some of the Mexican men, and looked kindly at the scared faces of the women, who thought the cannon were bombarding the town—having, as a novel lesson in pastoral economy, noticed the pig tied by a lariat to graze in one of the corrals, and having in a general way deported ourselves as magnanimous warriors and observing philosophers, the Rangers, sated with glory, but hungry, marched back to the position on the hill only to find that our wagons with rations and camp outfit had not arrived and were not expected.

The prospect for supper was gloomy, and the discussion of the situation by the Rangers was getting lively with short words of a Scriptural sound, used in a somewhat profane sense, when I was politely informed by the adjutant that I was officer of the guard for the night, with Maj. Philip St. George Cooke as officer of the day; the guard to consist of fifty ravenous men who were to preserve order in the captured city. It was no doubt an honor, in a limited sense, to be in command of the guard in a foreign capital seized without a struggle after a daring march of nearly a thousand miles; possessed without the shedding of a drop of blood or burning an ounce of powder till the star-spangled flag was hoisted over it; and I have honestly tried to feel proud of the distinction and to enjoy the recollection of it as a creditable incident in a life not burdened with military events of much consequence. But, alas, for fame and immortality! When I was in Santa Fe for a week in November, 1874, the folks did not seem to care a bawbee about the "officer of the guard" in 1846, and in fact appeared hardly to know that the city had ever been captured at all; but seemed rather to have a notion that it had been given up gratuitously. Alas, I say again. They are now celebrating the 333d anniversary of the occupation of the town by white men, but among the thousands gathered there few will know that the Army of the West ever existed, or that Uncle Sam owes to a few companies of Missourians the possession of the ancient city.

In taking Santa Fe we took New Mexico. I do not remember what its metes and bounds were then, including, as they did, Utah and Arizona, but let us look at it now. It lies south of Colorado, extending from the 27th

down to the 32d parallel of latitude, and is in breadth from the 103d to the 109th meridian, thus covering five degrees of latitude and six of longitude, and embracing an area of 121,000 square miles or more than 77,000,000 acres; three times as large as Ohio, sixteen times as large as Rhode Island, nearly twice as large as all New England, and larger than New York and Pennsylvania combined. It has been estimated that at least 70,000,000 acres were unclaimed by individuals or towns when we took possession—a domain of public lands twice the size of Illinois given to the United States by the Army of the West—and yet, oh reader! even you, with all your assorted kit of knowledge, possibly never before heard of our conquering army!

The elevated table-land or plateau of the continent on which the swells and peaks of the Rocky Mountains are embossed stretches from British America into Old Mexico and embraces the territory of New Mexico; but the Rocky Mountain chain is broken into separate and detached links, leaving many wide valleys and broad plains in the prospective state. The average altitude in the southern portion of the territory is about 4,500 feet, and in the northern perhaps 7,000. The streams of the western flank take their course to the Pacific, and those of the middle and eastern sections to the Gulf of Mexico. The principal rivers are the Rio Grande, Pecos and Canadian, whose waters seek the gulf, and the San Juan and Gila, which get to the Pacific by the Colorado of the West. The largest of the rivers, the Rio Grande, having its sources in Colorado, runs from north to south the whole length of the territory, and, while not navigable, is well called "the Nile of America," from its annual swelling, as well as from the constant fertility it maintains in irrigated lands. The valleys of the rivers mentioned and of many lesser streams have large areas of fertile soil, some of which has been under cultivation for more than three centuries, and is said to get better by use, owing to the sediment in the irrigating waters. Wherever irrigation is available the toil of the cultivator is amply rewarded. On the uplands and mesas, and even high on the mountain slopes, the grass is of rare excellence and generally abundant.

The climate of New Mexico is unsurpassed for salubrity. In the southern portion snow is almost unknown, and in the northern, except on the mountains, it seldom lasts more than a few days at a time. The winters are mild and the summer temperature never oppressive. In regard to healthfulness New Mexico may be fairly considered one of the favored regions of the continent. Its death-rate from tubercular diseases is lower than that of any other part of America. Physicians say that no case of bronchial affection was ever brought to the territory that was not greatly improved or altogether cured; and the same is true of asthma. "The country," said Dr. Kennan, Surgeon U. S. A., "is distant from either ocean; it is entirely free from all causes of disease. The atmosphere is almost as dry as that of Egypt. The whole territory has always been astonishingly free from epidemic diseases. There are not ten days in the whole year in which an invalid cannot take exercise in the open air."

Wheat and other cereals, field and garden vegetables, and all fruits suited to the latitude are produced with little labor and of excellent quality. As to the grape, Humboldt regarded the region on the Rio Grande at El Paso as the Andalusia of the Western hemisphere. For 200 miles north of that point, the soil, climate and atmospheric conditions in the valley of the river are similarly favorable to the fruit of the vine.

Mining, with its abundant hopes, fallacious certainties, and capricious results, spreads over New Mexico a halo more brilliant in its hues than the summer sunset. In addition to mountains of iron ore, like that of the Hanover mine and others near it, she

Has in the depths of earth the fossil store
That moves the engine, and the lamp is lighting ;
And precious mines, where Ophir's wealth, or more,
Is blessing men—or blighting.

Poor old Missourians ! We robbed Mexico of that grand province for the benefit of Uncle Sam, and yet he denies us pensions

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GALISTEO—CUSTOMS OF CONQUERED PEOPLE—THE GENERAL'S BALL IN THE PALACE—DETACHED SERVICE—OLD PECOS RUINS—GENERAL KEARNEY LEAVES FOR CALIFORNIA—DONIPHAN IN COMMAND OF THE PROVINCE—COL. PRICE IN SANTA FE—LT. COL. MITCHELL GOES SOUTH—DONIPHAN FOR CHIHUAHUA—FIGHT AT BRAZITO—ERRANT MISSOURIANS—ONE TO FIVE AT SACRAMENTO—SENATOR BENTON'S RECEPTION SPEECH—TRAGEDY IN NEW MEXICO—MURDER OF GOV. BENT, JAS. W. LEAL AND OTHERS—PRICE'S WINTER CAMPAIGN—OUTBREAK AT MORO.

To give an idea of what the people of New Mexico were like when fresh conquered, and as seen at Galisteo, where I was sent the morning after the capture of Santa Fe (with all the horses and half of the Rangers, to graze the animals), I take a few lines from my old journal :

"Visited Galisteo, which contains about 200 inhabitants. The houses are built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, white-washed inside, and with flat roofs, as in Bible times, when people could go on 'the house tops.' The town is on a knoll in the valley, commanding an extensive view. Near it there is a range of volcanic (?) rock, thrown up by some great convulsion. Northeastward the ground is high, broken, and exhibiting many upheaved and dislocated strata. The waters from the mountains converge into streams and fertilize a depression in the valley, so that corn (called *mais*, pronounced *myse*) can be raised sufficient for the scanty dishes of atole (mush) and tortillas (thin cakes) used by the people. Some wheat also is raised; thrashed by hand, winnowed by the breath, or by throwing into the air, ground between two stones by the women, and baked into very tolerable bread—for hungry men. (Two women shall be grinding in a mill, the Bible says.) The cooking utensils are pots and bowls of earthenware, made by the Pueblo Indians, and no doubt the manufacture of these utensils by the Pueblo (or village) Indians is a remnant of the former civilization of the Ancients of America. The cooking is done by boiling or stewing in these earthen vessels, or roasting on the coals. Tortillas are baked on a flat plate of iron, or griddle. The bread made of the ground wheat is baked in mud or clay ovens similar in structure to many in the States. Milk from goats and cows

is much used. Cattle are not numerous at the village, but there are quite a number of goats and sheep. A kind of incipient cheese, or curds compressed by hand, is made in profusion, and is no doubt wholesome. The inhabitants at this season rarely sleep in their houses, but spread their mats or blankets before their doors and sleep in the open air. In day time their beds are folded up and used for seats inside the rooms. (People could take up their beds and walk in Bible days.) The kitchens have neat chimneys in the corners. The roofs are made with pine logs, corn husks on them, and earth over all, sufficient to turn all the rains of this climate. The best rooms have part of the floor usually covered with a woolen carpet, made in the village; several looms are seen under sheds in different parts of the town; also spinning wheels of rude construction. The village has a church, about 30 feet long by 20 wide, neatly white-washed inside; the walls are partly built of stone, and topped out with adobes. The door of the church is opposite the pulpit, at one end, and a gallery over it. The windows of the houses are square or round openings, with wooden bars crossed, and shutters to close when necessary."

Again: "Visited Galisteo this afternoon and had some further insight into the character and habits of the villagers. The people are rather filthy in their cooking and persons, and quite coolly pick off vermin in the presence of visitors; this is true of the lower orders, the great mass of the people. Their clothing is principally cotton, from the States. The men wear a sort of loose leather breeches, open at the outer seam (with buttons), over their inside muslin trousers underneath. The arrival of Señor Pino, the owner of the village, reported, and a fandango spoken of for the evening."

In grazing camps with the horses, and indulging in two or three visits to the capital—fortunate enough to be there on the night of the General's grand soiree and ball in the palace—time wore on till 12th of September, when I was ordered on "detached service." My subalterns, under Bob Farley as chief, were teamsters. The troops were oxen. Instead of murderous cannons like Maj. Clarke's flying artillery, we had quartermaster's empty wagons. We were on a mission to Bent's Fort, 312 miles away, to bring in commissary stores. It was one of those trips in which an imaginative traveler might take delight, as the actual happenings were not important enough to interfere with those invented to adorn his tale. True, the little Mexican boys at San Miguel were playing soldiers in the plaza, the six-year old captain dressed in a pair of moccasins and a string of beads, and his troop in similar costume, except the moccasins and beads. True, I killed a monstrous black bear at the Canadian, by running my sabre down his throat, after having wounded him with one of the flint-lock pistols issued to us at Fort Leavenworth. True, after lying sleepless all night with tic doloreaux, indulging in a wakey dream of the splendid saddle cover the skin would make, I arose at day break to find it missing from where Fernando, my trusty mozo, had pegged it out on the ground to dry. True, my little bay horse, Pompey, was stolen by Indians at the Purgatory, and never paid for

by Uncle Sam. True, sixteen years after, in St. Louis, Gen. Frank P. Blair hailed me as the man who had killed a big grizzly bear with a sabre, and I had no chance to correct him. True, many other things happened in our dusty and wearisome pilgrimage, but hardly worth telling in a busy time, except that I had an opportunity of visiting the Pecos ruins, which were probably the first edifices I had ever seen more than two hundred years old. As old Pecos may soon disappear, now that the railroad is filling the territory with new life and industry, it is well to note the ruins as interesting relics of a past age. For all we know, some pushing yankee may haul off the old adobes to build a woolen mill, or a gold stamper, on the Pecos river, where so much power is running to waste. My old journal of Sept. 14, says:

“Moved to Pecos and camped near the ruins. The Catholic church is still in a tolerable state of preservation. In some places the roof has fallen, but the walls are sound; they are very thick and in this dry climate may last many years yet. The joists and other wood work are elaborately carved in a rude style. The hall of the church is 100 feet in depth to the chancel, which is 15 feet. The hall is about 30 feet wide and 40 feet high. There is a gallery on the side near the chancel and over the principal door. Adjoining the church are numerous rooms, apparently connected with it in former times, and some of them still in a good state of preservation. The entire ruins of old Pecos cover several acres, 'round which are traces of an old stone wall. About 250 yards from the church are numerous Aztec buildings, some of them three stories high; one of the buildings has a number of small rooms which look as if they may have been dungeons. These last are relics of the Indians, who have only left the spot a few years, having lingered here, keeping a fire burning in a cave. It was, they said, the fire of Montezuma, which, on leaving, he had commanded them to keep burning till his return.”

I also copy from Emory's journal:

“Pecos, once a fortified town, is built on a promontory or rock, somewhat in the shape of a foot. Here burned, until within seven years, the eternal fire of Montezuma, and the remains of the architecture exhibit in a prominent manner, the engraftment of the Catholic church upon the ancient religion of the country. At one end of the short spur forming the terminus of the promontory, are the remains of the estufa [or vault where the sacred fire was kept burning], with all its parts distinct; at the other are the remains of the Catholic church, both showing the distinctive marks and emblems of the two religions. The fires of the estufa sent their incense through the same altar from which was preached the doctrine of Christ. Two religions, so utterly different in theory, were here, as in all Mexico, blended in harmonious practice until about a century since, when the town was sacked by a band of Indians.

“Amidst the havoc and plunder of the city, the faithful Indian managed to keep his fire burning in the estufa; and it was continued till a few years since, when the tribe became almost extinct. Their devotions rapidly dimin-

ished their number until they became so few as to be unable to keep their immense estufa (forty feet in diameter) replenished, when they abandoned the place and joined a tribe of the original race over the mountains about sixty miles west. There it is said, to this day they keep up their fire, which has never yet been extinguished. The labor, watchfulness and exposure to heat consequent on this practice of their faith, is fast reducing this remnant of the Montezuma race, and a few years will, in all probability, see the last of this interesting people. The remains of the ancient [Spanish] church, with its crosses, its cells, its dark mysterious corners and niches, differ but little from those of the present day in New Mexico. The architecture of the of the Indian portion of this ruin presents peculiarities worthy of notice.

"Both are constructed of the same materials: the walls of sun-dried brick, the rafters of well hewn timber, which could never have been hewn by the miserable little axes now used by the Mexicans, which resemble in shape and size the wedges used by our farmers for splitting rails. The cornices and drops of the architrave in the modern church are elaborately carved with a knife."

When I looked from the coach window at the ruins in 1874, they did not seem changed in the twenty-eight years which had intervened; but I must confess, that when I saw them first, I was less impressed by them as mementoes of two religions, of which one was almost extinct, than as exhibiting the wonderfully lasting character of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, which had here been in part of the ruins exposed to the elements more than a century; and in the Aztec portion, had probably breasted the storms before the advent of Coronado in 1540. In truth, no one knows how many centuries the ruins of the old Aztec edifice have existed. Old Pecos is very near the line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and is nearer to St. Louis and Chicago than any other pre-historic city.

After an absence of forty days, we were back in Santa Fe, and had the welcome due to a fine supply of subsistence stores. Gen. Kearney, with all the U. S. dragoons, had marched for California. An account of his march and battles is given in the journal of Gen. W. H. Emory (then Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers). The genial Capt. Ben. Moore, and the intelligent, observing and cultivated Capt. Johnson, perished in a battle solely due to the absurd orders from Washington.

Col. Doniphan was in command of the Province of New Mexico, but having marched to the country of the Navajos to treat with those Indians, Col. Sterling Price, of the 2nd Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, recently arrived, was in command at Santa Fe. Col. Doniphan's Regiment remained in "Rio Abajo," as the lower valley of the Rio Grande was called.

In November, Col. Price ordered Lieut.-Col. D. D. Mitchell, of St. Louis, to take a special detail of 100 picked men, and open communication with Chihuahua. Capt. Hudson, Lieut. LaBeaume, and most of the Rangers went with Col. Mitchell. Col. Doniphan, with his regiment, marched south about the time Col. Mitchell did; and 450 men of these commands, on Christ-

mas Day, fought the battle of Brazito, a few miles north of El Paso, routing more than double their number of Mexicans, and capturing one cannon. Col. Weightman's company of Artillery from St. Louis, having joined Col. Doniphan (Capt. Fischer's St. Louis Artillery remaining in Santa Fe), the rather motley army moved on towards Chihuahua, under orders to join Gen. Wool at that place;—the wise men at Washington having in the meantime ordered Gen. Wool to join Gen. Taylor, but failed in measures to advise Col. Doniphan of the change!

These errant Missourians went marching on, not unconscious of peril, but defying it. A Mexican army very foolishly tried to stop them at a place called Sacramento, 15 miles from Chihuahua; but Doniphan and his men—about 900 in all—did not want to stop. There were about 4,500 Mexicans,—infantry, cavalry and artillery,—in a very strong position. The Missourians fought and conquered, with a loss of two killed: Samuel C. Owen, of Jackson county, and Lieut. Kirkpatrick, of Lafayette. Ten pieces of artillery were captured. The Mexican loss was heavy, 300 killed and many wounded; but this was partly the fault of their commanders, who, as Doniphan's men said, knew nothing of arithmetic, but tried to stand against the Missourians with five men to one. Of course, the boys would jocularly argue, there were five chances for a Mexican to be killed against one for a Missourian. Besides, Maj. M. Lewis Clarke and Capt. Richard H. Weightman, with their artillery, behaved in violation of all rules—wheeled up their howitzers to within sixty yards of the Mexican redoubts, and fired right into the poor fellows; while Capt. John W. Reid went charging about with his squad of cavalry, to the imminent peril of every Mexican in his way; and Colonel Mitchell, Capt. Hudson, Clay Taylor and everybody else were also taking advantage of the great numbers of the enemy to put all they could *hors du combat*, as the French politely term it. When there was no more water to swab Clay Taylor's cannon, a supply of moisture was provided; but for the means used in this emergency I must refer to Maj. Clarke's official report in the archives at Washington.

Col. Doniphan took possession of Chihuahua, and after a short rest—his force, as described in his official report, “literally without horses, clothes or money; nothing but arms and a disposition to use them”—again went marching on, and reached the camp of Gen. Taylor. At the grand reception given at St. Louis in July, 1847, to Col. Doniphan and his returned warriors, Senator Benton delivered a glowing address, from which I quote a few sentences of historical interest:

“Chihuahua gained, it became, like Santa Fe, not the terminating-point of a long expedition, but the beginning point of a new one. Gen. Taylor was somewhere—no one knew exactly where—but some seven or eight hundred miles toward the other side of Mexico. You had heard that he had been defeated—that Buena Vista had not been a *good prospect* to him. Like good Americans, you did not believe a word of it; but like good soldiers you thought it best to go and see. A volunteer party of fourteen, headed by

Collins, of Boonville, undertook to penetrate to Saltillo, and to bring you information of his condition. Amidst innumerable dangers they accomplish their purpose and return. You march. A vanguard of 100 men, under Lieut. Col. Mitchell, led the way. Then came the main body (if the name is not a burlesque on such a handfull) commanded by Col. Doniphan himself. The whole table land of Mexico, in all its breadth from east to west, was to be traversed. A numerous and hostile population in towns—treacherous Comanches in the mountains—were to be passed. Everything was to be self-provided—provisions, transportation, fresh horses for remounts, and even the means of victory—and all without a military chest, or even an empty box in which government gold had ever reposed. All was accomplished. Mexican towns were passed in order and quiet—plundering Comanches were punished—means were obtained from traders to liquidate indispensable contributions—and the wants that could not be supplied were endured like soldiers of veteran service. * * * * *

You arrived in Gen. Taylor's camp, ragged and rough, as we can well conceive, and ready, as I can quickly show. You reported for duty!—you asked for service!—such as a march on San Luis de Potosi, Zacatecas, or the "halls of the Montezumas," or anything in that way that the General should have a mind to. If he was going on any excursion of that kind, all right. The "Ten Thousand" counted the voyage on the Black Sea, as well as the march from Babylon, and twenty centuries admit the validity of the count. The present age, and futurity, will include the "going out and coming in" of the Missouri volunteers, the water voyage as well as the land march; and then the expedition of the One Thousand will exceed that of the Ten by some two thousand miles.

"The last nine hundred miles of your land march from Chihuahua to Matamoras, you made in forty-five days, bringing seventeen pieces of artillery, eleven of which were taken from the enemy at Brazito and Sacramento. * * * You did the right thing at the right time, and what the government intended you to do, and without knowing its intentions."

These remarks of Colonel Benton do no more than justice to the courage, endurance and fortitude of Doniphan and his men, on their long and perilous march. They started from the heart of New Mexico for an unknown destination, and got there. Missourians should ever hold in honor the memory of the men in that expedition. But apart from its glory, there was no great result, except to show how large a scope of country could be conquered without strength enough following to hold it.

We had been quiet in New Mexico, with some rumors of conspiracies, but nothing thought to be serious. Civil courts on the American plan had been established. Charles Bent had been appointed Governor, a man of excellent qualities, and popular with all classes. Col. Price was rather careless, I thought, as to the drilling and exercises of the few soldiers in Santa Fe but was vigilant as to the general affairs of the province. Volunteers,

who had been lawyers at home, were trying to pick up fees in the practice of their profession.

Suddenly, our life that had seemed a mere comedy, had a terrible element of tragedy thrust in. On the morning of the 19th of January, 1847, a large number of Pueblo Indians—thought to be entirely peaceable—assembled in one of the villages of the valley of Taos, and demanded of Stephen Lee (formerly of St. Louis), who was sheriff of the county, the release of three Indians, notorious thieves, who were confined in the calaboose for stealing. Seeing no means of resistance, Lee was about to comply with this demand, and was in the act of taking off the irons from the prisoners, when Conrado Vigil, a Mexican, and the Prefecto, came in and objected, denouncing the prisoners as thieves and scoundrels. The Indians at once killed Vigil, and cut his body to pieces, severing the limbs from it; and then released the prisoners. Meantime Lee had gone to his house.

Gov. Bent had gone to Taos on a visit, and was at his home in the village. The Indians went to the house of the governor, crowded in till they filled it; told him that they did not intend to leave an American alive in New Mexico, and would kill him first. The Governor appealed to their honor and manhood, but they treated his appeal with derision, and some began to shoot him with arrows, taking fiendish care that the arrows should torture, not kill him. They shot him in the face and breast, and even tried to hit his eyes. Leaving him some time in this condition, they came back and shot him in the heart with guns, killing him. They took his scalp, stretched it on a board, and carried it in triumph through the streets. They had in the meantime killed Stephen Lee. Gen. Elliott Lee, of St. Louis, on a visit to his brother Stephen, fled to the house of the Priest, who concealed him under some wheat, so that the Indians did not find him for some time. When they discovered him, they took him out to kill him, but the priest interceded for him so strongly that they abandoned their purpose. Gen Lee remained at the Priest's house for some time, and every few days the Indians would take him out to kill him, but would desist on the interference of the Priest. He was finally saved from danger by the arrival of the troops.

James White Leal, a private in the Laclede Rangers, who was on furlough, and had been appointed Prosecuting Attorney for the Northern district, suffered a horrible death. The Indians, soon after killing the Governor, seized Leal, stripped off all his clothes and made him walk through the streets, they singing, and amusing themselves by shooting arrows a little way into his body to torture him. Then taking him to the house, they shot arrows into his face, taking aim at his eyes, nose and mouth—and then scalped him while yet alive. They left him in this miserable condition for some time, then returned and shot him with arrows till he died.

The Indians went to the house of Judge Beaubien, it is thought, in search of Robert Carey, another private in the Rangers, who was on furlough, and

had been appointed Clerk of the Court. A son of Judge Beaubien, an interesting youth of about twenty years, who had been educated in the States and had just returned, was found in the house and murdered. It was thought the Indians supposed him to be Carey, who, in company with two other gentlemen, had started for Santa Fe the day before, all being quiet then, and no fear of an outbreak. Charles Town and several other Americans escaped from Taos after the tragedies began.

Col. Price, on hearing of these terrible events, at once took energetic steps to punish the offenders; but before the scattered commands (in camps where food could be had for the animals) could be concentrated in Santa Fe, the entire northern end of the province seemed to be in insurrection. Although it was midwinter, the troops were soon on the way, meeting and whipping the insurgents at La Cañada, and also at El Embudo, and finally storming the Aztec buildings in the principal village. It was a campaign of fearful hardship and exposure, with scant provisions, without tents, bivouacking in the snow on bleak hill sides, and dragging cannons over bridle paths on the mountains where wheels had never gone. The vengeance taken was exemplary, and the insurgents sued for peace. Subsequently twelve or fifteen of the murderers were tried in the courts, and promptly executed. Many of the insurgents were killed in the battle of Taos, and some of the troops. We mourned the loss of Capt. Burgwin, a gentleman of fine talents and elevated character.

About the time of the murders in Taos, some travellers on the road to the states, were murdered at the Moro river. The murderers fortified themselves in the old town of Moro, some miles west of the road. Capt. Henley, of Price's Regiment, attacked them with men from the grazing camps, but was himself killed in the action. Capt. Moran, of the same regiment, afterwards drove them out of the town, and destroyed it. The town was afterwards rebuilt, but there has been no fighting there since.

But one opinion was held of the conduct of Col. Price after the troubles broke out. It was able, energetic and successful; and his campaign to Taos was in every respect satisfactory to military and civilians.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AMUSEMENTS — MONTE — FANDANGOES — THEATRE — PIZARRO IN PERU — AT DEATH'S DOOR—SIXTY GRAINS OF CALOMEL—JOHN LEDYARD'S TRIBUTE TO WOMEN—MILITARY HOSPITAL AT THE WARM SPRINGS—HUNTING INDIANS AND FINDING THEM—CANYON OF THE CANADIAN—A FOOLISH THING DONE—THE MUSIC OF BULLETS—WE HAD TO VAMOS—TWO MEN WOUNDED—ONE KILLED IN THE FINAL CHARGE—CAPT. DENT WITH REINFORCEMENTS—STARTING HOME—CROW INDIANS—NIGHT MARCHES—AGAIN IN ST. LOUIS—CRIMINAL COURT—A MOTHER-IN-LAW STRUCK—HUDSON'S ORATORY SPOILED—A GUILTY DEFENDANT ACQUITTED—THE LAW GIVEN UP—DAVID R. ATCHISON, PRESIDENT—THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.

Look on the map at New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona; and reflect on the industries, homes, talent, worth, and wickedness in that vast region! Then, if you regard it as a valued part of the United States, with its immense pastoral, arable and mineral resources, give Missouri credit, as the main agent in its acquisition. Missourians took possession of New Mexico and held it. All the rest followed in due sequence. We have never boasted of our achievements, but our acts gave an addition to the empire not easily estimated.

An army of occupation, as ours was in New Mexico, is apt to have some amusements; but with us, these were not of very high order. There were a few drinking shops in Santa Fe, but on the whole the army was sober. Gambling was an established amusement, before our advent, and went on as if it were a regular business. The New Mexican game of Monte, a kind of short-hand faro played with cards, was the favorite; but there was too little money afloat for high stakes. I have no recollection of any serious quarrels at any of the games, and think none such occurred. Considering our distance from home and all restraining influences, the fact that no shooting or cutting scrapes tarnished our record is creditable to the Army of the West and to the State of Missouri.

Nearly every night there was a dance or "fandango," with a fiddle and guitar to supply the music. The Mexican musicians have few tunes, and those so nearly resemble each other that it did not matter much what they

played, as the exercises could go on with zest and vigor. As the dance tunes were the same as those played on the same instruments in the church services, the women folks (in New Mexico as elsewhere, the most regular church goers) were familiar with all; and if an "Americano" blundered in the dance his partner could easily set him right. The appearance of an officer in uniform generally brought a complimentary improvisation by the musicians in honor of him and partner, and he was expected to recognize it by a gift of at least "cuatro reales," or fifty cents. These impromptu songs were said by those who understood them to be often quite creditable to the "musicos." Quadrilles and Spanish or Mexican polkas and waltzes alternated; the latter graceful and pleasing. There was generally a supply of liquors and cakes to be had, and the lady dancer was apt to expect refreshments at the cost of her partner when the set was ended. Good order was usual at these entertainments. The volunteers would sometimes swagger a little, but the Mexicans would preserve their good humor, enjoying themselves as if they were children.

We had a theatre too. A large room in the palace had been granted by Governor Bent for the use of a Thespian Company, organized mainly by some of the Laclède Rangers, under the direction of the projector, Bernard McSorley, still a citizen of St. Louis. McSorley was stage manager, and star actor. Under his direction scenes were painted and the "sala" fitted up in a manner that would have made Sol. Smith leap for joy in his itinerant days, when he sometimes had to use big potatoes for candlesticks in his row of tallow footlights. The play on the first night was Pizarro in Peru, or the Death of Rolla, and was well sustained to a "crowded house." McSorley was a splendid Pizarro, and conquered the audience as if they were real Peruvians. Elvira was done by Edward W. Shands, and Cora by Wm. Jamieson, of the Rangers, both in appropriate female costume, doing their best to look the characters as well as act them. After the tragedy came negro minstrels, led by James W. Leal of the Rangers, who afterwards suffered so terrible a death in Taos. As we had at times to use unbolted flour, made from native wheat in the rude native mills, one of the conundrums was—"Why are the volunteers like ladies' bustles?"—and the answer—" 'case they're stuffed with bran!"

The Mexican ladies were much amused at the idea of "hombres" (men) acting feminine characters, and said it might do in the "Teatro," but would not answer so well in the "casa," or dwelling.

Sick most of the time—in torture from neuralgia and rheumatism—unable to march south with Doniphan or north with Price, I passed a winter of discontent and misery. Once I was at death's door, but it did not open. Everybody expected me to die, but the idea of death in that distant land, was so repugnant that I would not entertain it. I would think of the loved ones in St. Louis and elsewhere, as if it were not possible to leave them, and, strangely enough, I did not think I would die. When I was reduced to the condition of a living skeleton—so little flesh on my frame that the

vertebræ seemed to cut through the skin, and I could hardly lie on double wool mattresses—I smiled at the two doctors, Major Edmunson and his brother, holding a whispered conversation in the corner of the room, looking very grave, and shaking their heads. I thought that if they did not know what ailed me, I would try not to give them the chance of finding out by a post mortem examination. I had been kept under the influence of colchicum by Dr. DeCamp, for neuralgia and rheumatism, and after he marched for Taos I had taken cold. The two Edmunsons, both good physicians, believed I had internal inflammation, and regarded the case as very serious, if not desperate. Their consultation ended by sending me a dose of medicine, and I finally got well. They had given me sixty grains of calomel.

During my illness, the Mexican ladies of the families I had become acquainted with, not only sent me the wool mattresses to replace my buffalo robes, but sent little cookeries to tempt the invalid's appetite. I am grateful yet for their disinterested kindness. John Ledyard, the remarkable traveller, (who was in Cook's expedition when the great circumnavigator was killed), has in one of his journals a passage that I quote for those who do not value the goodness of women :

“I have observed among all nations that the women ornamented themselves more than the men ; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings ; that they are all inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate like man, to perform a generous or hospitable action ; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society ; industrious, economical, ingenuous ; more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so ; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.”

In April, Dr. DeCamp established a military hospital at the copious warm springs near Las Vegas. There is now a large hotel there, with bath houses, and all the accompaniments of a health and pleasure resort. It is a charming locality, but I will not describe it, as the railroad folks are telling the public all about it. Boston capital has enlivened the picturesque little valley, where we grazed the horses of the Rangers, thirty-seven years ago.

In the spring of 1847, many outrages had been committed by Indians on the plains, and even in the borders of New Mexico. Major Edmunson was

sent out in May from Santa Fe, with seventy-five men—a dozen Laclede Rangers among them—to hunt Indians, and if possible recover stolen animals. In a deep canyon of the Canadian, we found the recently deserted camp of the enemy; killing two or three of them, apparently left to watch us. While we were looking about for signs of Indians, we observed them gathering in considerable numbers on the high sides of the canyon, and they began to shoot down at us.

The "boys" thought it was great fun. We were to have a fight at last, and would have big tales to tell when we got home. Nobody seemed to mind the thuds of the bullets in the sand at our feet, as none of them had happened to strike man or horse. But Major Edmunson did not think we were in a good place to fight, and started us up the hill and along a rough bench in the side of the canyon, to get a better position, or get out of the gorge. He thought it unwise to stay below, where the Indians could shoot down at us, and there was no certainty that our balls could reach up to them.

We had not gone far till I did a wonderfully foolish thing. In total disregard of all prudence, I mounted a rock and called on the "Laclede Rangers" to stand by me, and we would have a fight right there. We did have it. Indians were following us, and we shot at them; that is, the men did, as I had only a pistol and a sabre. Several men from other companies had stopped with us, and we had a lively time, the balls striking the rocks all about us, but mainly going over our heads. It has been told of George Washington, that he "liked to hear the music of bullets." I am not sure that he said so, but I know we heard the music, and, absurd as it now seems, we rather liked it.

Major Edmunson had stopped at the bottom of the steep hill which we would have to go down, and his men were shooting at Indians on our left that we could not see. We thought they were shooting at our Indians, that we knew they could not hit from their position, and we called to them to come up, to which they replied by calling to us to come down—all in language adorned with expletives. So the fight went on for an indefinite time, and at length, as cartridges were getting scarce, I said to the men,—“we had better vamos.”

It was a Mexican word, "vamos," that we had got in the habit of using, and meant the same as "puck-a-chee" in the lingo of the Kaw Indians; that is, "get out of here quick." As we scrambled down the hill, (about as steep as the one Putnam went down) we found another body of Indians had got clear around us, and if we had not begun to "vamos" from our position just when we did, we should have staid there. We also learned that the Indians on our left that the Major and his men had been shooting at, were not our Indians at all, but another set, trying to cut off our further movements; and that if Major Edmunson had not acted just as he did, none of us would ever have come out alive.

As soon as we got to the bottom of the hill, we all started up the canyon

hastily. Some men had lost their horses, and were mounted behind other men. Joe Bumbry was behind me. Half a mile up the canyon, we crossed the stream to get up a slope to the table land, where the side of the canyon was not too precipitous for a passage out. The Indians were after us, and some of our men stopped on the rising ground beyond the creek, and shot over our heads at the Indians, who were coming up the canyon and were shooting at us, as we gathered at the creek and crossed. Two of the Rangers, John Eldridge and Martin Wash, were on one horse, and were hit by one buckshot, which touched the corner of Eldridge's eye and went into Wash's cheek and out at his neck. They had foolishly turned their horse to shoot back at the Indians, and might have been killed. As I came up to them Eldridge was lamenting a lost eye but I re-assured him. Wash was spitting blood, and said to me:

"Lieutenant—I be hanged if I don't think I'm shot somehow!"

As we reached the crest, and began to emerge on the table-land, some of the Indians were just coming round to stop us, but were a minute too late, and disappeared. The roll was called and we had to regret the loss of one man from Callaway county. In the final charge up the hill, he was killed. *The Indians were charging after us.*

Our haversacks of provisions, and some other property, were lost, and although night had come (the whole engagement lasted four or five hours), we started for the point where our wagons were to meet us; but at length, tired out, laid down till daylight, and then soon reached camp. We ate and rested till afternoon, when a body of horsemen were seen in the distance, and a little howitzer was loaded and got ready for them. But they turned out to be Captain John C. Dent of the De Kalb Rangers, with a reinforcement.

A council of war was held on a proposal to go back to the canyon; four ayes and five noes. I voted no. We had neither provisions nor ammunition to continue the campaign. Besides, I had been in the canyon, and, on reflection, did not like it. I did not want to hear any more bullets singing. It was afterwards ascertained that the Indians had left the same night and gone a long march in another direction. They had greatly outnumbered us, and their loss was estimated at forty killed.

The most wonderful thing to me in the fight was, the entire absence of fear. In crossing the creek, a possible bullet in my back suggested the thought, that after my body should be found people might impugn my courage; but there was no other dread of that possible bullet. But at the council next day the scare that I ought naturally to have felt in the fight came on, and I was not at all sorry that with two wounded men, no provisions, and no ammunition, my negative vote was a matter of duty as well as inclination. I have never been in a fight since, but have held bravery during battle in low estimation. If a man with a big bump of caution could be as cool and self-possessed as I was during our Indian fight, those

with little bumps may easily be heroes. To deliberately go into battle requires courage; but once in, excitement seems to swallow up fear.

Our term of enlistment having expired, the Rangers under my command (and myself also) were honorably discharged from the service of the United States, and on 13th June we started for "home." We had all had enough of "war," though if there had been necessity we should have remained. The "boys" were as jubilant as on the day we started from Leavenworth a year before; but none of us appreciated the importance of the work which the Army of the West had done, and the immense addition we had helped to make to the domain of the American Eagle.

Often had the boys talked of home and the people there, and hoped they might once more hear the rain on a shingle roof, and see women with bonnets! The earthen roofs of New Mexico had no music in them; the rebosas worn over their heads by the women had become monotonous. Our march was enlivened by outbursts of song:

1st Voice. "Listen to me—listen to me!
What do you want to see, to see?"

All A woman under a bonnet—
A woman under a bonnet—
That's what we want to see, to see!
That's what we want to see!

1st Voice. "When to home you're drawing near,
What do you want to hear, to hear?"

All. We want to hear, to hear again,
On the shingle roof the blessed rain!—
That's what we want to hear, to hear—
That's what we want to hear!"

Mr. Solomon Houck, of Boonville, Missouri, was returning from Mexico with wagons and a number of loose mules. He would gladly transport our baggage in order to have us added to his guard, as the proceeds of his commercial venture were in the wagons: several thousand dollars in silver. The coin was in packages of raw hide, which having been wet when the packages were made up, had shrunk tightly round the dollars in drying. Mr. Webb, also a "Santa Fe Trader," Mr. Fitzpatrick, and two or three other persons took advantage of Mr. Houck's train, and altogether we had a pleasant party.

Coming down the Arkansas Valley, we had taken the "bluff road" at the Coon Creeks, and were on the look out for Indians. Early one morning, the alarm was given that a party of Indians was in the road some distance ahead of us. We could all see them plainly. Mr. Webb looked through his glass, and said one of them was mounted on a white horse. But there were only a dozen of them, and if they meant mischief, they would hardly show themselves in that way, unless to induce us to chase them, and get into an

ambush, which we need not do. So we moved on, with a guard in advance and the wagons well brought together. We had gone but a short distance when our Indians disappeared, and a dozen crows flew away! The mirage had magnified the crows to the size of men on horseback, and the white horse that Mr. Webb had seen with his glass, was the skull of a buffalo!

An hour later a party of five horsemen galloped towards us from a camp we could see away at the river, on our right. They had been sent to us by Capt. Love, U. S. A., to warn us of danger, as he had had a fight with Indians the day before, and some of his dragoons had been killed. Mr. Houck decided at once to march to Capt. Love's camp, spend the day, and go on in the night. When we got ready to start at dark, the bell was taken off the old mule, leader of the loose ones, as we feared the Indians might hear it. Hardly had we started, when all the loose mules, not hearing the accustomed bell, began to bray!

We made our night march in safety; marched all next day; stopped at dark for supper, and then marched on again some miles to the point where the road leaves the Arkansas, and laid down to welcome sleep. We saw no Indians except some friendly Osages, on a buffalo hunt, in sight when we woke up.

Now, as New Mexico was part of the United States, it would seem to a man not in office that the United States ought to have had a safe road to the province. Yet so wretchedly were affairs managed at Washington under all administrations, that murders and depredations were continued by the Indians on the plains from 1847 up to the time private capital had put a railroad in the Arkansas Valley! It seemed that there was never capacity in the government to deal with the wild Indian question.

In thirty days from Santa Fe, we were at Independence, and snug in Mr. Noland's hotel. In four days more we were in St. Louis. You can go to Santa Fe now from Independence in about thirty hours, but you can't come back as we did, "conquistadores." The old town is still the Capital of the Territory, but Las Vegas, Albuquerque, Socorro and other towns, are active and energetic rivals.

After my return to St. Louis, I wore for a few days the mustache I had brought home with me, but I had to shave it off. No business man then wore a mustache, and I did not wish to be conspicuous. It was very rare to see any but shaven faces. But the custom of wearing the beard has become almost universal. Beards had become prevalent before 1861, and the times from that to 1865 were not calculated to restore the custom of close shaving. What this change in the mode of treating the hirsute growth on our faces may portend, I leave the philosophers to find out. I only state for the benefit of historical students, the fact, that the almost universal wearing of mustaches in the United States did not begin till after the Army of the West had conquered New Mexico.

St. Louis did not seem to have missed us, but kept on growing—even making money by army contracts, while we were away off conquering prov-

inces. Relatives and friends were glad to see us; but we were too late for the ovation to Donpihan, and the Rangers who had come home with him. So we quietly subsided to private life.

My law shop was opened again, and prospered in a moderate way. Not long after my return, I was engaged to defend Antoine DeHatre against an indictment for assault with intent to kill. Antoine lived in the country, and in a family quarrel had struck his mother-in-law on the head with a piece of oak stuff split out in making clap-boards. The stick was described as about two inches square, more or less, and three or four feet long. It was a serious case, but some of the Rangers had told his uncle, Thomas Withington, that I was the lawyer to get him clear, and Mr. Withington, like a sensible man, had given me as retainer a handsome fifty dollar note of the old Bank of Missouri.

This bad conduct of Antoine had happened before the newspapers had begun their despicable attempts to be witty and funny about mothers-in-law, (but with no jibes for sons-in-law or daughters-in-law) and there was much feeling against him. It seemed so wicked and cowardly to strike an elderly woman on the head with a piece of clap-board stuff, that any honest jury would almost strain a point to convict. But strong as the case was, the relations of the old lady were not satisfied to leave it simply to the Circuit Attorney, but had employed Captain Hudson to aid in the prosecution. At my suggestion, Major Uriel Wright, regarded as one of the finest orators at the bar, was called into the case on our side, and was to rank as leading counsel.

In the case of Mary McMenamy, the offender got off on a technicality, but there was no such chance for Antoine. The only thing I could do was to undermine Capt. Hudson's oratory, and leave Maj. Wright to argue the oaken club into a harmless weapon, if he could. Accordingly, I began my speech to the jury very modestly, magnifying the power of Hudson's eloquence, and warning them against it. Then briefly giving an account of his address to the Rangers at Fort Leavenworth, when they were all hungry for supper, and he put them supperless to bed with a speech, I closed.

"Such, gentlemen, is the man that will address you. It might seem irreverent to refer to the miraculous feeding of the multitude under the new dispensation, by one who was more than man; but I may be permitted to say, that never has mortal man, since Moses and the Children of Israel fed on manna in the wilderness, achieved so wonderful a success in the commissary line, as did Capt. Hudson at Fort Leavenworth!"

Court, jury and spectators saw the point and enjoyed it. I had the laugh on my side, and when Hudson addressed the jury, his most eloquent appeals only brought to their minds the ludicrous picture of the Rangers at Fort Leavenworth supping on his oratory. Antoine was acquitted. The young lawyer will think this success in the criminal court ought to have encouraged me. But I reflected that Mary McMenamy and Antoine DeHatre had both been guilty of the offences charged, and I had aided them to escape

the due penalties. I began to feel like an accessory after the fact. It is a pretty theory that everybody charged with crime shall have a fair trial; but I began to ask myself the question, whether the trial ought not to be fair to the state as well as to the defendant? In the cases mentioned I had not simply endeavored to see fair dealing between the state and the defendants, but had tried to get them clear by any means at hand. I was clearly on the side of the criminal classes, and acting against society.

Unfortunately, I was not like the celebrated criminal lawyer of Philadelphia, David Paul Brown, who never had any other than innocent clients. Mr. Brown could always persuade himself that the accused was guiltless; hence the force of his eloquence was apt to carry the jury along, in spite of adverse facts. Not blessed with an imagination so powerful, conscience urged me to give up the law as soon as possible, and after two years of very reasonable success in the way of income, as my old fee book shows, I gave up the profession.

Early in 1849 I made a business visit to Washington, and was at the inauguration of Zachary Taylor as President, on the 5th of March. Mr. Polk's term had expired March 4th, and Senator David R. Atchison, of Missouri, as presiding officer of the Senate, was President of the United States from 12 o'clock Saturday night till Gen. Taylor was sworn in on Monday; but our Missouri senator did not claim the chance dignity. Col. D. D. Mitchell, of St. Louis, was tendered the Governorship of Minnesota Territory, then just organized, but declined. He only wished to be re-instated as Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Louis. A Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, also refused the Governor's place. Alexander Ramsey, then of Pennsylvania, was in Washington, and I suggested to him that he had better take the Minnesota Governorship, and "grow up with the country." I may have said "go west, young man," but think not. Mr. Ramsey took the place and the entire west knows how ably he filled it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FIRST REAL ESTATE OFFICE IN ST. LOUIS—LEFFINGWELL & ELLIOTT—PESTILENCE AND FIRE—SONG OF THE CHOLERA—SOLILOQUY OF THE UNDERTAKER—MEDITATIONS OF THE SEXTON—PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION—STATUE OF COLUMBUS—REAL ESTATE REGISTER—GUESSES AT POPULATION—STATESMANSHIP NEEDED—GRAND AVENUE—FOREST PARK.

Hiram W. Leffingwell was born in Massachusetts in 1809. His father moved to northwestern Pennsylvania in 1818, as agent of the Holland Company, which had estates to sell in that region. Hiram, after a boyhood of farm work, a youth of school teaching, then a dip into the legal profession, followed by a trial of farming in northern Illinois—hauling his wheat from Rock River to Chicago, and selling it for fifty cents a bushel—finally opened in St. Louis the first Real Estate office west of the Mississippi, for the sale of lots, houses and lands on commission. Like Washington, he was a land surveyor, and connected this pursuit with his main calling. A man of sanguine temperament, and of great energy and industry, he soon became an authority on matters relating to real property, and did much service to the public by his sound advice in regard to laying out "Additions" to the city. I had arranged a partnership with him to begin with the auction sales of lots in the spring of 1849.

The firm of Leffingwell & Elliott had held but one sale, when the Asiatic cholera was declared to be epidemic. On the 17th of May, a large part of the business district of the city was destroyed by fire. By these calamities of pestilence and fire, the general business of the city was for a time almost entirely prostrated, and of course real estate would sell but slowly, when no one was sure from day to day whether he would ever need more land than enough to bury him. It had been previously the custom to toll church bells for funerals, but this was interdicted, as of injurious effect on the imagination of those touched by disease, as well as of those in sound health. In this universal distress, we all tried to be cheerful, and to resist the pestilence by not fearing it, if possible. But it was a sad time, as out of a population of 60,000 to 65,000 there were some 4,000 or 5,000 deaths from cholera alone. Business was dull, and I occupied some of my leisure in writing for the news-

papers. Hence the "Song of the Cholera," in which the pestilence does not exaggerate its doings at the time :

SONG OF THE CHOLERA.

(St. Louis, 1849.)

Death—Death—Death!
 Cold, and ghastly and grim!
 He comes to claim the living breath,
 And there's no denying him.
 He's the only monarch of earth
 Who rightly wears a crown—
 In palace hall, or by hovel's hearth,
 Ye are subjects all his own.

Childhood, youth and age—
 And manhood's proudest forms,
 Alike his blasting care engage—
 He gives them all to worms.
 With a reckless, ruthless air
 He scatters his arrows round—
 The old, the young, the strong, the fair,
 Are stricken to the ground.

Ye humbly pray and fast—
 Ye may all in sackcloth mourn;
 But ye'll hear his trumpet's fearful blast,
 And he'll laugh ye all to scorn!
 By right divine doth he rule—
 He's a king by God's decree;
 And no art is taught in church or school
 To conquer such as he!

Amidst ye now I sport,
 For I bring his orders here;
 And my master holds his awful court
 While ye tremble in your fear.
 Dethroned ye kings of earth?
 Ye might smile their fall to see;
 But the king I serve is of higher birth—
 Can ye conquer such as he?

The phrase "Dethroned ye kings of earth," was an allusion to the revolutions of 1848 in Europe, where it seemed as if republican government was about to be generally established.

Metallic caskets had not then come into use, and the Undertaker had usually a supply of wooden coffins in his shop, set up on end in the front part, where the passers-by could see them. The Soliloquy of the Undertaker, as published in the *Reveille*, was true to the life, when it was literally the case that whole families were "all swept by death away."

THE UNDERTAKER'S SOLILOQUY.

(St. Louis, 1849.)

'Tis a lively, worky time—
 It's driving here and there—
 Though the bells may toll no funeral chime,
 Yet trade is passing fair!
 From morning's early light,
 Ere others rise or dress,
 Till round us close the shades of night,
 The "orders" on me press!
 (This coffin all in virgin white,
 For a maiden, should be drest.)

Saw, and plane, and screw—
 (This lumber's scarcely dry)—
 Such a lucky hit, in a business view,
 Ne'er saw I yet—not I!
 "Business," I've heard men say,
 "Is business," in every line—
 And it seems that I, in a humble way,
 Have a harvest, now, in mine.
 (Three times has "six" been out to day—
 Send this by number "nine")

Why—they want a plate of gold,
 To 'grave this name upon!
 They might (if I may be so bold),
 Have us'd a silver one:
 But gilt's the fashion now, I'm told,
 'Mongst people of the ton.
 Silk velvet, too, they'll have
 Around the lifeless clay!
 (Good folks we carry to the grave,
 In tabby, every day!)

Reports this morning tell
 That things are "rather worse"—
 If the list continues thus to swell,
 I'll get another hearse.
 An order here for three!
 I can hardly send them all:
 Of "ready made" we've none, you see,
 Lean'd up against the wall.
 Time was, when round they stood,
 Our "custom" to allure—
 Put up of every kind of wood,
 To suit each connoisseur!
 (This goes to a filthy neighborhood,
 Where the vicious are, and poor.)

'Tis a time men's souls to try,
 And women's hearts to melt;
 And I'm not ashamed to own—ev'n I
 Some tenderness have felt.
 For once, with the big tear in mine eye,
 O'er a daughter, dead, I knelt.

Sure, 'tis a lovely thing,
 Around the dying bed,
 To see affection minist'ring—
 Or weeping o'er the dead!
 But scenes more fearful far
 I witness every day—
 No pen or pencil ever dare
 Their horrors all portray:
 When families in an hour are
 All swept by death away!

Myself almost could shed
 Some unaccustom'd tears,
 To think how many persons dead,
 Have 'taken of my biers!
 Yet what would tears avail?
 'Tis better not to grieve;
 For when the living bodies fail,
 A job to me they give—
 'Midst parents', wives', and husbands' wail,
 They die, that I may live!

Serew, and plane, and saw,
 The hammer and the square!—
 A pestilence that owns no law,
 Is raging everywhere!
 The huckster in the stall
 Ne'er thinks of trade forestall'd—
 The doctor dreads a diff'rent "call,"
 As he's to patients call'd—
 And even those who bear the pall,
 Themselves are sore appall'd!

As a further illustration of what our community went through, the Meditations of the Sexton may be given. Survivors will recognize the truth of the remark, that "men put on a coat each day," rejoicing that it was not a shroud.

MEDITATIONS OF THE SEXTON.

(St. Louis, 1849.)

My trade is brisk and gay—
 What profits I shall win!—
 For I'm digging gold the livelong day,
 As I take the coffins in,
 Delve, and shovel, and fling,
 From morn till midnight gloom!
 Death's angels all are on the wing,—
 'Tis the Triumph of the Tomb!
 And joyously I'll work and sing—
 For the cry is—"still they come!"

Station, wealth and rank—
 What baubles they appear!
 A thought of the grave, so cold and dank,
 Their vot'ry fills with fear—
 But the fresh clay mould gets a merry spank,
 And I feel like playing a school-day prank,
 As my spade I flourish here!

There—that was a prattling child—
 No more than three years old:—
 Why doth the mother stare so wild?—
 Sure the boy is dead and cold!
 If so sweet the little cherub smiled,
 Why wish it to grow old?
 But a mother's heart was ne'er beguil'd,
 By thought like this, I'm told.

When thus in childhood's time,
 Their little frames decay—
 It shocks us not, as when manhood's prime
 Is torn by Death away.
 Here came—one hearse—last week,
 A father and his son;—
 Then my heart was full (but my heart was weak),
 To see such mischief done;
 Of the man I heard the people speak,
 As a noble, honest one.

Lower it gently, gently—so!
 And now on the coffin-lid
 Let the dust fall light, like flakes of snow,
 'Till all from sight is hid!
 'Tis a fearful thing they say
 For a mourning mother's ear,
 To note the falling clods of clay
 O'er her infant's body here;
 So I sometimes wish they'd keep away,
 And not come weeping near.

Away on the hill, I see,
 Another train comes on;—
 (Thus crowd the victims here to me,
 E'er the last job's fully done!)
 'Tis a doleful time, they say,
 In the city's trembling crowd;
 And belles, their gew gaws laid away,
 In pray'r and fast are bow'd,—
 And men put on a coat each day,
 In joy 'tis not a shroud!

Hark! 'tis a widow's wail,
 That ladens now the air!
 But a little while—'tis a sad old tale—
 The bride was so blithe and fair!
 Yes—to me they've brought him here—
 (This corpse has a wond'rous left),
 E'en my own old eye might drop a tear,
 To think of her bereft;
 And yet, like a blessing it doth appear,
 There are no orphans left.

Delve, and shovel, and fling—
 The sceptre here's—a spade!
 (I'll wipe this tear away—and sing),
 As I drive my growing trade.
 No sympathy I'll feel—
 No touch of sadness know—
 A Sexton's heart should be made of steel,
 Too hard for other's woe;—
 For to him there's never Life so real,
 As when Death is all the go!

It is impossible to estimate the loss suffered by St. Louis from fire and pestilence in 1849; but the spirit of her people was not broken. Arrangements were at once made to build up the burned district better than it was before, and this was in a short time accomplished. The loss by the "big fire" was possibly as great in proportion as that of Chicago in 1871, but I do not recollect that any "relief" was sent from other parts. We had even life and spirit enough left to look beyond our immediate interests, and concern ourselves with those of the world at large. Lifting ourselves above local calamities, we looked even to the Pacific Ocean, and to the far away Orient. It seems queer, that in a time of so much disaster, we should have had a thought to spare for such a thing as a railroad across the continent. We, however, not only thought of it, but acted. In May, Isaac H. Sturgeon (still an honored and useful citizen) introduced resolutions which were passed by the City Council, calling a National Convention to meet in St. Louis in October, to consider the subject of a PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The Convention was largely attended, and did much to fix attention on the great project. Douglas made a strong speech; Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, delivered a splendid oration; and the great Benton made one of his best efforts, closing as follows:

"Let us beseech the national legislature to build the great road upon the great national line, which suits Europe and Asia—the line which will find on our continent the bay of San Francisco at one end, St. Louis in the middle, the national metropolis and great commercial emporium at the other end—the line which will be adorned with its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from the granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, overlooking the road—the

pedestal and the statue a part of the mountain, pointing with outstretched arm to the western horizon and saying to the flying passenger, there is the East—there is India!"

Benton's attitude was grand, as he delivered this peroration; but the statue of Columbus is not yet hewn; and the statue of Benton himself, in the beautiful Lafayette Park of St. Louis, is looking down at a scroll, instead of having his erect attitude and impressive presence, as he stretched out his arm at the close of one of the most brilliant speeches of his life.

Our Pacific Railroad Convention, held amidst the debris of a most calamitous season, was one of the aids in educating the American people, but when, thirteen years later, Congress acted on the Pacific Railroad question, the prevalence of civil war threw the line north of the latitude of St. Louis, and for years after its completion, this city was practically ignored by the very road which we had been most persistent in urging upon the attention of the country.

Mr. Leffingwell was the first in St. Louis to collect plats of additions to the city, and other data needed in regard to locality and boundaries of landed property. Except the government land offices, there was no other real estate "bureau" in all the broad domain west of the Mississippi, less than thirty-five years ago!

In February, 1850, Leffingwell & Elliott published the "Real Estate Register," with statistics and arguments in it, intended to show the present and prospective value of real estate in St. Louis and vicinity; and this, I think, was the first publication of the kind ever issued anywhere in the world; the first special paper that not only undertook to designate the parcels of real estate offered for sale, but to give reasons why they should be bought; to point out facts likely to affect the future growth of the country and of the city, and thus to recommend the property in the market. All the various and multitudinous publications issued since, by Railroad Companies, Town Companies, Boards of Immigration, and other organizations, urging people to buy or occupy lands, are but successors of our Real Estate Register, issued only a third of a century ago! As a pioneer in this sort of literature, I would feel sadly if I did not know that it would in time have grown up if I had never led off in it; and my conscience acquits me of any share in the guilt of possible exaggerations in the millions of papers issued by other persons. We were also the first to use lithograph plats of land and lots for sale, west of the Mississippi. The facts stated in this paragraph are of value as showing that the great activity in land transactions in the "great west," only began about the middle of the century.

The views given in our Real Estate Register of the position and prospects of St. Louis were somewhat rosy, but on the whole instructive, and not more sanguine than was natural under the circumstances. The future growth of the city was a little overestimated; but in regard to the development of the country by railroads, the increase of population and manufac-

tures in the west, and kindred topics, the sanguine views presented have by events been proved to have been altogether too moderate.

A table of the population of the United States at each census from 1790 was given in the Register, and some forecasts for the future, which I reproduce and compare with the actual census :

YEARS.	FORECASTS.	CENSUS.	DIFFERENCE.
1850	22,871,270	23,191,876	320,606
1860	29,732,651	31,443,321	1,710,670
1870	38,642,446	38,588,371	84,075
1880	50,235,179	50,155,783	79,396

The estimate for 1890 was 65,305,632, and for 1900 it was 84,879,451. The increase from 1880 to 1890 was assumed at 30 per cent. for the decade. At 25 per cent. the population in 1890 would be 62,694,720. By reference to the appended table it will be seen that there is no extravagance in anticipating a ratio of increase of 25 to 27 per cent. from 1880 to 1890.

Table showing the Population of the United States at each Census, and ratio of increase in each decade.

YEAR.	CENSUS.	RATIO OF INCREASE.
1790	3,929,827
1800	5,305,925	35.01
1810	7,239,814	36.45
1820	9,654,596	33.35
1830	12,866,020	33.26
1840	17,069,453	32.67
1850	23,191,876	35.87
1860	31,443,321	35.58
1870	38,558,371	22.63
1880	50,155,783	30.09

At a ratio of 27 per cent. to 1890, we will have in that year a population of 63,697,844; and then with 25 per cent. to 1900, we will have at the close of the century, only 17 years hence, 79,622,305 people. Looking forward to this result, how petty and despicable do those legislators appear, who do not act up to the grand future! And is it not true, that we need statesmanship?

Continuing the guess process, I figured up the population of the United States at about 250,000,000 in 1950. That number will not be realized, but I think the child is born who may see a population of 200,000,000. Then will come the test hopefully regarded in the old Real Estate Register:

"We suppose that, with the improved means of transit and correspondence to be expected as the nation grows older, such an empire might be governed under our present constitution with the same ease that the Emperor Nicholas rules a population of one-fifth the sum."

As railroads and telegraphs were yet new in 1850, and we were just beginning to use self-sealing envelopes, and had not yet attained to postage stamps, if I recollect aright, the reader will see that I was not wrong in looking forward to "improved means of transit and correspondence."

Our large map of St. Louis as projected by Mr. Leffingwell, was published in 1850. On a manuscript map in the office he drew a line for what he called a "Boulevard," to start at the upper end of the city and extend to its lower end. It was to be 120 feet wide. Jesse G. Lindell brought in a plat of his property near the present Fair Grounds, with the "Boulevard" marked on it, and we then named it Lindell Avenue. The County Court adopted the idea, but reduced the street to 80 feet in width, and it got the name of Grand Avenue. "It will be the greatest street in America some day," Mr. Leffingwell used to prophesy, when it was first projected, with its width of 120 feet.

I have in another place referred to the service done to St. Louis by Mr. Leffingwell and myself in laying out Stoddard Addition; but in his grandest work I had no part. He was the father of Forest Park. He not only projected the park of 1,300 acres, but labored long and effectively to get it established; and but for him it would not exist. This immense service to the present and the future, has never been adequately recognized by the community. The people enjoy the Park, and brag of it to strangers. The originator and creator of it may solace his old age by reflections on his good works for the public.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SCIENTIFIC COPPER WORKS—STANTON MINE — FORTUNE IN HARDWOOD LUMBER—A FRENCH CASTLE IN SPAIN — PROJECTED SCHOOL OF MINERS — GROUND BROKEN FOR PACIFIC RAILROAD, JULY 4, 1851—FINANCIAL BEGINNING—O'FALLON, LUCAS AND PAGE—ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD—HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH — ALTON AND CHICAGO, ETC.—FIRST TICKET OFFICE IN ST. LOUIS—QUICK TIME TO NEW YORK—OLD NORTH MISSOURI — PUBLIC BENEFACTORS—FAIR HANDS HOLD THE SPADE AT MACON — EVERYBODY PART OWNER — NO SYNDICATES IN OLD TIMES.

Two scientific gentlemen of St. Louis, together with a practical smelter, had in 1849 gone into the business of making copper in the southern skirt of Franklin county, Missouri, at Gallagher's mill, where in early days John Stanton made gunpowder from the nitrous earth found in the large caves of that region; the habitations of numberless bats for unknown years. Archibald Gamble and Edward Bredell had a copper furnace at work in the neighborhood, but the two gentlemen of high science disdained a blast furnace. They would have a reverberatory, and their ores should be so prepared and mixed with fluxes that the copper would come out absolutely pure. On the first trial the furnace chilled, but the smelter accounted for the mishap by the fact that the wind had changed to the north; and experienced furnace men will appreciate the situation. The wisdom of the enterprise will be fully comprehended by experienced miners, when they learn that the projectors did not intend to do any mining, but expected the farmers to dig up copper ores and haul them to the furnace, as used to be done with lead 'mineral' in Missouri.

To make a fortune, I joined the adventurers, and some others joined. We in course of time built a new furnace like that of Gamble and Bredell (who had given up copper making about the time we had fairly begun), and we opened the Stanton Copper Mine, described in the state Geological Survey. We made some thirty thousand dollars worth of very good copper; had a steam pump at the mine, and spent money enough in half a dozen years to merit success.

Dr. John Laughton was interested with us at first, and after a few months he would come into the office in St. Louis to see how things were going on.

"I want to see a *dividend*," he would say—"Gar,—I want to see a *dividend*! Everything going *out*, and nothing coming *in*! Gar,—I want to see a *dividend*!"

But he never saw it, nor did any of us; and we did not even prove the mine worthless. We left a distinct vein or lode 'going down,' and if the water charges do not prove too great, the old mine may possibly yet be worked for copper. When the money had all run out, and the mine had stopped, we were just beginning to know (like many others who have gone a-mining) a great many things that we ought to have known before we began; but there were no books to teach them, and they could only be learned in the school of experience. So far as I was concerned, the money and time spent in copper mining in Missouri were not entirely lost, as the course of study induced aided in fitting me for duties of much usefulness on the western plains, to which destiny called me fifteen years later.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-
Hew them how we may!"

A young lawyer of St. Louis had an industrial inspiration, and leased the Gallagher mill, which had a splendid water power, and an old fashioned saw. By infallible figures the two scientific gentlemen had proved that there was an immense fortune in hardwood lumber. With forests full of magnificent oaks, walnuts, etc., all he had to do was to keep the saw running. So many logs were good for so many feet of lumber, board measure, which at \$— per 1,000 feet would amount to \$———. *Quod erat demonstrandum*. The logs came in, the mill cut them into first class lumber, and the two Doctors congratulated the enterprising young man. His fortune was sure. But alas! as George Nuckolls remarked of his iron furnace, "it is hard to work up to the figures!" Maj. Samuel Simmons, of St. Louis, will vouch that the saw-mill venture only failed, because of the awkward fact, discovered too late, that there was no possible market for the product.

While in search of fortune in the copper mine, another grand vista of wealth opened. John Roques, or de Roques, an old farmer of Jefferson county, Missouri, believed himself heir to a great estate in France, but had no money to prosecute his claim. I traded some wild land for an interest in the estate, to be held equally by Mr. Leffingwell and myself; and for a share of our interest, Henry W. Williams (the first to achieve the systematic examination of land titles in St. Louis) agreed to have the claim established during a projected visit to Europe. Mr. Williams wrote us from Paris that the estate was beyond doubt a real thing, sure enough, three million francs, more or less, or near about six hundred thousand dollars; and that John de Roques was clearly entitled to it, if he could get it! A Parisian lawyer was of opinion that his chances were excellent.

We were rich at last! My share was about \$75,000. One-third of this I at once devoted in imagination to entries of public lands for the support of

a School of Mines, and the rest was to be carefully invested for personal income. Nothing could have resulted more happily; for in addition to the actual cash to be coming in, we had the great satisfaction of being the only men who had ever gone in search of an estate in Europe and found it so soon! But unfortunately for the School of Mines (which the State of Missouri has since established) a second letter from Mr. Williams informed us that a preposterous Lieutenant de Roques, of a collateral branch (a miserable frog-eating Frenchman), was in actual possession of our estate, and wickedly held on to it, in contempt of all claims of his aged relative in Jefferson county! If steps to secure the inheritance had been taken early enough, our John de Roques would probably have been successful, but the time for action had expired long before I had traded eighty acres of Maremac hills to Amedee Valle for a share of it. Henry W. Williams is still the best authority on land titles in St. Louis, but has never since been rich on a foreign estate, and like myself, only thinks of the de Roques case with a sad smile, and the reflection that the world might have been better off if that French Lieutenant de Roques had never existed.

Major Williams will remember a gala day in St. Louis, when he acted as one of the aids of Thornton Grimsley, Grand Marshal at the imposing ceremony of breaking ground for the Pacific Railroad. In the absence of the Governor of the State, Thomas Allen, the President of the road, made the opening speech, and presented the spade to Luther M. Kennett, mayor of the City, to dig **THE FIRST EARTH EVER BROKEN WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI FOR A RAILROAD**. The various benevolent societies of St. Louis and a large number of the people were present. Joseph M. Field recited a spirited and appropriate poem; and Edward Bates delivered one of those charming addresses that it seems to me nobody now-a-days can equal. The day when this first ground was broken was the beginning of a new era of industrial civilization between the Mississippi river and the Pacific Ocean. It was

July 4th, Anno Domini 1851,

and will hereafter be recalled as one of the historic days of our national career. The spot where that first ground was broken ought to be marked with a monument for all time. A third of a century has not elapsed, yet a century's work has been done, if measured by results as compared with the achievements of mankind before the days of railroads. The mind cannot grasp the material progress west of the Mississippi since July 4, 1851; never equaled or approximated since Noah landed on Ararat.

Thomas Allen began the great work, by procuring the act of incorporation; and when the incorporators of the Pacific Railroad were first called together, John O'Fallon, James H. Lucas, and Daniel D. Page each subscribed for \$33,333.33 $\frac{1}{3}$ of the stock, making \$100,000. The subscriptions are worthy of note as the financial beginning of railroad building west of the Mississippi.

Among the early stockholders of the Missouri Pacific were Mr. Lefling-

well and myself; but our investment, like those in the copper mine and the French estate, left only a memory of faded hopes.

It may not seem credible, but is nevertheless true, that railroads were yet so new, only thirty-one years ago, that the community had to undergo a course of elementary instruction. In 1852, I wrote volunteer editorials for a St. Louis paper, giving in detail the *reason why* railroads were of public benefit and ought to be built! Those old editorials might amuse an intelligent reader now, yet they were sound in doctrine and pertinent in application. The apparent absurdity is, that they should have been gravely put forth; yet they were then needed to educate the public.

Congress having granted lands in aid of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, the Legislature decided that the main line should run by Jefferson City, and that a branch from the west line of St. Louis county, should run to the southwest corner of the state; to which branch the lands were given, on condition that subscriptions of \$500,000 stock, applicable to the branch, should be obtained. In 1854 I spent several weeks in the counties along the line of the Southwest Branch, making speeches to get county subscriptions to the stock, and thus secure the lands to the branch. My speeches would read well now, if any one cared to study the philosophy of improved transporting machinery, but the well-informed reader would think I took a great deal of trouble to tell what everybody knows, forgetting that they did not know it thirty years ago, and we had to teach them. In those speeches I insisted that the Southwest Branch was the proper line to be extended to the Pacific Ocean, and would in time reach it. In 1866 Congress, on motion of Senator B. Gratz Brown, granted a charter and lands to the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, to build a road from Springfield, Missouri, by way of Albuquerque, to the Pacific. This road is now built 500 miles west from Albuquerque, and reaches the Pacific by a junction with the California Southern. The road is already extended a long distance west from Springfield, in the direction of Albuquerque, and my speeches of 1854 are virtually changed from prophecy to history! The old Southwest Branch is now the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, and its cars run through to the Pacific.

Ground was broken at Hannibal in 1852 for the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. As was customary in that day, while railroads were yet novelties, a large body of the people, and the Governor of the state, participated in the ceremonies. A boat load of St. Louis gentlemen had gone up. There was a barbecue, and we had patriotic speeches in the open air. Our return on the steamboat was hilarious, and we did full honor to the interesting occasion.

In the same year a division of the Alton and Chicago railroad in Illinois was completed, from Alton to Springfield. The Mayor, Luther M. Kennett, and the City Council of St. Louis were invited to participate in the "opening." Mr. Leffingwell, Stephen Ridgley, and a few other citizens decided to go on the boat to Alton, and try to get on the railroad by paying our way;

but the Superintendent, Edward Keating, on learning of our presence at once gracefully adopted us as his guests. At Springfield we found a large freight house full of tables with refreshments, solid and liquid, and Mayor Kennett replied in a most felicitous manner to the compliments paid by the welcoming speaker to St. Louis and to the "invited guests." Hardly had the applause following Mr. Kennett's speech subsided, when one of our volunteer party arose and expressed a wish "to make a few remarks on behalf of the *uninvited* guests!" This created much merriment, and the self-selected orator, then well posted on all industrial interests of Illinois and Missouri, and inspired by the occasion, made a capital speech, which was received in the most flattering manner. In that age, journeys on horseback had not been given up, and his comparison of the two states to a pair of saddle-bags, the Illinois end stuffed with coal and the Missouri end with iron, "elicited thunders of applause," as the newspapers said. His prediction of the union of these minerals for the benefit of mankind has long since been verified.

The Alton and Chicago road was the first to run cars from the Mississippi river. In a year or two it reached Chicago, and we thought the time from St. Louis to New York wonderfully shortened, after Maj. B. F. Fifield had opened in St. Louis, in 1852, the first office west of the Mississippi for the sale of tickets. Major Fred. M. Colburn, who began as Maj. Fifield's assistant, is in the business yet; but it has grown to proportions never dreamed of when he first began to explain routes by rail and lake. From St. Louis to New York in less than a week! That was progress.

The Chicago and Galena railroad was the first to reach the Mississippi from the east, and astonished everybody by the amount of business done. It aided greatly in the rapid settlement of Iowa, Minnesota, and Western Wisconsin, and gave an impulse to the peopling of the great Northwest that has been growing in force ever since, until now we are not surprised by events that no sane man would have dared to predict only thirty years ago.

The North Missouri railroad was opened from St. Louis to St. Charles in 1854, and we had, of course, a jollification in the ancient city on the Missouri river. The short line we then rejoiced over has grown till it now connects at Kansas City with two lines to the Pacific; at Omaha with another; and by its Iowa extension with a fourth continental road, the Northern Pacific. It is the western division of the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific. In our merry meeting at St. Charles, to honor the infant's birth, we had no adequate idea of the giant it was to become. All the greater is the debt to those who nursed and fostered it. The services of Rollins, Sturgeon, Bates, and other gentlemen to the state of Missouri, in the early days of the "North Missouri," deserve to be held in grateful remembrance; but we move too rapidly to carry with us the memory of our public benefactors. Their consciousness of duty performed must be their solace.

A railroad ceremony now-a-days—the last spike in a continental line, for example—is an advertisement. The world is to know that Mr. Villard's

road is ready for its dollars. But in our old time jollifications the sordid element had no place. We were simply rejoicing in the progress of art and science. I have but one regret as I look back: as a rule, we neglected to have the better sex present. I only remember one occasion, at Hermann, Missouri, with ladies gracing the feast. I only know of one occasion, when fair hands moved the first earth, in beginning a new line. This was at Macon, Missouri. An estimable St. Louis lady, Mrs. Isaac H. Sturgeon, honored the enterprise by her presence, and with spade in hand, broke ground for the old North Missouri extension to Iowa.

The present generation can hardly comprehend our interests in railroads thirty years ago. Everybody, either as stockholder, or as taxpayer on county and other bonds, had a share in the burden of construction, and felt himself in reality a part owner. There were no strong corporations then to build new lines as feeders or branches; no syndicates, or Vanderbilts, or Goulds. If any class of our people entertain any fear of railroad magnates, or powerful corporations, we have at least the consolation of knowing that the granting of town, county, or state bonds in aid of railroad construction, is well nigh done with forever.

CHAPTER XL.

PILGRIMS TO CAHOKIA CREEK—CHINESE POLICY IN ILLINOIS—OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD—CELEBRATION AT VINCENNES—PAGE AND BACON—GOOD WORKS IN ST. LOUIS AND CALIFORNIA—GASCONADE CATASTROPHE—PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS—WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF HUDSON E. BRIDGE—A RECORD OF EXCELLENCE—DANIEL R. GARRISON CHANGES THE GAUGE—NO MORE SIX FOOT-TRACKS—TEXAS AND ST. LOUIS THREE-FOOT ROAD—COMPLIMENT TO COL. PARAMORE—BOTANICAL GARDEN—PARK—HENRY SHAW.

It was in 1851, August or September, if I recollect rightly, that a party of gentlemen were ferried over the river from St. Louis, and in the sylvan shades about Cahokia Creek met two way-worn but cheerful pilgrims, who had on horseback crossed the State of Illinois from the classic shores of the Wabash, where the old Harrison mansion, dear to memory as once the residence of the hero of Tippecanoe, was yet standing in the city of Vincennes. These pilgrims were volunteers on a mission of public interest. They had believed that but few physical obstacles existed to prevent the easy building of a railroad from Vincennes to St. Louis, and had made the toilsome journey over the prairies, then but sparsely settled, to find confirmation of their belief. They knew that the line between Vincennes and Cincinnati was difficult but not impracticable, and if they could report an easy route from Vincennes to St. Louis, that fact would encourage the builders of the Cincinnati line, by presenting the prospect of an early extension to the Mississippi. They also wished to confer with the leading and solid men of St. Louis in regard to ways and means of building the road.

There was another important matter: permission to cross Illinois with a railroad. That Commonwealth had then a "state policy," which meant that railroads should be so arranged as to build up cities within her own borders. Easy to get a charter to build a railroad terminating at Alton, for example; but a road to terminate opposite St. Louis, and thus of necessity help to build up a *foreign* city—that was quite another matter.

Conforming to the customs of the time, we met the pilgrims with ice water and other refreshments for travel-worn men, and we had toasts and

speeches under the trees. Their exploring journey had a blaze of enthusiasm at the end of it, and as some wind-work used to be essential to the starting of any important enterprise, they had the satisfaction of knowing that a goodly share of it was done on that happy occasion. The scene is but dim in memory now, but I would rather have a true picture of that reception of the pilgrims in the kindly umbrage of the Cahokia trees (even without the toasts and speeches) than a dozen full-length pictures of William Penn in his grand historical act of purchasing the empire of Pennsylvania from the Indians, at his own figure, free of all competition.

The two pilgrims were Judge Abner T. Ellis, of Vincennes, and Prof. O. M. Mitchell, of Cincinnati, and their reception on the other side of the river was the first public meeting, so far as I can recollect, ever held to aid in starting the line of rails across Illinois now known as the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. I note the pilgrimage of these intelligent and excellent gentlemen as an interesting incident in the early history of railroad building, and to put on record for their descendants the fact that they were the first to take practical steps towards the building of the road.

The people of Illinois soon gave up their restrictive policy, laid aside their Chinese pigtailed and were ready to let anybody build railroads who had the money to do it, let them terminate where they might. A charter was granted to the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, work was begun and St. Louis had to help. At the suggestion of Isaac H. Sturgeon the City Council subscribed \$500,000 to the stock of the company, and there were also many large private subscriptions. Soon after the city subscription Mr. Sturgeon, then a State Senator, effected the passage of an act of the Legislature authorizing the county of St. Louis to subscribe \$200,000. We all thus aided to begin work on what we very properly thought would be a great road, with its gauge of six feet, and leading to the opulent East.

During the construction of the line the banking-house of Page & Bacon, having advanced heavily to the company, found themselves obliged to carry the entire load, but, with wonderful fortitude and perseverance under calamitous circumstances, they continued the work, completing the track to the Wabash. The completion was celebrated by an excursion from St. Louis to Vincennes, July 4, 1855. Again we had toasts and speeches, but on the shores of the Wabash, and not on those of Cahokia Creek, which we had left 150 miles behind us. It was a grand occasion, not only as noting a great achievement against adverse influences, but as the inauguration of an Eastern outlet by rail for St. Louis.

In this grand work of connecting St. Louis directly with the eastern railroad system, one figure was conspicuous beyond all others—Henry D. Bacon. With the co-operation of Daniel D. Page (one of the best citizens St. Louis ever had, and whose memory is held in honor), and of Thomas Brown, now cashier of the Bank of California, Mr. Bacon managed the financial concerns of the railroad company, giving his great abilities to the work, inspir-

ing all with confidence, and by his energy, faith and labor compelling success.

Another very prominent figure was Daniel R. Garrison, who, in addition to other helpful work, devoted his personal energies "in the field" to the duty of getting the ties and rails in place, and making all things ready for the actual opening of the line for business. The services of Mr. Garrison were never appreciated by the public, for whose interests he labored so efficiently, and, like the services of Mr. Page, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Brown, probably never will be. The world can't pause to think of men who acted a good part nearly thirty years ago.

The good works of Henry D. Bacon for St. Louis were not limited to the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. A church edifice costing \$72,000 and a large subscription to the Mercantile Library Hall, essential to its construction, were among his benefactions. But these things are known only to a few old stagers. To the present people of St. Louis, Page and Bacon are almost as unknown as if they had never existed. For a score of years past the home of Mr. Bacon has been on the Pacific side, and there, as here, he seems to have lived for the general good. In August, 1881, "The Bacon Art and Library Building" was dedicated as part of the University of California, Mr. Bacon having contributed a large sum to the edifice, and also presented to the university his choice collection of works of art, sculptures and paintings, and a library of several thousand volumes, comprising standard and miscellaneous works of high class. This Art Hall in California will preserve the name of this eminent citizen. He ranks with the other men of grand ideas whose acts had made the history of California illustrious before she had completed her third decade.

The principal orator at our celebration in Vincennes was Edward Bates. His statue is in Forest Park, placed there by personal friends; but soon, when the visitor is told that is the statue of Mr. Bates, he will say: "Bates! Who was he?" But Edward Bates did not work for immortality. Only for the welfare of all around him, and for his country. The growing generation are fortunate, perhaps, in never having heard any of his speeches, as they can all the better enjoy those they are likely to hear as time rolls on. John Hogan and Edward Wyman, both of whom had rendered efficient service to the enterprise, also enlivened us with the flashes of wit and humor, and the booms of solid wisdom that we used to enjoy in the old-time speeches, when we were not quite past the day of oral instruction to crowds, and speeches were worth listening to. The press is destroying popular oratory, as it is so hard for a speaker, winning as his manner may be, to say anything new.

Another railroad of much interest to St. Louis, had an opening celebration in 1855, not ending as happily as that of the Ohio and Mississippi. A division of the Pacific Railroad from Hermann to Jefferson City was supposed to be ready for trains, and a grand celebration was to take place at the capital, November 1. A train of thirteen cars with a large party of the

business men of St. Louis, and drawn by a locomotive built in St. Louis by Wm. Palm, had reached Gasconade River, where the trestle work intended for temporary use till the bridge could be completed, broke down, and more than half the train was hurled to the sloping bank of the stream, between the abutment and the first pier. I was in the middle car, seventh from front and rear. The train was going at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. There was a bump, a check to the motion, an exclamation from some one near—"We're gone!" And then a thought flashed through my mind, "How queer, after travelling so many thousand miles, that I should at last be killed on an excursion!" Then a thought of those dear to me left without their protector, and then a shudder lest some broken beam or splinter should mangle or torture me. But, though death was present, perhaps certain, there was no fear of it, nor any of that inconceivably rapid review of past life said to present itself to the minds of persons drowning or being hanged, and I have since believed that dying is not the painful and distressing process we are apt to suppose it to be. The next thought was of water, suggested by the fizzing of the locomotive, which had reached to the first pier and fallen in the edge of the stream; but a glance through the window rested on land. The flashes of thought I have noted must have been instantaneous. Except the fizzing of the engine, there was a moment of dead silence, save the patter of the rain on the roof of the car, and then cries and groans to rend the heart.

The car I was in had gone down after passing the abutment, and rested sloping to the left side on dry ground; and another car lapped on the front half of ours, crushing to death fourteen persons, Dr. Bullard, Mr. Dayton, and others of the best citizens of St. Louis among the number. I had in the earlier part of the day occupied a seat forward of the middle of the car, and relinquished it to a friend who came on at Washington, Elisha B. Jeffries, who was killed. My politeness led to his death. Hudson E. Bridge, then president of the road, was on the locomotive, as was also Thos. S. O'Sullivan, the chief engineer, who had succeeded James P. Kirkwood in that office. Mr. O'Sullivan was crushed beneath the locomotive; but Mr. Bridge escaped. Thirty-one persons in all were killed and a great many wounded.

Having given large financial aid to the railroad, Mr. Bridge was much elated with the completion of the track to Jefferson City, and being assured by the Chief Engineer that the trestle was entirely safe, had taken position on the locomotive to cross the Gasconade river. The engine tumbled backwards from the pier, and fell at least thirty feet. His preservation from death was not less fortunate for St. Louis and Missouri, than it was wonderful in itself. It prolonged for twenty years his eminent usefulness. The name of Hudson E. Bridge has been read for nearly fifty years on more than a million stoves (which he was the first to make on the bank of the Mississippi), but comparatively few of those who are familiar with it, had the good fortune to know the man—his refined taste, kindly manners, public

spirit, liberality, intelligence, and sterling integrity. Having known him for the last thirty years of his life, my tribute to his memory is but the due of exalted worth. He has left to his descendants a record of excellence in all things. The modest foundry of 1837 has grown into the great establishment of the Bridge and Beach Manufacturing Company of St. Louis, but with all its extensive operations, its far-reaching trade, and its merited prosperity, it can achieve no higher honor than to transmit unsullied to its successors the name of its founder.

After the crash, the first thing I did was to join others in trying to lift the roof of the car, in order to relieve those yet alive in the front end of it. The absurdity of our efforts, with another car resting diagonally across ours, did not suggest itself. There was only a sad feeling that we could for the time do nothing. Soon those of us unhurt got out through the windows. Strong arms were already at work to relieve the wounded, but many men were moving about with dazed looks, as if bereft of their senses. Ten cars had gone down, but the last three remained on the track, and many of their uninjured occupants at once devoted themselves to the sufferers. The shanties near were soon filled with men in agony, to some of whom death came as a relief. Judge Samuel Treat was requested to take command, and soon brought about some degree of order. To Capt. George W. West was assigned the duty of getting from the wreck of the baggage car whatever eatables could be rescued, and also stimulants for the wounded.

The storm, which had begun with a drizzling rain early in the day, seemed to have reserved its fury for the catastrophe. Fierce blasts of wind and heavy dashes of rain, with lightning and thunder, added to the horrors of the scene, as darkness came on; and imagination can scarcely picture a night more wretched than that of November 1, 1855, at the Gasconade river.

Next day the dead and wounded were all put on a train of flat and box cars, and started towards St. Louis. The temporary bridge at Bœuf Creek was considered unsafe, and the cars were pushed down by the engine to be crossed by hand. As the first car, with several wounded men in it, was about to go on the bridge, the flooded stream swept the insecure structure away. The train then went back to Miller's Landing, to wait for a boat. Another night of wretchedness, during which thirty-one rough coffins were made, and the bodies of the dead put in them. In the forenoon of November 3d, a ferry-boat from Washington arrived, the dead and wounded were put on board, and, together with the uninjured, soon reached Washington, and there took cars for St. Louis. When the history of remarkable railroad accidents shall be written, the Gasconade disaster will have a place in it.

The Pacific Railroad did not reach the west line of the State till 1865. On the western stretch of the road the same abilities and energies which had in 1855 been effectively exerted to push through the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad were by some strange good fortune enlisted on behalf of the Missouri

Pacific. Daniel R. Garrison, in the midst of difficulties and of the actual perils of a state of war which in these peaceful days can hardly be imagined, completed the road to Kansas city. A few years later Mr. Garrison surmounted a great difficulty in a way entirely original. The gauge of the Missouri Pacific was five and a half feet, and the question was, how to change it without stopping the business of the road?

Columbus set the egg on end, and then everybody knew how to do it. Mr. Garrison's plan was so simple that we all wondered why we had not thought of it before. He changed the entire line and had it ready for the cars in twelve hours! Men were placed on the track, from end to end, to drive the inner row of spikes for the new gauge (one rail to be left undisturbed), and then early one morning the old inner spikes were drawn, simultaneously almost, along the whole line—the rail was moved over and spiked in place! It was done on the sixteenth of July, but the act was worthy of the Fourth. Engines and cars of the proper gauge having been provided, the road was again in operation with the loss of less than a day. Two hundred and eighty-three miles of track had been reduced from a gauge of five feet six inches to the standard gauge of four feet eight and a half inches.

I recollect no business man of St. Louis as opposed to the old gauge, except myself. I held that George Stephenson's gauge would do all the business, and that a wider track was only useless outlay in construction and operation. Denounced as an old fogey, I held on, and time proved me right. Curiously enough, the five feet six inch gauge had been adopted on the theory that no bridge would ever cross the Mississippi, and that we could have a gauge of our own! This only a third of a century ago.

Subsequently the Ohio and Mississippi track, originally six feet, was changed in a day to the standard gauge. "Old Dan" (as we call him, through regard rather than irreverence, and because there is another "Dan," his nephew), had shown how the thing could be done. Brunel built the Great Western from London to Bristol with seven feet gauge. The New York and Erie and the Ohio and Mississippi tried six feet, but no one now wants a wider track than the standard, and thousands of miles of three-foot gauge are already built. So we are learning. Ask Gen. W. J. Palmer or Gov. A. C. Hunt, of the Denver and Rio Grande, or Col. J. W. Paramore, of the Texas and St. Louis road, heading for Laredo. Eads will, I suppose, have a gauge of twenty-five or thirty feet for his Tehuantepec Ship Railroad, but he will have more than two rails, and when his road is built and transporting 4,000-ton ships from sea to sea, we will all again think of Columbus and the egg.

From the west bank of the Mississippi River opposite the Ohio, the Texas and St. Louis railroad extends through Missouri and Arkansas into Texas, a distance of seven hundred miles, with a gauge of three feet. With only \$12,000 a mile of bonded debt, Col. Paramore, its President, claims that this road will be able to carry goods and people at less rates than standard gauge roads, with heavier indebtedness. This is matter for the roads to

settle among themselves. I wish only to note the fact, that Col. Paramore has been exceptionally fortunate in one respect; the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis, by a public 'reception,' has recognized his services in building the Texas and St. Louis railroad. This unusual compliment may possibly be the beginning of a system of recognitions, by which those who do good work to benefit the general interests will find it pleasantly acknowledged. Mark Anthony said of Cæsar—

“ He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.”

But the people of St. Louis care more for cotton bales than for captives like those of the old Roman, and if Col. Paramore's road can bring the bales and help to fill the coffers, the honor awarded him will never be regretted.

Let us get off these railroads and contemplate works of quieter character, and more ornamental, yet useful in their way.

It was the season of growth and bloom, thirty years ago. A shower in the night had given us a summer morning so fresh, that the sun's heat was unheeded as we breathed the purified atmosphere. The gloom of our Real Estate office was cheered by thoughts of the flowers we should see in the gardens and by the wayside in our evening drive through the suburbs; for even the sickly plants in the city had an aspect of unusual vitality, as if they might yet open their rusty buds.

A gentleman who had been engaged in active commerce in St. Louis from 1819 till his retirement in 1840, came in with a bunch of roses in his hand. It was not rare to see him with flowers, and we knew that he had them in profusion at his pleasant residence in the midst of the beautiful tract bordering upon the King's Highway. He had given up commerce in goods, wares and merchandise, but had only changed from the toil for gain to the cheerful labor of wise and tasteful disbursement. We knew that with industry as unwearied as that of the counting room, he was beautifying his rural home; but we had never thought of any purpose beyond the customary enjoyment of a retreat from the cares of an active business life.

Looking at a map on the wall, he remarked, as if it were a mere commonplace announcement, that he intended to have a Botanical Garden, with proper accessories, free for citizens and strangers to visit; and that he had in view the donation of a tract of land to the city for a public park, on condition that it should be properly improved. If I recollect rightly, this was the first communication of his intention to any one. Mr. Leffingwell and myself were the oldest dealers in real estate in St. Louis, and although his plans were as yet immature, it was natural that he should advise us of what he had in contemplation as affecting the value of adjacent properties. There was no parade of generosity, or of unusual public spirit, but the statement was made as unpretentiously as if it involved nothing more than an ordinary act of daily life. If a photograph had been taken as he stood there, thirty years ago, pointing with his cane to the map, disclosing his benevo-

lent designs and indicating the broad acres to be donated, the picture would be worthy of a place in the Historical Society's gallery.

The intelligent reader has already identified our visitor as Mr. HENRY SHAW.

Tower Grove Park, with its three hundred acres, to the improvement and embellishment of which the City of St. Louis has contributed only a sum comparatively insignificant—with its colossal statues in bronze of Shakespeare and Humboldt, and its marble busts of Mozart and Rossini—with its roads, walks, trees and flowers—is the creation and gift of Henry Shaw to the people of St. Louis; and not only for the land, statues, busts, and other adornments are they indebted to him, but also for years of care in the general superintendence of the improvements, and for the knowledge and taste that money cannot command, but without which the Park that St. Louis is so proud of could not have existed in its present attractiveness.

At the home of Mr. Shaw, the Botanical Garden, and its attached Library and Herbarium, have been growing for thirty years, and have afforded pleasure to hundreds of thousands of visitors. With its plant-houses and open grounds, which are a museum of living vegetation representing nearly all climes—with its Herbarium of innumerable dried specimens, classified and arranged—and its Library comprising all the literature worth noting of Botany and Horticulture—the Garden and its accessories, in the opportunities afforded for the study of these allied sciences, are unequalled in the western hemisphere. An ample estate is understood to have been set apart for the support of the Garden through all time; and while Mr. Shaw has not disclosed his determination, he has, I doubt not, arranged to dispose of it in a manner harmonizing with the princely munificence which has brought it to its present condition.

No corporation, or municipality, or government, on this side of the Atlantic, has done so good a work as the unostentatious citizen of St. Louis; and with my natural desire to have all debts paid—if means can be found—I have been puzzled to find out a recompense for Mr. Shaw, even though he has never asked or cared for it.

If one has plenty it is an easy thing to give away part of it for some one else to enjoy and take care of; and I imagine it to be a sort of compulsory pleasure to bequeath an estate, which cannot trouble the giver after the bequest takes effect. But to gain by patient toil a fortune in trade, and then, instead of resting, deliberately go to work to plan and to execute, through long years, entirely for strangers to one's home, many of them naturally thankless, and for the folks we call posterity, that one can never know anything about,—this is a sacrifice of one's self away beyond the money outlay, and I don't see how we are to pay for it.

For nearly the third of a century, Mr. Henry Shaw has been the self-dedicated servant and benefactor of the public—thinking, and planning, and lavishing his means, without intermission or rest, in order that present and future generations should have pleasure and instruction. Let any one

reflect on what he has gone through: the cares inseparable from the management of the properties; the inability of city legislators for a time to comprehend his munificent gift of the park, thus delaying the improvement of it; the stupidity of some of those employed to work out his plans; throng after throng of visitors, entertained with urbanity and politeness evincing wonderful patience and fortitude; the self-restraint required to preserve his temper when overrun by crowds, some of the persons composing them too ignorant to comprehend the replies to their own questions; and the ten thousand other annoyances not to be escaped by one in his position. Reflect on this, and say if such devotion can be adequately compensated?

The esteem, respect and gratitude of his cotemporaries—the possible appreciation of posterity—these are all we can give or promise. Any further reward must exist in his own consciousness of having lived effectively for the benefit of mankind.

“ No thought nor care for gain,
No foolish wish for glory's gilded letter,
Have bought these efforts of his heart and brain;
But only that the world might be the better,
For one who has not spent his life in vain.”

CHAPTER XLI.

A PATENT OF NOBILITY—A GOOD SPEECH IN PHILADELPHIA—E. BASKET DERBY CALLS—LECTURE IN THE BOSTON STATE HOUSE—FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT WEST IN 1856—CHICAGO, CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS—DETROIT AND MILWAUKEE AFTER BOSTON—ST. LOUIS NOW AFTER CHICAGO—HOW THE LECTURE HELPED TO GET THE HOOSAC TUNNEL OPENED.

It is not improper that I should tell how it came about that I once helped to get the Hoosac tunnel opened! I credit the reader with knowing that this tunnel is a hole through the Hoosac Mountain, in Massachusetts, and has a railroad in it. To get at my agency in opening the tunnel, I must tell a roundabout story. Having in 1855 withdrawn from the real estate business, and spent some months in editorial connection with a St. Louis newspaper, I went east in the winter on business that left me ample time to make speeches, if I wished to do so. I did wish, as I thought I knew something, and could tell it. The St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, in January, 1856, unanimously endorsed me, thus:

“Whereas it appears by several notices in the public journals that Mr. R. S. Elliott, a gentleman long and favorably known to the citizens of St. Louis, as an active, intelligent, and honorable member of this community, proposes to deliver in the Atlantic states a series of lectures on the west, embracing facts in regard to the physical geography, natural resources, economic relations, and progress in wealth, morals and refinement of our part of the country. Therefore, Resolved by the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis, That we have every confidence in the ability and integrity of Mr. Elliott for the task he has undertaken, and we heartily commend him to the favorable regard of the people of the eastern cities.”

With this patent of nobility, I went to Philadelphia. My first audience had forty persons; but I held them an hour, and concluded I was successful in talking figures. The Philadelphians, of their own motion, gave me at a second trial the Musical Fund Hall, and an audience of about 1,000 persons. The lecture (illustrated with an outline map), occupied nearly two hours, but was full of facts, and views new to the audience.

In Boston, I had delivered a short lecture before the Mercantile Associa-

tion, and was much surprised next day by Mr. E. Hasket Derby, an eminent member of the Boston bar, calling on me at the Revere House, and proposing that I should deliver a lecture in the Hall of Representatives! I told Mr. Derby that I could not think of taking so great a liberty as to request the use of the State House for anything I could say; but he assured me that I need give myself no concern, as I would be *invited* to speak, and the Hall placed at my disposal. It was accordingly arranged that I should deliver the lecture; and I was probably the first man from west of the Mississippi who ever made a speech in the Boston State House. The lecture was received in a manner highly gratifying, and was published in the Boston Post, then conducted by Col. Charles Green.

A few extracts from that lecture of March, 20, 1856, may not be without value, as the reader can note the progress and growth of empire since that date. Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho and Nevada were then unknown; and we have now five miles of railroad in the United States for every one we had then. Yet we seemed to have a big country, with a grand future; though if we look back over the twenty-seven years, and try to grasp what has been accomplished in that time, and then try to forecast what the next twenty-seven years will bring forth, imagination is appalled.

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE IN BOSTON, MARCH, 1856.

"THE NORTHWEST.—In the northwest let us include only the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, and the Territory of Minnesota. There they lie, penetrated and washed by the greatest lakes and some of the greatest rivers of the world. They have so many thousands of miles of lake and river navigation, leading to the ocean through both the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, and the artificial avenues created by capital, science, and labor in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and other States, that it is only necessary to refer you to the map and the Gazetteer for the navigable resources of the Northwest. The area embraced in the three States and Territories, with an approximation to their population and number of miles of railroad at the present time, is in the following table:

	square miles.	Acres.	Pop. 1856.	Miles of R.
Michigan	56,243	35,395,520	550,000	590
Wisconsin	53,924	34,511,360	550,000	617
Iowa	50,900	32,576,000	600,000	67
Minnesota	83,000	53,120,000	60,000	00
	<hr/> 244,067	<hr/> 156,202,880	<hr/> 1,760,000	<hr/> 1,304

"What a domain is there! One hundred and fifty-six millions of acres! Have you ever tried to measure the capacity for production, or even the magnitude in area, of the region here presented? The area of England, Scotland,

Wales, and Ireland, according to the best authorities, is 121,000 square miles. The Northwest here spoken of is more than twice as great in area as the United Kingdom; and, if Queen Victoria had no colonies, she would rule over a patch of earth smaller than Iowa and Minnesota! * * * * * The area of the New England States is about 63,000 square miles. Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota cover nearly four times as much of the earth's surface as all New England, and they would divide into *thirty-one States* as large as Massachusetts, and leave enough over for some modern Roger Williams to found a new State larger than Rhode Island.

"These comparisons are made to bring as boldly as possible before you the *extent* of the Northwest. By comparing the size of your own section of the Union with the Northwest you can realize the magnitude of the latter. If our entire Union were composed of thirty-one States no larger than Massachusetts, and we had never been used to a larger Union, doubtless we should all regard it with pride. Yet the three States and one Territory of which I speak would make such a Union—make in area, and, save in sea-going facilities, far exceed in capacity for producing wealth, thirty-one States like Massachusetts. If you will recollect, the population of all New England in 1850, was only 2,357,324. The Northwest has, therefore, within about 600,000 as many people as all New England had in 1850. In 1860 New England will have, at the same per cent. of increase as in the decade ending in 1850, about 2,900,000 people. In all of the year 1860 the three States and Minnesota will nearly if not quite rank side by side in population with New England; they will certainly have at least as many people as all New England had in 1850; but they will not have as many to the *square mile*. If settled as densely as New England was in 1850—about 42 to the square mile—they would contain over nine millions of people. If as densely peopled as Massachusetts is now—say 148 to the square mile—they would contain a population of thirty-six millions. * * * * * That such a population is in time to occupy the broad and fertile acres of the Northwest, swarm in its cities, float on its waters, and dash along its railroads is equally certain. True, the area of that country has long been known. But its population has never been so great as to-day. In no previous year had it so many steamboats on its waters or miles of railroad in operation as now. Never had it so much fixed property; never so much exchangeable wealth; never so many common schools; never so many higher institutions of learning; never so many churches. It had never before so many firesides; never so much productive machinery; never so great an aggregate of comfort, convenience, elegance and luxury; and never before so able a press. It was, consequently, never so deserving of attention.

"CITIES OF THE NORTHWEST.—Detroit, Milwaukee, and Superior City—the latter at the very head of Lake Superior—will be, I think, the principal cities on the lakes, in the region of which I speak. * * * * * Detroit had in June, 1855, a population of 40,375 and a valuation for taxation of \$12,500,000. Milwaukee had in 1855, a population of 30,448, and a valuation

corresponding. Here, then, in these two remote places were nearly half as many people as in the city of Boston. Their valuation is far, far below that of Boston, which is one of the most opulent cities in the world. Yet there was a time when even Boston was as poor as they; and a time will come, when each of these cities will be equal to what Boston is now. They will probably never overtake Boston. The march after her will doubtless be like the march of Chicago after St. Louis—as vain as an effort to reach the horizon.

“THE CENTRAL WEST—Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois! Do you realize what is going on there? Fifty-five years ago there were not fifty-five thousand people in all that region, except the original owners of the soil, who have given way to the superior races. The Indians were there, but only 50,000 whites. Now let me present you a table of population in 1850, an estimate of the population now, the valuation by assessment, and the miles of railroad:

States.	Pop. 1850.	Pop. 1856.	Valuation.	Railroads.
Ohio	1,980,329	2,300,000	\$860,877,354	2,725
Indiana.....	988,416	1,250,000	310,000,000	1,789
Illinois.....	851,470	1,350,000	230,000,000	2,215
	<u>3,820,215</u>	<u>4,900,000</u>	<u>1,400,877,354</u>	<u>6,729</u>

“These States had in 1850 nearly a million and a half of people more than the six States of New England. They have now more than double the population of all New England in 1850. The census of 1860 will give them between five and a half and six millions—double the entire population of the colonies when Massachusetts and Virginia were commencing the work of independence. Their actual valuation is not less than two thousand five hundred millions of dollars; nay, citizens of those States will tell me I ought to put it up to at least three thousand millions. * * * * * The railroad figures in a table before me are from a Boston authority—the Railway Times. I have no doubt of their correctness, if they are not too low. But you will see from another table which I have before me—showing the progressive annual increase of the miles of railroad in the United States since 1828—that the three States have nearly as many miles as the whole Union had in 1850; and it is an interesting fact that the State of Illinois has to-day more miles of railroad than the whole Union had in 1840. There are now 23,242 miles of railroad in the United States. More than one-fourth of all the railroads in the United States is therefore in the three States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. * * * * *

“CITIES OF THE CENTRAL WEST.—It would fatigue the ear for me to call over the names of all the cities numbering ten thousand people and upwards in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. I can only advert to the principal cities of Illinois and Ohio.

“THE CITY OF CHICAGO.—The rapid growth of Chicago seems wonder-

ful. In 1840 she had 4,500 people; in 1855 she had a population of nearly 85,000. Many worthy people stand amazed at this increase, yet it has nothing in it half so wonderful as the general increase of the country. Chicago could not help but grow rapidly, particularly after railroads had begun to penetrate towards her. * * * * * A few figures from the annual reports of the business of Chicago in 1855 will not be valueless, and may aid to convey an idea of what her people are doing:

Total Receipts of Grain at Chicago for 1855.

Wheat, bushels	7,535,096
Corn "	8,532,377
Oats "	2,947,188
Rye "	68,086
Barley "	201,895
Flour into wheat, equal to	1,203,310
	<hr/>
	20,486,954

This immense quantity of over 20,000,000 bushels of grain, received in one year at Chicago, was owing somewhat to the high prices of 1855, which drew grain from unusual distances to that market. But the settlement of the country tributary to Chicago is going on so rapidly, farms are being opened and extended so numerous and greatly that no one is justified in doubting that her grain trade will keep up to enormously high figures. Chicago does a large lumber, lath and shingle business. Thus she imported in 1855—

Lumber, feet.....	306,553,467
Laths, number	46,487,550
Shingles, number.....	158,770,860

"Most of these large supplies went into the country, to villages and cities of the interior, and are now in houses, stores, machine shops, fences, railroad buildings, churches, etc. But I must not dwell too long at Chicago. With over one hundred railroad trains arriving and departing daily, and some thousands of vessels on the lake and canal each year, one need not be surprised by the extent of her commerce, nor will any one consider incredible the statement that the income of the railroads 'centering in Chicago,' amounted in 1855 to more than thirteen millions of dollars! 'Four years ago,' says the Chicago Press, speaking of the miles of railroad in operation in the State of Illinois, 'there were only ninety-five.' Now there are over twenty-two hundred miles. 'The world,' as is well remarked by the Press, has never seen so much physical progress in so short a period.'

"THE CITY OF CINCINNATI.—With commercial interests entirely different from those of either Chicago or St. Louis; situated in the heart of the great Ohio valley; with artificial as well as natural avenues of commerce in

nearly every direction; with a population already (according to what they say in Cincinnati) numbering more than Boston; with a well developed manufacturing industry, and rapidly extending her railroads through the great iron and coal region of Southern Ohio, to found along their lines new manufacturing cities, as well as to open for herself additional routes to the seaboard at Baltimore and Philadelphia, Cincinnati might well call on us for an hour of our time, and she would furnish materials in herself for a speech of an evening. Cincinnati, like Chicago, is the centre of her own system. The Ohio valley, by which we mean the area drained by the tributaries of the Ohio river, is one of the most fertile on the globe. It is also rich in mineral wealth, coal, and iron. Manufacturing industry has already reached an almost wonderful extent and perfection in Cincinnati, considering that she is not three-score and ten years old. You may therefore expect Cincinnati to grow in the future almost as greatly as in the past. But details would only tire you. Let me impress upon you, however, that the growth of Chicago and St. Louis by no means implies the decline of Cincinnati. The latter has heretofore supplied many manufactured articles to the St. Louis market, which St. Louis now supplies for herself; yet the manufactures of Cincinnati are constantly increasing. * * * * * It is worthy of remark, too, that while Cincinnati has been increasing at so rapid a rate in population, capital, and diversified industry, the city of Louisville, in Kentucky, has gone up to 85,000, a population equal to that of Chicago, and is now in capital one of the richest cities in the Union. * * * * *

“THE FAR WEST.—I have included only the State of Missouri and the Territory of Kansas in this division. Even Nebraska I have left out, because there is not time to speak of her. Let us see what Missouri and Kansas are. If we assume that the fertile and productive part of Kansas, extending to the borders of the arid plains, embraces an area of 50,000 square miles, we shall not over-estimate her territory. Missouri has 67,300, square miles. Here, then, are 117,300 square miles lying west of the Mississippi, south of the State of Iowa, and north of the State of Arkansas, a country nearly double the area of New England, and about fifteen times as large as the State of Massachusetts. The soil throughout nearly its entire extent is so rich and productive that one may almost say there is not a barren acre. In both Missouri and Kansas coal beds exist of extent so vast that a thousand years cannot exhaust them. * * * * * The population of Missouri in 1850 was 682,044. It is now, I think, not less than 850,000, and her valuation is \$180,000,000.

“THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS.—The immense extent of river navigation, of which St. Louis is the principal point, has made her what she is—a city of 125,000 people, with churches, schools, hotels, steamboats, newspapers, and other institutions of civilized life, which can only be appreciated on being seen. Her commercial houses are equal to any in the Union, not only in the intelligence and integrity of the merchants, but even in the edifices erected for commercial uses. Our paved and macadamized streets would

more than reach from Boston to Providence. The gas pipes, street mains, laid down in the city of St. Louis would reach from Boston to Worcester. There are eighteen miles of public street sewers, exclusive of sidings. The wharf stretches a mile and a quarter on the Mississippi, is several hundred feet wide, and during the season of navigation is crowded with the products of every clime and soil. In 1855 there were 600,000 barrels of flour manufactured in St. Louis and over 400,000 received from other places, making a million barrels, and equalling the flour trade of Philadelphia. About 140,000 bags of coffee were received in 1855, enough to make a string of coffee bags more than fifty miles in length. The hemp, tobacco, pork, lard, wheat, bale-ropes, flour, coffee, sugar, and salt passing through the hands of St. Louis merchants in 1855 would, allowing the actual space occupied by each article, reach in one grand line from St. Louis to Boston. In 1834 the treaty was made with the Indians on the site of Chicago. In 1855 Chicago proved herself the largest primary grain port in the world, and her lumber trade exceeded that of either Albany or Bangor, the two greatest lumber marts in the Atlantic States. In 1840 St. Louis had 16,000 people; in 1855 she had 125,000. She added in fifteen years 109,000 to her population. In the same fifteen years Chicago added 80,000 to her population. So in fifteen years the addition to the population of these two Western cities was 189,000; or more people than Boston has collected together since she was founded, somewhat more than two centuries ago. With population and capital accumulating in the West, the arts of civilized life are all brought into active and extensive requisition; and where farms are turned over in the smooth prairie, prepared by nature for the plow, 1,000 acres in a field, and every acre yields a hundred fold to labor, the increase of fixed as well as exchangeable wealth soon passes the bounds of computation. The inventive genius of this country has of late years taxed itself to facilitate the operations of the farmer; and the labor-saving and people-multiplying machines for the farmer as well as the mechanic, where are they brought into most general requisition? In the West, and there will their results be felt. * * * * *

The empire of which I have spoken—Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas—do you realize that it is as great an area as the whole Atlantic slope of the Union, from Maine to Florida, four times as great as the United Kingdom of Queen Victoria, and with elements of wealth in greater profusion and variety than any other region of equal area on earth? And if we have struggled up to our present numbers and powers from such small beginnings; if, starting on a basis of nothing but soil, climate, rivers, lakes, and mines, the West has within but half a century accomplished so much, what may we not anticipate in the future, starting from the present basis? * * * * * I know very well that the manufactures of Massachusetts were over two hundred millions of dollars in 1855, having more than *doubled* in the ten years from 1845. But the trade of the lakes has increased about eight hundred per cent. in that time. The population, commerce, and manufactures of St. Louis and Chi-

ago have gone up several hundred per cent. The production and productive facilities have, on an average, in the country I have spoken of, more than quadrupled in that time. The railroad system of the West, stretching thousands of miles over her fertile soil, is almost entirely the creation of the last ten years. In 1845 you could not have gone from Boston by rail to the capital of any of the States I have been considering. Now you can go by rail from Boston (and by several routes too, part of the way) to the capital of any State I have named, and before 1860 to the capitals of Minnesota and Kansas too, most probably. You will therefore see that to double your manufactures in ten years is not *keeping up with the country.*"

When I said in the lecture that the march of Detroit and Milwaukee after Boston would doubtless "be like the march of Chicago after St. Louis—as vain as an effort to reach the horizon," the figure of speech was as true as it was forcible. It now seems to have an element of the poetic in it: but the fact is, St. Louis stopped to rest a little in 1861, and she is now after Chicago.

The reader may wish to know what this lecture had to do with the Hoosac Tunnel? Only this: Mr. Derby was counsel for the Railroad, and the Company wanted "state aid" for the tunnel. My lecture presented a view of western growth and prospects more comprehensive than they had been accustomed to, and showed that it was worth while to reach such a country with a railroad, even through a mountain; and therefore, Mr. Derby thought, it was worth while to have a speech in the State House, in order to influence the Legislature to vote for the tunnel grant. I delivered the lecture. The tunnel was opened. Need I say more?

CHAPTER XLII.

RIVER IMPROVEMENT—MEMORIALS TO CONGRESS—EADS AND NELSON—CONTRACT SYSTEM PROPOSED—BILL LOST IN SENATE—CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS AND VETOES—DOUGLAS AND TONNAGE DUES—SECRETARY OF WAR DAVIS—SEDIMENTARY RIVERS—STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS—GUN BOATS—MR. BENJAMIN FORGIVEN.

In the spring of 1856 I spent some weeks visiting river ports to aid in attracting public attention to the necessity and importance of improving the navigation of the Mississippi River and its great tributaries. The firm of Eads & Nelson, composed of James B. Eads and William S. Nelson, had been for a dozen or more years engaged in the business of recovering boats and cargoes sunk by accident in the western rivers; and having a large plant of wrecking and diving bell boats, suited to the removal of snags, wrecks and other obstructions, were prepared to enter into a contract with the government to improve the navigation. The commerce on the rivers was very large, and the annual losses correspondingly great.

Memorials for the improvement of the rivers were numerous signed by Chambers of Commerce, Merchants, Underwriters, Steamboatmen, and citizens generally, in all the principal cities of the valley, and were presented to Congress. Mr. Eads and myself spent a couple of months in Washington, and succeeded in passing a bill through the House of Representatives, providing for the removal of snags, etc., by contract. Luther M. Kennett and John S. Phelps, then in Congress from Missouri, gave efficient aid in passing the bill, as both were men of superior abilities, having more than ordinary influence in the House; and they both appreciated the practical views of Mr. Eads and the beneficial results to the public at which he aimed. The bill was not reached in the Senate; though I think it could have been reached and probably passed, but for the neglect and indifference of Judah P. Benjamin, then a Senator from Louisiana;—since prominent in the councils of the "Confederate States," and after Appamatox, a lawyer of distinction over in London.

The reader of to-day will hardly be able to realize that in 1856 we had to argue the "constitutionality" of appropriations to the great rivers! The democratic party had declared in a platform that "the constitu-

tion does not confer upon the General Government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvement;" and Franklin Pierce, then President, had actually vetoed a bill to attempt the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi, and one to improve the St. Clair Flats in Michigan, both of which were passed over the veto. In July, Senator Lewis Cass thought it necessary to make an elaborate speech in opposition to the views of President Pierce, and holding that the improvement of the national rivers and the harbors on the lakes was not entering upon "a general system of internal improvement," as meant by the platform. Even Stephen A. Douglas, though not doubting the constitutionality or expediency of appropriations for the improvement of the rivers, had in 1854 proposed the collection of tonnage dues by the western states and their application to rivers and harbors, because of the difficulty of getting the desired action of Congress.

Our memorials had been carefully drawn to ask for nothing that was not clearly national and constitutional, even under the construction given to the constitution by Mr. Calhoun; and in a pamphlet laid on the desks of members, the memorials were sustained by strong and just arguments. The effort of Messrs. Eads & Nelson had therefore the result of aiding to turn the public mind to the true doctrine on the subject of river improvements, then in dispute, but now universally recognized. Hence, though the bill failed, Mr. Eads and his friends (myself among them) did a public service in placing the necessity and propriety of improving the navigation of western rivers in a stronger light than ever before; and in the course of years, the seeds sown in 1856 have borne fruit not only in the Des Moines Rapids Canal, but also on the river from St. Paul to its mouth. The episode of 1856 has been overshadowed by much greater events in the life of Mr. Eads, but it was, nevertheless, an important part of a career of remarkable usefulness. It was the first suggestion that he could do a great work for the government, if opportunity were given him; and if our bill had become a law, the results would have shown as distinctly as his recent achievement at the river's mouth, that he might be relied on to do all he proposed.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, wrote a long letter to Mr. Kennett against the "contract system" for removing obstructions to navigation, assuming, without warrant either in facts or common justice, that the contractors would not try to earn their compensation, but only to cheat the government! The way Mr. Davis figured it out, the proposal of Eads & Nelson was an attempt at one of the biggest swindles imaginable; but as Mr. Kennett and Mr. Phelps had known these gentlemen for many years, the fulmination of the uneasy Secretary did not in the least moderate their support of the bill. If the reader could have the knowledge that Mr. Kennett and I had in 1856 of all the parties and circumstances concerned, some passages from the letter of Mr. Davis might be given as a capital chapter of funny reading. But the Secretary also said some good things in his letter, as for example:

“Unless the improvement of western rivers is to be conducted under a general system, supported by adequate means for many consecutive years, only partial benefits can be expected to result.”

The foundation for this general system was laid by Mr. Eads twenty years later, when he suggested and urged the organization of the Mississippi River Commission, now in charge of the river; but even at the date of Mr. Davis's letter, Mr. Eads was proposing to prosecute the improvement of the navigation through “consecutive years.” Mr. Davis concluded:

“I cannot hope that this [river improvement] can be attained by partial and occasional appropriations, even when expended by the most competent engineers, according to the best digested plans, but there is still less hope of its being attained by contracts, to be executed according to the conceptions of men whose previous pursuits give no assurance of ability to solve a problem in civil engineering—than which none is more difficult—a problem which involves the control of mighty rivers flowing through alluvial valleys—the volume of whose waters varies irregularly with every year and every season.”

This passage was directed at Eads & Nelson, and the suggestion that their “previous pursuits” gave no assurance of their ability to remove snags, sunken wrecks and other obstructions from river channels—which was the only “problem in civil engineering” to be solved under the bill—is exquisitely amusing, inasmuch as they had for years been engaged in a business which necessarily gave them a better knowledge of all river “problems” than could possibly be obtained in any other way. In 1874 when it was proposed to build jetties and give the commerce of the valley an open river mouth, the Chief of Engineers, Gen. Humphreys, advanced the same notion that Mr. Secretary Davis had put in his letter of 1856. to wit: that Mr. Eads did not know anything about the river!

At a Commercial Convention in 1878, at New Orleans, Mr. Davis renewed his suggestion of the difficulty of “controlling mighty rivers flowing through alluvial valleys;” but it had already been demonstrated at the delta that this difficulty can be met and overcome. The works at the head of the passes were then, and are now, controlling the Mississippi where it is about two miles wide; and if the plans of Mr. Eads are ever executed they will control the mighty river all the way up to Cairo or St. Louis. The old notion that sediment bearing rivers flowing through alluvial formations cannot be controlled, is exploded by facts at the South Pass of the Mississippi. In truth, such rivers are the only ones which can be compelled, under the laws which govern them, to aid in their own improvement, by digging their own channels and building up their own banks.

Not desiring to revive belligerent memories, I may note the strange upshot of events, when in 1861, only five years after Mr. Secretary of War Davis—no doubt acting in good faith according to his lights—rejected with

contempt the aid of Mr. Eads in improving the rivers by contract, the same Mr. Eads was summoned to Washington City, to take a "contract" for the construction of gun-boats to operate against the Confederacy of which the same Mr. Davis was President! A curious turn of fate, and looks like retribution, but I do not think Mr. Eads ever regarded it in that light, or cherished any personal ill-feeling towards Mr. Davis on account of the latter's action in 1856.

The manner in which Mr. Eads executed the gun-boat contract was a remarkable commentary on the treatment he had received at the hands of the Secretary of War in 1856. The contract was signed at Washington 7th August, 1861, and Mr. Eads returned to St. Louis under an obligation to perform what most men regarded as a miracle. The engines to drive the first iron-clad fleet were yet to be built. The timber to form the hulls was yet growing in the forest, and the huge rollers and machinery that were to form their iron armor were not yet fitted for the work. The rapidity with which this great work was to be done made it necessary to employ every means and agency which the country afforded. The telegraph made the contractor ubiquitous. Knowing exactly what was to be done, and how to do it, his presence and energy inspired confidence at home, and he talked by lightning with foundries and machine shops wherever available. The country was electrified by his apparent audacity. Furnace fires blazed afresh; foundries, factories and workshops were all life night and day; saw mills were humming, and the green forest trees crowded into St. Louis in the shape of plank and timber; the iron works of Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and other places were laid under contribution, and thousands of workers knew neither night nor Sunday till the great labor was accomplished. Seven of the boats were completed and ready for the armament of one hundred and seven large guns in the period of one hundred days. Never before or since was so large a contract executed in so short a time. Only a power of combination, almost miraculous, could have achieved the results.

Mr. Benjamin had defeated our bill for river improvement, and I did not forgive him till 1866. In that year a confederate major called on me, and having spoken of President Davis, I suggested to him that the rank of Mr. D. had not been formally recognized.

"Well, he was our President, at least till the confederacy dissolved, and I stuck to him till the last, as I was one of the guard in his flight."

"And when did you quit?"

"Only when I saw that the government was gone to pieces. We had borne our hardships well, dark as the future was; but when I found Mr. Benjamin one day on the march trading saddles with a private soldier, I concluded the cause was lost, and I gave it up."

My resentment faded away, as I thought of the sufferings of Judah P. on horseback, and his acute sense of lost dignity, when dickering for that saddle.

CHAPTER XLIII.

INSURANCE—NO LAWSUITS—IRON BARGE PREMIUM—EADS ON IRON VESSELS—RIVER CONVENTION—DES MOINES AND ROCK ISLAND RAPIDS—MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI—PLANS OF IMPROVEMENT—GRAIN ASSOCIATION—BOARD OF TRADE TALK—DREDGING AND JETTIES—DREAMING OF POSSIBILITIES—THE GRAIN TRADE OF ST. LOUIS—ELEVATORS AND BARGE LINE—REARHAARSTICK AND THEIR ASSOCIATES.

As Secretary of the Excelsior Insurance Company of St. Louis from 1865 to the early months of 1870, I was in cargo as well as fire insurance; classed with those men whose lives have the negative merit of doing little harm, if they do but little good. As usual, we got along without lawsuits. Few men have been so fortunate as I in escaping litigation. Since I have had a home in Missouri, not a dollar of all the millions collected in taxes, has gone to pay judges, juries or tipstaves for litigation of mine. Of the hundreds of deeds which I wrote when in the real estate business, not one has ever through its imperfections, brought any parties into court, or cost the taxpayers any money. I tell this as an example to the young. There is as much good philosophy suggested as there is quiet humor shown in Diedrich Knickerbocker's statement, that one lawsuit which he lost nearly ruined him, and one which he gained completed the wreck of his fortune.

In May, 1868, the Directors of the Company, on motion of A. K. Northrup, passed the following:

"Whereas, cheap transportation of the products of the soil is not more important to the farmers than to the commercial cities of the west; and in the opinion of practical men the grain of the vast and fertile regions drained by our great rivers can best reach the sea through those natural channels; and whereas it is believed that iron vessels can be made as effective in the uses of peace as they have proved in war. Therefore,

"Resolved, That the Excelsior Insurance Company will, at the St. Louis Fair of 1868, pay a premium of one hundred dollars for the best plan for the construction of iron barges and vessels suited to carry grain in bulk on the Mississippi River and tributaries."

To this premium Logan D. Dameron and the Fair Association each added

a like sum. The object of the premium was to draw attention to the subject of iron vessels, and this was accomplished. F. H. Morse, American Consul in London, communicated a good deal of information in regard to iron vessels in use elsewhere, and shipbuilders on the Clyde and Thames sent interesting and instructive data. Barge on the brain was for a time epidemic, and whole fleets of iron vessels, with phenomenal cargoes, were daily launched from editorial and other pens. In May, 1869, James B. Eads, in a letter to a National Commercial Convention in New Orleans, said:

"I beg respectfully to call the attention of the Convention to the importance of iron barges and iron steamers on the Mississippi river. As these vessels are being used in all parts of the world except in America, I would suggest that inquiry be set on foot by the Convention to discover why the grain growers and planters of this valley are not enjoying the advantages afforded by the introduction of such boats and barges upon the Mississippi. They are used on all the chief rivers in Europe and Asia, several streams of which countries are far more rapid and dangerous than the Mississippi. Numbers of them are being constructed in Great Britain for the rivers of India, for the Nile, the Danube, and indeed for streams in almost every quarter of the globe, save America. These vessels will carry from ten to fifteen per cent. more cargo than wooden hulls of equal size, strength and draught, and never have their carrying capacity lessened by being water soaked. They cannot be destroyed by fire, are made with water-tight compartments, and are almost absolutely proof against sinking."

Mr. Eads followed this with many other strong reasons for the use of iron vessels—a topic on which he had earned the right to speak by the actual building of iron gun-boats at St. Louis. The New Orleans Convention resolved, "that the building and employing of iron barges and steamboats in transporting produce and freights generally on the Mississippi river and its tributaries, is highly recommended as a sure means of lessening the cost of freights and insurance, and increasing the amount of transportation on our rivers."

The letter of Mr. Eads was good backing for the movement of the Excelsior Insurance Company, but though the air was for a year or more as full of iron barges as ever the atmosphere of Utah was of grasshoppers, yet the barges did not actually get on the water; and hence, while I can claim to have had a fair share in bringing on the discussion, I have to acknowledge that the results are not such as to justify much felicitation. The day will come, sooner or later, when iron or steel plates will take the place of plank. Wood is yearly getting scarcer, while Bessemer steel can be made at a less price than iron a few years ago.

After 1865, the question of river improvement began to attract much attention. In February, 1867, a great river convention was held in St. Louis, and as it was still necessary to instruct the public, Mr. Eads, on behalf of the Merchants' Exchange, delivered an address to the Convention on the im-

portance of improved waterways, treating the subject with practical wisdom and much beauty of illustration. The Convention was followed in due course by appropriations for the canal at Des Moines Rapids and the channel improvement at Rock Island.

A great deal of attention was also directed to the mouth of the Mississippi, for the improvement of which six hundred and sixty thousand dollars were appropriated in the years 1866-67-68-69 and '70. The U. S. Engineers built two dredge boats, the Essayons and the McAlester, but never succeeded in digging a channel to materially assist navigation. Professor Edward Fontaine visited St. Louis with a plan for building jetties at the mouth of the river, with Manico caissons — crates of rod iron, made like crockery crates, and filled with stone; but there were fatal objections to his plan, aside from its great cost. General M. Jeff. Thompson came up from New Orleans with a plan to carry ships over the bar: rubber bags were to be inflated with air under water, and thus lift up the vessel and float her in or out of the river.

Meantime the "Grain Association" of St. Louis was organized, with the view of promoting foreign trade, by way of New Orleans. Some cargoes of grain (500,000 bushels) were shipped, which dispelled climatic objections, but the enterprise had started when prices were declining, and the financial result was unfortunate. Like the hardwood lumber of the Gallagher Mill, the grain had no adequate market, and the right kind of ships could not get to New Orleans to carry it away. At a meeting of the St. Louis Board of Trade (an organization to discuss matters of public interest), in April, 1869, I said:

"It is hardly creditable that this Mississippi river, which we claim to be the most magnificent in the world, should be in such a condition that Mr. Higby, and the St. Louis Elevator Company, when they put an advertisement in the Liverpool papers proposing consignments of grain from New Orleans, should be obliged to insert in that advertisement that vessels must not be sent which draw over *seventeen feet of water*. * * * The bar is still at the mouth of the river, and Mr. Higby's circular proves it. There have been five or six hundred thousand dollars expended since the war, and still there is only a channel of seventeen feet, as there was before the war and all through the war; and I say that while all this effort is going on for a capital of one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars for buying grain and getting foreign agents to come here and purchase, it behoves us to look around and see if we can't get a greater depth of water at the delta."

These remarks were followed by the statement that I had a plan to deepen the channel by dredging, and thought some deepening could be effected, but that some permanent works ought to be put at Southwest Pass to preserve the channel. Capt. Henry W. Smith, an experienced steamboat man, concurred in my views. Maj. W. S. Pope said there ought to be some sort of work at the river's mouth similar to that by which the Mississippi at

St. Louis was thrown from the Illinois to the Missouri shore, so that the current should be forced into one channel. Lee R. Shryock, President of the Board, said the bar at the mouth of the river was "one of the greatest barriers to the commerce of St. Louis, and to get rid of it the great problem before the people of the valley."

This was the first meeting of a popular character held in St. Louis to discuss the mouth of the Mississippi. I mention it to show what our complaint was, and who were the volunteer doctors. The remedies proposed in rather a crude manner would have done some good, but were not up to what the case required, and we were a long way off thirty feet of water through the bar to the sea. Our meeting had the good effect of eliciting discussion; but the New Orleans editors and correspondents assumed that we in St. Louis could know nothing about the river's mouth, and rather scouted our pretensions. In reply to a correspondent of the New Orleans Democrat, I wrote in May, 1869:

"I think the device for dredging the best yet suggested. As to permanent works, I do not agree with either Professor Fontaine or yourself. I would not construct the works as he proposes; nor do I agree that the bar is to extend into the gulf as rapidly as you state. The delta has already protruded so far into the gulf, that the accumulation at the river's mouth will not, I think, be in the future so great each year as in the past. We are getting into deeper water, and the gulf currents will carry more of the material away. I think, therefore, that while the government is keeping open a channel by dredging, it would be well to have works going on, which will enable the river after a while to dredge itself."

The assertion in this paragraph that the "gulf currents will carry more of the material away," has been amply verified at the South Pass jetties; and the remark that works should be "going on, which will enable the river after a while to DREDGE ITSELF," was the first public suggestion of jetties, by any citizen of St. Louis, so far as I know. Many of our people at that time supposed the projected Fort St. Philip canal was the only available means of getting a good outlet to the gulf. The mind of Mr. Eads was then absorbed by the bridge, but if it had turned to the mouth of the river he would of course have said it ought to be improved by jetties.

We were groping, but in the right direction; I was a mere dreamer, but dreaming of things possible, and interpreting rightly the river's mouth, although I had not then seen it. I was not disturbed by the ridicule cast on Capt. Smith and myself by the New Orleans papers in 1869, and I now enjoy the recollection of it, as I look at the actual results at the South Pass bar.

Formerly the grain trade of St. Louis was mainly confined to local wants and the markets of the Southern states. But little grain was exported. Supplies came in sacks by the rivers, and were unloaded on the wharf. As railroads extended the volume of business increased and the mode of hand-

ling changed. The first grain elevator at St. Louis was completed in 1865. L. J. Higby completed an elevator at New Orleans in 1868. Shipments of grain "in bulk" had begun. George H. Rea, Barton Able, Joab Lawrence, Conrad Finck, George D. Capen, and their associates, had in 1866 organized the Mississippi Valley Transportation Company, to run tow boats and barges south from St. Louis, carrying grain in bulk, and merchandise. It was an innovation in river craft, and the President, Capt. Rea, had a hard struggle to maintain it, as there was no good outlet at the mouth of the river, and the foreign grain trade grew slowly. But by indomitable perseverance, the "barge line" has lived and grown until it has now, under the presidency of Mr. Henry C. Haarstick, thirteen powerful tow boats and ninety-eight barges, the latter capable of carrying on an average 1,400 tons each! As a tow boat can on a good stage of water take down five barges, there may be 7,000 tons of grain in a single tow—enough to load ten railroad trains of 700 tons each! The Company has its own elevator at Belmont, below the mouth of the Ohio, to which grain is taken by rail when ice in the river above Cairo suspends navigation from St. Louis; and it also controls the elevators at New Orleans. The South Pass jetties now give a grand outlet to the sea, and the river route regulates charges on shipments of grain from the west to the Atlantic side and to Europe. The saving to western agriculture is counted by millions of dollars yearly, and the annual grain trade of St. Louis has risen to nearly fifty million bushels. Are not the barge men benefactors?

CHAPTER XLIV.

BOWLES' BOOKS—RISE IN THE GREAT SALT LAKE—THE PHENOMENON EXPLAINED—MAN AND NATURE—HUMAN ACTION AND CLIMATIC CONDITIONS—PACIFIC RAILROADS—CLIMATE OF THE PLAINS EXPOUNDED—RAINFALL IN THE GROWING SEASONS—TREE GROWTH IN THE DESERT—KANSAS A FOOD PRODUCER—INDUSTRIAL AGENT OF KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Two interesting books had appeared, one entitled "Across the Continent," the other "Our New West," both from the pen of Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield Republican (Massachusetts). Mr. Bowles had made the overland trip to the Pacific before the railroad was completed, and told in a charming manner of the strange things he had seen and heard. In one of his volumes he had noted the rise of the water in the great Salt Lake of Utah, and stated that no explanation of the "phenomenon" had been given. That statement changed the course of my life.

Queer, was it? Well, no; it was natural enough. In a letter to Mr. Bowles, written in December, 1869, I undertook to explain the Salt Lake phenomenon, reasoning to this effect:

1st. That, before the advent of the Mormons, the valley in which Salt Lake is situated was (except the lake itself) a vast area of dry and arid surface, the streams running in confined channels to the lake; and that, after rainfall, the moisture of the surface-earth was rapidly evaporated and carried by the winds out of the valley, leaving a heated atmosphere over the valley and the lake, rapidly absorbing part of the lake's waters, to be in turn carried away as vapor to be condensed elsewhere.

2d. That, after the advent of the Mormons, their system of irrigation partially changed the conditions, spreading water from the streams over large areas, to sink into the earth, from which it would be slowly evaporated, as well as from the organs of the vegetation due to the changed conditions; and that this persistent evaporation would produce a condition of humidity in the atmosphere greater than existed previously.

3d. That while the increased measure of atmospheric humidity might be imperceptible to the senses, or possibly not determinable by instruments, it might yet be sufficient to check evaporation from the lake, and thus promote the increase of its waters.

4th. That the increased vegetation in the valley had the effect not only of increasing the atmospheric humidity, but also of modifying the temperature of the air, thus checking its tendency to ascend and rapidly carry its vapor out of the valley.

Mr. Bowles must have been edified by this exposition, as he published my letter in his excellent paper. But was I right? For fourteen years I have not learned whether the lake has so acted as to explode my theories. In order to see how near right I had been in the volunteer explanation to Mr. Bowles, I at once began to read all the books I could get that were likely to enlighten me, and among others I read George P. Marsh's book, "Man and Nature," which has many passages showing how human action has apparently modified climatic conditions, and mostly for the worse, in many parts of the earth's surface. By this course of inquiry my attention became directed to the great western plains, and to questions connected with their possible usefulness.

The Union Pacific Railroad had already been built across the plains from Omaha to Ogden, connecting there with the Central Pacific Railroad of California. The Kansas Pacific Railway was in operation to Kit Carson, 150 miles east of Denver, and would reach Denver in a few months.

An examination of the reports of the civil engineers of the Kansas Pacific Railway satisfied me that they had underrated the value of the country along the road; and in February, 1870, I published an article on the "Climate of the Plains," in which certain facts in regard to the seasons of rainfall were for the first time stated in the public journals. A condensation of that article is here given, the reader to consider himself perusing it in 1870, when its suggestions were new:

"The progress of settlements in Kansas has already taken a large slice off the 'desert' of our geographies, and has spread diversified agriculture over the borders of the buffalo range. Can the march be on to Denver? In view of the fact that settlers are rapidly occupying the more favored parts of the public domain, and that the demand for lands will, at an early day, press closely on the supply, this is an interesting question, not to railway managers only, but to humanity. In thirty or forty years we shall have one hundred millions of people, and they must have homes.

"The questions are not of soil but of climate. As a rule, the plains are not sterile; they are only, comparatively speaking, arid. With rain enough, production is assured; and the proportion of unproductive land would be less than is generally supposed. Hence it is worth while to inquire whether there is not a better supply of moisture than has been believed. One grand fact in regard to the rainfall over all the territory between Fort Leavenworth and the mountains has heretofore attracted little or no attention. Prof. J. W. Foster's interesting work on the 'Mississippi Valley,' speaking of the 'moisture which fertilizes the continent,' says:

"The rains which water the Atlantic slope are equally distributed, the

variations between the four seasons being very slight. Those which water the Mississippi Valley are unequally distributed, those of spring and summer being greatly in excess; a fact which has been overlooked by most meteorologists in reference to the geographical distribution of plants.

"Prof. Foster illustrates this distribution by a table, embracing New York, Ann Arbor, Fort Leavenworth, Fort Riley, Fort Laramie, Fort Yuma, and San Francisco, and shows that as we pass westward from the Atlantic the inequality increases until we reach the Sierra Nevada. He says:

"Contrasting the two stations, New York and Fort Laramie, it will be seen that on the seaboard about 45 per cent. of the yearly precipitation occurs during the fall and winter, while on the plains only 25 per cent. occurs during that period; and that, while on the seaboard the precipitation is nearly uniform during the four seasons, three-fourths of the precipitation on the plains occurs during the spring and summer months."

"The fact to which our attention is thus called involves millions of wealth and an inestimable sum of human happiness. The excess of precipitation in spring and summer will give thousands of farms to industrious settlers in regions where the total annual rainfall seems too limited for agriculture; whereas, if the precipitation on the plains were as uniform throughout the year as on the seaboard, vast areas now filling up with intelligent and enterprising people would be practically uninhabitable, unless artesian wells could be extensively used for irrigation, or by some miraculous change the amount of annual precipitation could be greatly increased. As the rains are now distributed, the grasses and many of the cultivated annual plants enjoy a season of growth and vigor that brings them to perfection.

"The following table of stations in or near the latitude of St. Louis gives the precipitation in the different seasons:

MEAN YEARLY RAINFALL IN INCHES.

STATIONS.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Winter.	Year.
Washington City	10.45	10.52	10.16	11.07	42.20
Cincinnati	12.14	13.70	9.90	11.25	46.89
St. Louis	12.30	14.14	8.94	6.94	42.32
Fort Leavenworth	7.97	11.24	7.33	2.75	29.29
Fort Riley	7.91	7.15	5.58	1.26	21.90

"This table shows that the rainfall of the four seasons at Washington varies less than an inch, and that the autumn and winter rains are slightly in excess of those of spring and summer. But when we get as far west as Cincinnati we find that 55.1 per cent. of the yearly rainfall occurs in the

spring and summer, and only 44.9 in autumn and winter. Moving on westward, we find the proportion and amount of spring and summer rains at the other stations in the table are as follows:

“At St. Louis, 62.5 per cent. of the yearly fall, or 26.44 inches; at Fort Leavenworth, 66.7 per cent. of the yearly fall, or 20.21 inches; at Fort Riley, 68.8 per cent. of the yearly fall, or 15.00 inches;—showing a persistent and remarkable increase of the percentage in spring and summer as we go westward.

“The amount of annual precipitation becomes of less importance when we thus find the growing seasons so well supplied. The arrangement is worthy of admiration for its beauty, and of gratitude for its beneficence. Its results are, that, while the annual rainfall on the plains may not be enough to sustain arborescent vegetation in natural forests, it is yet enough, coming as it does in spring and summer, to nourish and mature the grasses and the annual plants of agriculture. The plains thus become habitable, and even without forests may have a future of population and plenty. But there is ground for the belief that success in tree growth, in artificial plantations, may be within our reach.

“Forest growth on the plains of Kansas and Colorado, at the hand of man, may seem to many persons too remote, if not too chimerical, for practical men. [But, to the same class of minds, the railway itself, and the wonderful developments already witnessed, were impossibilities. Intelligent men know that the results already won on the sand dunes and plains of France, Germany, and other parts of Europe, as well as in Algeria, give assurance that a great deal may, in a comparatively short time, be done to clothe the ‘desert’ and, perhaps, to modify its climate.

“Turning to the table again, it appears that Fort Riley has three-fifths as much spring and summer rain as St. Louis, where we have, as a mean of the seasons, more than is needed. Plant growth in the vicinity of Fort Riley is known to have the average success of any other productive region in the temperate zone.

“It is to be regretted that no exact data is extant in regard to rainfall along the line of the Kansas railway between Fort Riley and Denver. We have no rain gauge record, nor even careful estimates; nothing, in fact, more definite than the journals of Fremont in 1844. These journals, penned long before there was any thought of the railway taking its present line, leave on the mind no idea of rainless desolation, in summer, along the Smoky Hill river. On the contrary, the warmth of coloring in Fremont’s pictures is in striking contrast to the sober drab in which the Naturalist of the railway has painted the whole scene. Certainly, if the railway reports can be charged with any exaggeration, it comes in the unusual shape of depreciation rather than an overestimate of the country.

“Further and more particular data are very desirable, but are hardly attainable in time to anticipate the advent of settlements. The railway pushes on during even the winter months. The same scanty precipitation

that is in winter so favorable to live stock (with but scanty shelter) is also propitious to railroad building, and there will be settlements for pastoral industry, if not for tillage, scattered along the line from Sheridan to Denver before the rain gauge can have time to give the record of more than a season or two.

"Meantime it is pleasant to reflect that the phenomena of Nature are daily becoming better understood. We at this day enjoy broader views than past generations of the use to be made of the Great Plains. Even the grand ideas of Wm. Gilpin in regard to the "American Pastoral Domain" are short of the value of that immense region between the west line of Missouri and the mountains of Colorado. We now see and understand that a climate assuring the spring and summer growth of grass may enable us to grow the cereals without irrigation, although the annual fall of rain, stated apart from the reasons of its occurrence, seems inadequate to this result.

"It may be replied to this that in New Mexico irrigation, as a rule, is essential. True; but the conditions there are not the same as on the plains. New Mexico is traversed by mountain ranges, which attract the rains from her cultivated portions. The precipitation at Santa Fe is stated at 19.83 inches for the year; 2.83 inches in spring; 8.90 in summer; 6.02 in autumn, and 2.08 in winter. Spring and summer thus appear to have 59.0 per cent., and summer and autumn 75.2 per cent. of the yearly amount. But the spring rains of New Mexico are only about one-third of those at Fort Riley; and the 8.90 inches of summer rain in New Mexico come principally in August, too late for the farmer. In spring alone Fort Riley has four-tenths of the annual rainfall of New Mexico, and in spring and summer together nearly eight-tenths, or 15.06 inches for spring and summer, against 10.89 inches in New Mexico for this period. Hence agriculture, in the latter region, where evaporation is more rapid than on the plains, must call irrigation to its aid. The conditions are similar west of Fort Lyon, in the valleys of the Upper Arkansas and its tributaries.

"It may be stated, as a fact, that *experience*, for one-third the distance from the Missouri river to Denver, justifies the expectation that wheat, corn, oats, and other annual products of agriculture, brought to maturity by spring and summer rains, will be grown *without irrigation*, all the way from their present western limit in Kansas to the upper forks of the Smoky Hill river.

"Within the influence of the mountains the precipitation is less than farther out on the plains; and, therefore, as we ascend the slope of the foot hills the available streams must be used for irrigation.

"The problem of constant water supply for domestic uses, for live stock, etc., on some parts of the plains, is not without difficulties. The railway will solve it, to some extent, in providing for its own necessities.

"To many persons it may seem a bold proposition that the climate of Kansas will enable her to become one of our principal food producing states; but its truth is being so rapidly demonstrated that closet theory is hardly

in place. Facts are beginning to tell the tale with more effect than philosophy.

"In this connection the resemblance of Kansas to a part of the world as venerable for age as she is charming in youth, is worthy of notice. Some time since I called the attention of Gen. Palmer to the similarity in climate of the western plains to the great wheat producing region of Russia, draining into the Black Sea. I find that the work of Prof. Foster recognizes in a very pointed manner this similarity. He has received from a gentleman in Chicago, whose early life was passed in that part of Europe, an elaborate paper on Southern Russia, showing that nearly 400,000 square miles of that region are suited to wheat growing. The Professor gives a description of the grain producing 'steppes,' their soil, climate, tree-growth, and streams; and it is remarkable how well that description applies to Western Kansas. The annual rainfall in the wheat region of Southern Russia is surprisingly like that of the plains, both in amount and seasons of occurrence; and the similarity of the natural vegetation of the two regions is at once very remarkable and very encouraging."

In effect, this article on the climate of the plains asserted a discovery. It presented in a new aspect the vast region east of the mountains which had been reputed worthless, except for very limited grazing resources. If the assumptions of the article were only partially well founded, they opened a prospect of reducing to usefulness a portion at least of the "desert." But how were my theories to be tested?

In the spring of 1870, I visited Kit Carson, then the terminus of the railway. At Salina, Kansas, 187 miles west of Kansas City, I was assured that all the country beyond was impracticable desert, as the "hot winds" prevented any cultivation; but I returned to St. Louis with a notion that something might be done on the plains to test if not prove their usefulness, and I proposed to the directors of the Kansas Pacific Railway that I would undertake the work of investigation and experiment. This was a big proposal, especially in comparison with the salary attending its acceptance. It in fact meant, that I must be in some measure a geologist, a botanist, a farmer, a meteorologist, a horticulturist, and a philosopher general, in order to deal with all questions which might arise, and to test by experiment the capabilities of the country. Besides it was understood by my thrifty employers, that in my novel office as their "INDUSTRIAL AGENT" I must not hide the light of my opinions under any bushel, but should let the world know what was going on, as a means of advertising the road! If I should fail in proving the wealth of the country, I could at least demonstrate that it had a railway in it! No such mission had ever been undertaken before, or probably ever will be again.

CHAPTER XLV.

EXPERIMENTAL PLANTATIONS—THE PLOW ON THE PLAINS—BOS AMERICANUS IN SIGHT—BEAM BROKEN—WAITING FOR MOTIVE POWER—RAILWAY OPENED TO DENVER—SPLENDID EXCURSION—SCIENCE AND LABOR UNITED AT POND CREEK—FIRST WINTER GRAINS IN WESTERN KANSAS—LETTER TO PROF. HENRY—CLIMATIC EXPOSITION—REPORT TO DR. HAYDEN—ADDRESS ON TREE CULTURE—CONGRESS PASSES AN ACT—BIG IDEAS—A GENERALIZATION ON STORMS.

In 1870, settlements extended to Saline county, Kansas, two hundred miles west of Kansas City, with a few scattered farms beyond, in Ellsworth county, near Fort Harker. The buffalo then pastured within sight of the fort, having their main summer range across the next two hundred and fifty miles of the railway; and they were often so numerous near the track that passengers could shoot them from the cars. I decided to begin my experiments in the buffalo range, and selected three stations for the little patches of a few acres each, which I gravely called "plantations."

Stations.	West from Kansas City.	Above sea level.
Wilson	240 miles.	1,586 feet.
Ellis	302 "	2,019 "
Pond Creek	422 "	3,075 "

The first essay in the buffalo pasture was not fortunate. With a large prairie plow, suited to Illinois or Missouri, and a hired team of oxen, a trial was made at Wilson in the solid soil of the Great Plains. Instead of breaking the sod we broke the plow! *Bos Americanus*, in full view on the Smoky Hills, seemed to be regarding us with a languid interest, as if his ancestral acres were in no immediate danger from our operations. The prairie dogs came out of their burrows and derisively yelped at us. That kind of plow, evidently, was too weak for the desert.

Arranging to repair the plow, I decided to wait till the grade to Denver should be completed, and get mules owned by the Railway Company, as with them the work could probably be done with less profanity on the part of the drivers than with hired oxen. In the meantime I could find occupa-

tion in studying the country; and this was by no means a profitless arrangement. For, certainly, a man going out into the waste places to reform a continent, and teach everybody something that nobody ever knew before, might well be permitted to learn something himself to begin with!

The railroad operatives—those useful men who were trusted with engines and trains and people's lives, but who had placed no very exalted value on the plains for any other use than to grow buffalo beef—had no confidence in my projected work, but thought it all "(blank) nonsense." I sometimes overheard their opinions, not complimentary to my views and projects, and of doubtful flavor as to myself. "I don't reckon that old chap believes anything will grow out here," one would say to his chum, "but like enough he has a nice berth, anyway!" They seemed to have as little faith in my integrity of intention as the Secretary of War, Mr. Davis, had in the integrity of the gentlemen who in 1856 proposed to improve the navigation of the Mississippi under contract.

The General Superintendent of the Railway, Col. Adna Anderson, was in full harmony with me as to the necessity and propriety of my mission, and granted me all the facilities which the financial condition of the Company warranted.

Passengers on the trains were decorous, but, I think, rather incredulous. They would look as if they thought my views would be very sound—if I could only prove them by tests of climate and soil; but the novelty of the enterprise attracted their good wishes.

On the 1st of September, 1870, the Kansas Pacific Railway was completed from Kansas City and Leavenworth to Denver, having from Denver, by the Denver Pacific Railway, a connection through to the Union Pacific to Cheyenne; and our continental line was thus an accomplished fact.

The opening of the Railway to the mountains was recognized by its President, Mr. John D. Perry, and by the directors, as an event of great importance to the American people as well as to the Railway Company; and it was accordingly distinguished by a grand excursion from Kansas City through to Denver and Cheyenne, in a train of nine new Pullman cars. This was the finest train of cars, Mr. Pullman said, that had up to that time ever been put together anywhere in the world. The unique pleasure trip, unequalled by any preceding railway jaunt, occupied several days, including stage coach visits to Idaho Springs and Georgetown, in Colorado, not then reached by rail. The excursionists were railroad magnates, cabinet ministers, members of Congress, state officers, professional gentlemen, editors and correspondents of public journals, merchants, manufacturers, and others;—an assortment seldom equalled of brains, culture and business experience. They saw buffaloes and antelopes, coyotes and prairie dogs, but I had no plowed ground or farms to show them, as I had not obtained the mules to draw the reconstructed plow.

At length, on the 12th of September, the mules arrived at Pond Creek, near Fort Wallace, together with two Irish laborers, to begin the important

work of demonstrating the usefulness of the great plains. Never was so big a work begun with so little parade, or means so humble; but Science and Labor (combined in the two Hibernians and myself) were united in the desert, and we sowed our experimental grains—wheat, rye, and barley—at Pond Creek, September 28th; at Ellis, October 20th; and at Wilson, November 11th, 1870. This was the first seed of winter grains ever planted west of Ellsworth county, in Kansas. We sowed grass seeds too, and planted some seeds of trees. The work of redeeming the domain of the buffalo was begun. Forget not the date, Oh Learned and Wise Reader! It was 1870.

While at Pond Creek, in September, I wrote to Professor Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, a letter that he published in the Annual Report of the Institute for 1870. I said to the distinguished meteorologist, that I had been on the plains nearly all the time from early in May till September, and that there had been much dry weather, but not one day without clouds; no day on which the sun would rise clear and roll along a cloudless canopy to the west. There had always been humidity enough to form clouds at the proper height, and on many days they would be seen defining, by their flat bottoms, the exact line where the condensation became sufficient to render the vapor visible. The sun would be partially obscured only at intervals; the condensation not being of a character materially to lessen the effect of his rays in giving us heat and light, until in the after part of the day, when appearances of a storm were apt to present themselves in some part of the heavens; only, however, too often to pass away without giving us the desired shower. I concluded from all this that abundant moisture had floated over the plains to have given us a great deal more rain than would have been desirable if it had been precipitated. Sometimes a storm would be seen to gather near the horizon, and we could see the rain pending from the clouds like a fringe, hanging apparently in mid-air, unable to reach the expectant earth. The rain stage of condensation had been reached above, but the descending shower was apparently revaporized, and thus arrested.

In a moderately calm day—for our calms were only moderate in that airy region—I had observed little columns of dust to arise, generally scattered in all directions. These usually, if not always, coincided with *mirage*; not that they appeared in the mirage, but coincided in the time of their appearance. The mirage, however, very often appeared on days too windy for the little columns to be formed; they being only whirlwinds rendered visible by the dust taken up. Within forty-eight hours after the little column phenomena, I had noticed that the wind was apt to be coming strongly from the northward, laden with a mist or sand that sometimes reached the dignity of rain. I regarded the little columns as electrical in their origin. They could not be due to currents of air meeting and whirling round each other, as philosophers used to teach us, because there was little or no movement of the atmosphere except in the columns themselves. The fact that

storms occurred soon after their appearance sustained the supposition of their electrical origin.

The changes of wind were often very sudden from southward, the prevailing point in summer, to all points, but mainly to the north. Sometimes this change was observed during the progress of a rainstorm, and appeared to be due to a local or limited cyclone; but the difference in temperature between the south and north winds seemed to forbid the cyclone theory. I could not understand how a circuit of a few hundred miles in the heated prairie should so cool a current of air that had only whirled by us a short time before. If we reject the cyclone theory, we must suppose parallel but opposite currents in streaks.

On the 15th of July, a fine example of this sudden change of direction and temperature in the wind was witnessed. A storm arose, with lightning in the west, the southwest, and the northwest. The railway train was going eastward at the distance of about 325 miles from Kansas City. We were soon enveloped in the storm; rain and wind so strong from the north that the wheels of the cars could be felt grating their flanges on the south rail, and the rain drops, striking the end windows of the car, ran across in a true horizontal line. In a few minutes the temperature had fallen so low as to be uncomfortable; but in a run of not over ten miles we were again in the warm winds usual at that season, and these, by contrast, seemed to be the hot winds sometimes experienced. These *hot* winds were not, so far as I had observed, apt to be constant in one place for any considerable length of time; they would strike your face suddenly, and in perhaps a minute be gone. They seemed to run along in streaks, or *ovenfulls*, with the winds of ordinary (but rather high) temperature. They did not begin till in July as a general rule and were over by September 1st, or perhaps by August 15th. Their origin I supposed to be, of course, in heated regions south or southwest; but their peculiar occurrence, so capricious and often so brief, I could not explain to myself satisfactorily.

I had no rain-gauge, but had remarked that the season of 1870, after about the 15th of July, in those distant plains, had given us rain enough to make beautifully verdant the spots in the prairie burned off during the heated term early in July. From Kit Carson eastward the rains had been, perhaps, exceptionally abundant. All through the summer we had had dew occasionally, and it had been remarked that buffalo meat had been more difficult of preservation than formerly—facts indicative of humidity in the atmosphere even when but little rainfall was witnessed. Turnips sown in August would have made a crop at Pond Creek, 422 miles west of Missouri and about 3,200 feet above sea level. Facts such as these seemed to sustain the popular persuasion in Kansas that a climatic change was taking place, promoted by the spread of settlements westwardly; breaking up portions of the prairie soil; covering the earth with plants that shaded the ground more than the short grasses, thus checking or modifying the heat from the earth's surface, &c. The fact was also noted, that, even where the

prairie soil was not disturbed, the short buffalo-grass disappeared as the "frontier" extended westwardly, and its place was taken by grasses and other herbage of taller growth. That this change in the clothing of the plains, if sufficiently extensive, might have some modifying influence on the climate I did not dispute; but whether the change had already spread over a large enough area, and whether the apparently or really wetter seasons might not be only part of a cycle, were unsettled questions.

The civil engineers of the railway (in 1870) believed that the rains and humidity of the plains had increased during the extension of railroads and telegraphs across them. If this was the case, it may have been, I said, that the mysterious electrical agencies, in which they seemed to have faith, but which they did not attempt to explain, had exercised a beneficial influence. What effect, if any, the digging and grading, the iron rails, the tension of steam in locomotives, the friction of metallic surfaces, the poles and wires, the action of batteries, &c., could possibly or probably have on the electrical conditions, as connected with the phenomena of precipitation, I did not undertake to say. It may have been that wet seasons had merely happened to coincide with railroads and telegraphs. It was observed that the poles of the telegraph were quite frequently destroyed by lightning; and it was probable that the lightning thus discharged in many places where before the erection of the telegraph it was not apt to do so, and perhaps would not reach the earth at all.

In a communication to Dr. F. V. Hayden, U. S. Geologist, published in his Report for 1870, I wrote in December of that year as follows:

"There are facts which sustain the popular notion of a climatic change [on the great plains] manifested in a more humid atmosphere, in greater rainfall, and a change of vegetation. It is certain that rains have increased; this increase has coincided with the increase of settlements, railroads, and telegraphs. If influenced by them, the change of climate will go on; if by "extramundane or cosmical influences not yet understood," as supposed by Mr. Lippincott, the change may be permanent, progressive, or retrograde. I think there are good grounds to believe that it will be progressive. Within the last fifteen years, in Western Missouri and Iowa and Eastern Kansas and Nebraska, a very large aggregate of surface has been broken up and holds more of the rains than formerly. During the same period modifying influences have been put in motion in Montana, Utah, and Colorado. Very small areas of timbered lands west of the Missouri have been cleared; not equal, perhaps, to the area of forest, orchards and vineyards planted. Hence it may be said that all the acts of man in this vast region have tended to produce conditions ameliorative of the climate. With extended settlements on the Arkansas, Canadian and Red rivers to the south, as well as on the river system of the Kaw valley and on the Platte, the ameliorating conditions will be extended in like degree; and it partakes more of sober reason than of wild fancy to suppose that a permanent and beneficial change of climate may be experienced. The appalling desolation of large portions of

the earth's surface through the acts of man in destroying the forests [see Marsh's book, "Man and Nature"] justifies the trust that the cultivation of taller herbage and trees in a region heretofore covered mainly by short grasses, may have a converse effect."

No one has ever to my knowledge questioned the soundness of the views presented in the letter to Prof. Henry or the communication to Dr. Hayden; and in all the years since 1870 I have seen no reason to change or modify them. In January, 1871, in an address to the Farmers' Institute of the Kansas Agricultural College, I said:

"The project of growing trees in western Kansas without irrigation is regarded as impossible by those not well informed, and as difficult by those who have studied the conditions. With a climate comparatively arid, in a region swept by winds apt to be persistent and at times violent, the natural strength of the soil must be exerted under disadvantages. But similar disadvantages are to be found in distant regions, once covered with forest but now more desolate than any part of the plains. The hand of man has there destroyed. It is now proposed that the hand of man shall here restore, or create. The native vegetation and also the herbage that springs up almost as if by spontaneous generation, in places where the earth is disturbed even by the wheel of a common wagon, afford much encouragement. The grasses, the thistles, the sunflowers, the blooming ipomea, the rugged cleome, are structures of vegetable tissue and fibre; and the tree we wish to grow is only the same result of mysterious elaboration carried a few degrees further and manifested in the arborescent form. Hence the most unlettered observer, finding the grasses yielding in the broken ground to the robust and woody stemmed plants, expounds the true philosophy in his frequent question—'if grass and weeds grow so well, why not trees?' Nature has answered the question in the trees scattered over western Kansas. The domain is destitute of forest; but the ash, the box elder, the cottonwood, the elm, the hackberry, the oak, the plum, the walnut, the willow and the cherry,—all of which are found in western Kansas, and some persistent beyond the utmost bound of the state—bear testimony to the possibility of tree growth over large areas. We may pass by the fossil wood imbedded in the strata in many parts of the plains as belonging to a past, though recent, geological era; but the living trees suggest at once by their location the feasibility of extended forest growth and the reason of their scarcity. They are usually found near water or in ground comparatively moist. They are always found where they are sheltered from fires. Their location teaches us that protection from fires must be assured.

"Were it possible, by some magic process, to break up the entire surface of western Kansas to a depth of two feet, we should thereby begin to make a new climate. We should have a growth of taller herbage over the entire area; less reflection of the sun's heat; more humidity in the atmosphere; more constancy in springs, pools and streams; fewer violent storms; more frequent showers; and less caprice and fury in the winds. A single year

would witness the advent of this changed vegetation and the beginning of this new climate. In three years—the fires kept out—there would be young trees in many places; and in twenty years there would be fair young forests. The question whether forest growth increases the actual amount of rainfall need not be discussed. A new climate does not need more absolute precipitation to make it a blessing, but more constant atmospheric humidity. That part of Kansas between Manhattan and Leavenworth, has more rainfall in inches than England; yet the Kansas climate, compared with that of England, is arid. Cover the entire area with forest, and our climate, if not as humid as that of England, would be greatly changed.

“Nor is the view presented of the possibility of forest growth in Kansas inconsistent with the conclusion of meteorologists, that our prairies and open plains are due to scanty precipitation. This is the cause; not, however, because the absolute precipitation is not enough to sustain tree growth, but because it is not enough to protect it against destruction by fires. Throughout the prairie regions east of the 98th meridian, it is apparently the universal rule, that where fires are stopped, tree growth soon begins. Give us immunity from fires in western Kansas, and to a great extent the plains will clothe themselves with shrubs, and trees, even without a breaking up of the surface. * * *

“To redeem to civilized uses, and to cover with happy homes the immense region west of the 98th meridian,—a region of capabilities vastly greater than its past repute would suggest—is a work worthy of the age and of the nation. The United States, not only as the great landed proprietor, but in the interest of humanity, ought to lead in the work, either by forests planted at the public cost, or by subsidies in money or lands to individuals or companies.”

The suggestion that the United States ought to aid forest culture was realized within two years from the date of this address, by the passage of the Act of Congress granting lands to settlers on condition that a part should be planted with trees. In the same address I suggested that the military reservation at Fort Harker ought at once to be donated to the state of Kansas for a nursery to grow forest trees for the settlers to plant; and that the Fort Riley reservation ought also, in time, to be given to the state for a grand University, in which forestry should be one of the branches taught; but these ideas were too big to get into the heads of the Senators and Congressmen.

The little columns of dust mentioned in the letter to Prof. Henry were in fact little tornadoes. They were the visible effects of causes (electricity and magnetism) indicated in a letter I wrote in 1871 to George P. Plant, of St. Louis, on the subject of signal stations on the plains. The meteorology of the great plains, I said, had never been studied from facts. It had been theorized on a great deal, and many pretty superstructures had been raised, only lacking good foundations to be perfect. Some of the storms originating in the plains take up their march to the sea, and of these I said: “When

one of the grand rain or snow storms is on its march to the sea, its progress may be recorded and warnings given. The progress is generally at about the rate of twenty miles an hour. The Bureau can tell when it is at the west line of Missouri, and there will be twelve to fourteen hours to prepare for it in St. Louis." In the same letter I generalized somewhat for the benefit of the high science men :

"Let us suppose the earth, with its present atmosphere, its diurnal rotation, its annual motion, and its relation to the heavenly bodies,—and without any disturbing cause within itself;—ought not the winds to be regular in their course, as influenced by the heat of the sun, and the attraction of the spheres, changing with the seasons but ever uniform? Would not the heated air take up the waters and the cooler condense them in one uniform round, giving to each locality always the same clear atmosphere, or mist, or rain, or snow, at the same time each year,—the recurring season having the wind from the same point and attended by the same conditions as in the year before? But may we not have in what we call ELECTRICITY and MAGNETISM something that interferes with what would, but for their existence, be the normal condition of the atmosphere? Are they not the disturbing causes, probably influenced and acted on by the sun, perhaps by other bodies; pervading the solid globe with their currents, and passing to and from and through the atmosphere?—attracting and heating, and repelling and cooling its particles, and thus producing those disturbances which we call storms?"

CHAPTER XLVI.

A NEBRASKA SENATOR—EARLY SPRING WORK—OUR COLLEGE—MISSOURI TESTIMONY—AGRICULTURAL EDITORS TESTIFY—COL. GEORGE T. ANTHONY'S COMPLIMENT—AN OFFICIAL REPORT OF INDUSTRIAL AGENT—POND CREEK. ELLIS AND WILSON—WHEAT SHIPMENTS FROM THE PLAINS—INCREASE OF SETTLEMENTS AND PRODUCTIONS—ONE BAD STORM—HERDER'S TALE IN DIALECT.

Lord Bacon, or William Shakspeare, wrote the plays ascribed to the latter, and said—

“The evil that men do live after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.”

But the good is sometimes lasting; if not in the memories of men, yet in tangible results. Senator P. W. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, may be credited with perhaps the largest share in passing the act of Congress to promote tree-planting on the Western plains. Thousands of acres have been planted under that act. The Senator is dead, but the little groves are living. They may not preserve his name, but the good he did is not interred with his bones; it lives after him. Having aided to get the timber-culture act, I do not agree with those who desire its repeal. No better use can be made of land in the plains than to let those have it who plant trees thereon.

By the first of March, 1871, the two Hibernians and myself were again ready for work, and for three seasons this was our date to begin spring operations. The ground would on some days be frozen and not thaw till noon, but the fact that we could begin farm work at all so early in the season is important. Moving as we did from station to station, with our entire outfit of mules, wagon, plows, &c., our time in the planting season was fully occupied; yet I managed in the early part of 1871 to write some twenty letters to the Lawrence Journal on “Forest Trees for Kansas,” and gave many hints of value to people of the State. The closing letter had a few passages intended simply for pleasantry:

“Our *Agricultural College* gives me quite enough to do. Perhaps you have not known that we have such a thing out here, west of Brookville! Well, we have; but fastidious people may not like the way our college is

carried on. It is run with a team of mules, plows, harrows, hoes, rakes, spades, two men (students), and myself. Louis XIV. said: '*L'état—c'est moi!*' (The state—that is me!) Not from ostentation, but from necessity, Louis must be imitated: "The Faculty—that is me!" The whole *corps* of professors is condensed into one. We trust the labors may not make a corpse of that one. This college is both 'scientific' and 'practical.' The 'lectures' begin about five o'clock A.M. and are continued until dark, with intervals of recitation at meals. Instead of a blackboard we use a parallelogram of the black soil of Kansas; and there we draw furrows, and sometimes inferences. The 'students' learn to draw rapidly, especially on pay-day.

"The subjects of our 'lectures,' with practical examples, are: plowing, harrowing; *dragging* (the students persist in calling it); staking out straight lines; opening furrows to plant trees in; soaking and sprouting the seeds of trees; putting the roots of trees in *dope* (high-science word for mud-puddle); planting trees, with pulverized earth well pressed among the roots; earthing up and leaving a loose surface; planting walnuts in such a manner that the expected 'spongioles' may have food ready, and the 'plumule' get out to sun and air without trouble; pruning the little trees so that their roots may not be called on to supply too many buds with moisture; turning the raw prairie sod on a few tree seeds, to see what they will do under such treatment; sowing spring wheat and oats 7th March and having them up now; planting corn 10th March, having it coming up and nipped by frost making quarter-inch ice 11th April, but keeping alive below ground and sure to grow; planting the prunings of poplar and willow, to see if cuttings will grow in the 'desert'; sowing grass seeds, and so on.

"We have settled one point which has troubled other agricultural colleges. We have the manual labor system in full force, and it does well. The 'students' having to do a thing, come to understand it, and they can do it next time without the preliminary lecture. We find that even the mules can be taught in this way; for, having been at one kind of work, they become in some sort skilled in it. We also find that even the 'Faculty' may learn something daily by hard work.

"We have a large class of perambulating students, the amateur class from passing cars, who lean their chins on the top rail of the fence while the train is watering, and absorb knowledge through the eye. No regular 'lectures' are delivered to this class, who do not, in fact, need them; for they often kindly and generously volunteer to instruct *us*. Not being under pay, this class is not in favor of the manual labor plan.

"Our college grounds are high above sea level, and very broad the long way, reaching from Brookville to Denver. But we have thus far held our principal sessions only at Wilson, Ellis, and Pond Creek. Stretching out our college operations in this way gives us a variety of climate, and secures us a soil of unknown value. Another advantage is, that we cannot be said to be merely treading in the beaten track. We are not acting out the suggestions of the learned world, taken as a whole; for many very learned peo-

ple have decided, from *theory*, that nothing could be done, where, in *practice*, we now have grains and grasses and trees growing.

“As our operations necessarily demonstrate that there is value in a large portion of the public domain heretofore regarded as worthless, you may suppose that the United States, as the largest land owner, contributes to the expense. All a mistake. U. S. has not contributed one dollar. Nor has the State of Kansas. Nor has either been asked to do so. However beneficial we hope to make our operations to Kansas as a State, we do not ask for her money. Our ‘Faculty’ only suggests that she shall do justice to herself.”

In the early summer of 1871, the Missouri State Board of Agriculture visited the mountains and critically examined my “farms” as they passed. On their return home, Henry T. Mudd, President, and Charles W. Murtfeldt, Secretary of the Board, addressed a formal letter to Robert E. Carr, then President of the Railway, on the subject of my experiments. I copy this disinterested testimony from competent witnesses:

“Among all the evidences of growth and possibilities which we witnessed in the vigorous young State of Kansas, none gave us greater pleasure than the successful trials of trees, tree seeds, grains, and grasses, without irrigation, made in the distant plains under the orders of your Company; and as these trials are probably the first ever made by a private corporation to test the productive capacity of an immense area of lands, we deem it not improper to make a brief reference to them.

“The first farm, at Wilson, is in a part of the continent heretofore regarded as too arid in climate for production, unless by aid of irrigation; yet we found wheat, rye, and barley, sown November 11, 1870, equal to if not beyond the average crop of any part of the Union. Spring wheat, oats, spring barley, Indian corn and Hungarian grass were promising well, and sorghum better than any the Board had seen this season. The transplanted trees, generally, had grown remarkably well, and would do no discredit to any part of the country. Trees from seeds planted in fall of 1870 and spring of 1871 were promising fairly.

“At Ellis a hailstorm of unusual severity, which occurred on the first of June, had destroyed the grain and nearly all the seedling trees, and greatly damaged the transplanted trees; but the wrecks showed that this plantation had been in a condition similar to that at Wilson.

“At Pond Creek, within a few miles of the west line of the State of Kansas, and near the one hundred and second meridian of longitude, we found the forest trees doing nearly as well as at Wilson, and promising the entire success of several varieties. The rye at Pond Creek, sown on raw ground, would rate as a good crop in Missouri or Illinois; and of the winter wheat and barley, the plants which had endured the winter were heading out finely. Rye may be regarded as a valuable crop to the west line of Kansas

(without irrigation); and further trials of wheat and barley of the more hardy kinds, will in all probability prove to be entirely successful.

"Upon the whole, the members of the Board were much impressed by the facts apparently established by the trials alluded to, that the great plains have capabilities of production greatly beyond the public estimate.

"The rapid spread of settlements westward in Kansas, due to your railway, suggests that a few years will unite the communities of Kansas and Colorado; and, while it is manifest that live stock production must be the leading interest of the plains, the fact that grasses, grains and trees may surround the settler's home at a small outlay of labor, promises grand results in the future."

An excursion of agricultural editors and writers passed over the road in August, 1871. Mr. M. L. Dunlap, of Champaign, Illinois, a well known agriculturist, wrote to the Chicago Tribune:

"Can these pastoral plains be settled? All say, 'Yes; but it must be by the herdsman, who, like Jacob of old, may drive his herds from plain to plain, and lead a sort of nomadic life.' But there are elements that man will employ to make, in time, a material change in the whole aspect of the country. In their present condition, they are only valuable for pasturage. But Mr. R. S. Elliott, the Industrial Agent of the Kansas Pacific, has proved that trees may be grown on these plains without the aid of irrigation, at least if this year's experience proves anything. He has also shown that wheat, oats, barley, corn, and potatoes may be grown to a reasonable extent."

The correspondent of the Albany Country Gentleman wrote:

"The Industrial Agent of the Railway is called the 'Tree Planter of the Prairies.' He is reducing theory to practice; is teaching the settlers on these wide plains that they can grow their own forests, can plant their own firewood and timber, and may reasonably hope to profit by their own labors, and not invest money and toil only for those who will come after them. Mr. Elliott possesses a vast amount of information on all subjects, and has proved to all the wisdom of his project, and no one who has seen his plantations can doubt the possibility of clothing these fertile prairies with forests of deciduous and evergreen trees. His experiments in arboriculture and agriculture on these vast plains will give him an enduring monument. We owed much of the pleasure of our travel over the Kansas Pacific Railway to his agreeable companionship, and shall ever remember him with pleasure, and bid him Godspeed in all his undertakings."

The correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph said:

"There is one point of the greatest interest. This is the capacity of the country for tree-growth. The Kansas Pacific Railroad has been instituting

experiments under the charge of Mr. R. S. Elliott, which, so far as can be judged, have resulted in complete success. We examined his plantations at various points and can testify to the extraordinary growth of the young plants. Mr. Meehan, of your place, Josiah Hoopes, of West Chester, and Mr. Douglas, of Waukegan, Ill., all freely stated that they had never seen such growth in the same time in their own localities. It is a subject of the greatest importance in these vast and treeless plains, and as it promises to be completely successful, will add vastly to the wealth of the country and the comfort of the millions who will some day fill these plains."

Mr. Henry T. Williams, in a paper read before the N. Y. Farmers' Club, said :

"Beyond the central portions of Kansas and Nebraska the country is so elevated, and so devoid of water or rain for irrigating purposes, that most agricultural writers have asserted, over and over again, it was useless to attempt any sort of tree-culture, for they could not possibly live in so uncongenial a soil and climate. Mr. R. S. Elliott, Industrial Agent of the Kansas Pacific Railway, had become convinced that tree-culture was a possibility, and therefore commenced in the most exposed localities, to prove that the plains did actually possess some encouraging signs of success in tree-growth, and to remove beyond further question the prejudices of those writers who know so little of the subject. The objects were twofold: First, to see if young trees taken from our ordinary commercial nurseries and transplanted here would thrive either with or without irrigation; and, second, to learn what varieties adapted themselves most readily to the situation, and made the most rapid and healthy growth. His facilities for the purpose were rather rude. His only force consisted of two laborers, who knew nothing of tree-planting; the boxes of trees were opened at three different stations, and the trees had to be transported from place to place, and subjected to considerable handling, exposure, and delay, before all were finally planted. At each place the ground was broken up last September to the depth of six or eight inches, and again plowed over this spring, when the seeds of some trees were sown without special care, and the other young trees hastily planted. No artificial irrigation was resorted to, neither had there been much subsequent cultivation of the ground, from the beginning of spring down to the 1st of August. The ground was also not particularly advantageous for the purpose, being a high, rolling prairie, very dry soil, covered with buffalo grass, and considerably exposed to the driving winds. This work was purposely done in a rude style such as a farmer would ordinarily practice. The seeds were sown broadcast on the plowed ground, harrowed in slightly, and left to take care of themselves. Enough has been done to satisfy any sanguine man that tree-culture upon the far Western prairies is no longer a doubt or a conjecture, but has a reasonable prospect of success. The solution of these experiments is calculated to have an important

bearing, not only on the agriculture of those sections, but also the climate, and may be looked upon as one of the most important discoveries of modern times."

Rev. William Clift, of Mystic Bridge, Connecticut, wrote to Hearth and Home :

"This is the first year of these experiments, and we can not tell what may transpire in the future. But so far they are entirely successful, and there seems to be a good foundation for the belief of this eminently practical man, the Industrial Agent, that he will succeed in making trees grow and in raising crops along the whole line of this road."

Extracts from the public journals, referring to the work on the plains, could be multiplied, but enough has been given to show how the results were regarded, and one more will suffice. Col. George T. Anthony, since Governor of Kansas, and now one of the magnates of the Mexican Railroad from El Paso South, was then editor of the *Kansas Farmer*, and in January, 1873, thus spoke of experiments on the plains, and of myself :

"The Kansas Pacific Company was the pioneer in this work. Possessed of a large tract of land in the western portion of this State, known as 'The Plains,' they organized an intelligent course of experiments in grain, fruit and forest culture, some three years ago, which promises an early, definite and favorable settlement of the vexed question of its producing capability under cultivation. The Company was peculiarly fortunate in its selection of a man to take charge of this apparently unpromising work. It was put in charge of R. S. Elliott, of Missouri, who has brought to the work a singular fitness in practical common sense, and a mind fortified by much and varied reading. These columns have carried out many reports of his work, and not a few terse articles from his ready but careful pen."

As Col. Anthony was a man of very positive character, and only wrote as he thought, his voluntary compliment was of value, rather as witnessing the importance of my work than as eulogy of myself. Appreciation is a good thing, and a man who thinks he has done well may be allowed to desire it.

My report of 28th April, 1873, to the directors, gave a fair view of the conditions and prospects. As a part of the history of Kansas I condense it here. A few years hence, the bookworms in Kansas libraries will hardly be able to credit the tale that their state had to be shown by experiment to be worthy of attention, before people would risk settlement in it. The report said :

"The operations have been on a moderate scale, yet there has been so great a variety of trees and plants tried, that nothing of value likely to succeed has been neglected. All the experiments have been without irrigation.

Failures in many things were expected, yet the success has been such as to fully vindicate your wisdom in having trials made.

"The field at Pond Creek is near the one hundred and second degree of longitude west from Greenwich, on the western border of the State of Kansas, partly in the flat, and partly on the slope of the upland. If a test place were desired with the most unfavorable conditions, we have found it; for I know of no spot in all the plains less promising; and whatever success we have had in this field may be equalled anywhere on the line of your road. Pond Creek is in the midst of that immense grazing region, where the anomaly is presented of the most nutritious grasses on the most arid plains; the rich juices of the herbage being concentrated by the hot suns and drying airs of autumn, and thus cured into winter fodder for domestic animals, now beginning to take the place of the buffalo, elk and antelope. But as fire may destroy the range, and severe storms may occur as well as in Illinois or Missouri, some provision of winter food is desirable, especially for horses and sheep; and the localities in which grass is spontaneously produced for hay being of limited extent, compared with the vast area of grazing grounds, the question whether grain and fodder could be grown without irrigation had peculiar interest. It has been satisfactorily answered by your experiments. The diploma, given last September by the Denver Fair Association to 'the Kansas Pacific Railway Company for best rye in grain and stalk, and best sorghum, millet and Hungarian grass grown on the great plains without irrigation,' renders further reference to these plants unnecessary. With the ground broken to sufficient depth, I think alfalfa will be of value in that region, judging from trials in a small way. Corn was tried last year, but all, save a few hills, was destroyed by gophers. The hills which escaped were not hoed or otherwise cultivated; yet, with the silk eaten off by grasshoppers, they still matured ears well filled with grains. Three years ago it was not supposed by the most sanguine that ears would fill at all in that locality, depending on the rainfall alone, and all we hoped was to grow the stalks and blades as fodder.

"Spring wheat and oats in 1871 (not tried since) matured their grain on stalks of moderate length. The settler can sow them with advantage. Rye was excellent in stalk and very fair in grain, both in 1871 and 1872. Winter wheat has failed at Pond Creek, but will, it is believed, if sown early enough, succeed in average seasons.

"From seed, with rude treatment, ailanthus, box-elder, black locust, honey locust, and Osage orange, grew fairly last season. But most of the little trees have perished from the unusual dryness of the fall and winter. With deep enough preparation of the ground, most of the seedlings of these and other trees would live, even through extreme winters, without protection. Of trees transplanted in 1871 and 1872, ash, box-elder, elm, honey locust, and Osage orange, have grown most vigorously, and all are hardy except the last, which suffers from extreme cold. Black walnut does not show much vigor; and the poplars and willows, as also the silver maple,

have almost entirely failed in the flat, though the latter, in very exposed positions on the upland, has grown well, and endured the winter. It is an interesting fact that near the west line of Kansas some trees seemed to do better on the uplands than in the bottoms. The tenderness in winter of the Osage orange is of less consequence, since we have in the honey locust a vigorous and effective tree for hedges. Our trials indicate that this tree is at home in any locality, and grows well without irrigation, shoots last year in the Pond Creek field reaching a length of four and five feet. To the trees already named the cotton-wood is, of course, to be added. Of evergreens, the Austrian and Scotch pines, and the red cedar, are possibly best for the extreme western regions of Kansas.

"The wheat and rye at Ellis, mentioned in my last annual report (April 30, 1872) as 'doing so well as to be the wonder of all observers,' matured in good condition. The wheat was pronounced by an experienced miller of St. Louis to be of a superior quality; and the rye compared well with the rye of Illinois to which the premium was awarded at the St. Louis Fair. Wheat and rye, sown Aug. 27, 1872, promised well during the autumn, covering the ground with a brilliant carpet of green; but there being no rainfall after the early days of September, the plants dried up. They did not winter-kill, in the usual acceptance of that term; it was death from dryness. By this result we have only been put in the position of many farmers in Missouri and other States during the previous winter. I do not fear the average seasons. I am unshaken in the faith that wheat and rye are crops to be relied on at Ellis.

"Corn at Ellis—where, in 1870, we did not expect that ears larger than nubbins would form or fill—yielded so well that strangers could not understand how its success had ever been doubted. Sorghum yielded abundance of seed, which might for many uses be substituted for other grains.

"Hungarian grass, millet, and sorghum, grown as fodder, were of course successful. A small plot of alfalfa established itself, and the plants were among the first to show green leaves this spring. A trial is being made this season of blue-joint grass. I think it possible, if not probable, that this native plant of Kansas may turn out to be the best for artificial meadows on the plains. In course of time it will be likely to spread of itself all over the country about Ellis, as it has already east of Brookville; but I have observed that it is much more vigorous in plowed ground than in the hard soil of the prairies. Pumpkins, squashes, melons, beets, etc., all do well. Peanuts are productive, and of unusual size. Castor beans grown at Ellis last year were of such quality that Col. Thos. Richeson of St. Louis (president of the Collier Oil Co.) pronounced them 'first-class,' equal to any received from Illinois."

"Trees from seed in 1872—box-elder, black locust, honey locust and Osage orange, were successful; the two first making growth of sixteen to thirty-six inches. Honey locust, growing from seed, is much damaged when small, by the blister beetle; and gophers eat the roots of this tree and of

the Lombardy poplar. The average size of the seedling trees at Ellis is equal to that of trees of the same kinds in the forest tree catalogues of Illinois nurseries: Of deciduous trees transplanted in 1871 and 1872, at Ellis, ailantus, box-elder, catalpa, cottonwood, elm, honey locust, silver maple, Lombardy poplar, Osage orange, white poplar (Abele) and black walnut, all grow fairly, and some with much vigor. European larch is feeble, and the willows grow as bushes rather than trees. The 'white poplar' of Wisconsin (*populus grandidentata*) has been tried, but is not of value. In fact no tree of the poplar family is equal in value to the native cottonwood. Of evergreen trees so far tried, Austrian and Scotch pines and red cedar grow with a vigor that is very encouraging. Of these pines planted in 1871, a larger per centage is alive and growing than of the same trees planted at the same time in the experimental grounds in one of the industrial universities east of the Mississippi. The field at Ellis is so well known, and is so generally regarded as a full demonstration of all we have claimed for that region, if not more, that further remarks on it are not needed. The influx of settlers, influenced by what they see as the result of experiment, and the sales of large bodies of lands, constitute a better proof of success than anything I could write.

"At Wilson, where all was waste prairie in 1870, and buffalo were yet in sight in 1872, we are so surrounded by settlements that detailed experiments have ceased. Looking back three years, and contrasting the condition then and now of the country west of Fort Harker, one can hardly realize that it is the same region. The faith which led you into the 'desert' with the plow as well as the locomotive, is abundantly justified by results visible to all. As the first spot in which experiments in tree-culture were begun on the plains, this station may be regarded with some interest. When groves, wind-breaks and small forests become more numerous over this now treeless region, Wilson may claim the title of pioneer in a great work. The progress of settlements westward in Kansas and eastward in Colorado has been so rapid since 1870, that the gap between those on the west and those on the east will be closed in perhaps one-fifth the time estimated three years ago. The nation is your debtor."

At the date of this report everything was lovely, but during the summer an invasion of grasshoppers—the flying kind, which high overhead glint in the sunshine like floating crystals—damaged all the fields very seriously; but enough trees and other growth survived to show the incoming settlers that even under adverse circumstances much could be done.

My faith in the country about Ellis, three hundred miles west of Kansas City, as a wheat growing region, has been abundantly sustained by shipments from that point and places west of it. My little 'plantation' at Wilson caused the Wisconsin Colony to settle Russell county in 1871. The 'plantation' at Ellis led Sir George Grant to purchase in 1872 a large body of land, on which the English Colony at Victoria, beyond Russell, was established. An uninterrupted increase of settlement and production ha-

gone on since, and most of the people out there now do not know that the value of the country was ever doubted. If I had never existed western Kansas would have been understood and made use of; but my operations hastened events.

During my experience as 'Industrial Agent' the trains were sometimes in winter impeded by snow, but there was only one destructive storm along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railway. This was in November, 1871. I was at Wilson, where the storm began with rain, then turned to snow, and some cattle perished on the border of the settlements. Near Ellis, herds on the short buffalo grass, where the storm began with dry snow, stampeded, but none were lost for want of food. There was some loss of human life near Fort Hays.

THE HERDER'S TALE.

It's lonesome, eh?—a herdin' steers away out on Saline?

Well, stranger, no—when weather's fa'r, but roughish when it's mean.

You can't go foolin' round and keep five hundred steers all right—

Jest try them broadhorns once yourself, some ugly stormy night.

Stampede, eh?—Well, I 'spect they do. You never seed it, eh?

It aint what you've been usend to,—for 'taint no nat'ral stray.

Che hoop!—they're off, with tails sot straight, a-tearin' out o' sight;

It's bad in daylight, but it's jest infernal after night.

Ride round 'em, eh?—an' head 'em baek? Head back them Texas steers?

Stranger, when you was made, was stuff a-runnin' short for ears?

But then, you've had no show to l'arn, jest comin' out this fall;—

You're like them Yankee chaps that gits round here, and knows it all!

The storm, you say? Well, Friday last we had a little muss;—

Jest rain, an' wind, an' sleet, an' snow—I reckon it couldn't be wuss.

Come dark, them critters went—"Old hoss," ses I—"jest let 'em rat!

Go humpin' to the Smoky now—I 'spect you'll find us thar!"

It wasn't more'n forty mile, I guess, the way we run.

I foller'd, eh?—I went along;—you'll allus count me one.

By daylight we was thar, you bet, in the valley by the bluff,

An' through the floatin' snow I seed we had 'em sure enough.

Cold, stranger?—Well, it wasn't warm;—one o' them coolish days.

Five men all froze to death was found an' brought'n into Hays;—

Besides a dozen more, with feet, an' hands, an' other parts,

Used up—an' only a little life a-creepin' round their hearts.

Exposure, eh?—You mean it's rough? I can't dispute your word;

But then I'm not the sort o' man to flunk, an' lose my herd.

I hired out to tend them steers. The pay? It aint so high;

But, stranger, you can bet your life, I'd herd 'em till I'd die!

Their families?—Well, it's like enough;—I reckon they had kin;

But we could only dig their graves, and lay them softly in.

Us fellers—well, I s'pose we're rough, but still we're human men;

An' we'd be cryin' yet if 'twould bring back them boys again.

Their lot was hard?—Why bless your soul—there aint no lot out thar—

Jest frozen'd graves in the prairie, for it's prairie every whar!

You mean it's hard to die that way? Well, stranger, so we thought :

Five men a-dyin' in their boots;—five men;—an' nary a shot!

CHAPTER XLVII.

RAILROADS ON THE PLAINS—SETTLEMENTS AND CLIMATE—MARCH OF THE FRONTIER—THE DESERT NARROWED—ORIGINAL PACIFIC RAILROAD ACT—FERRY AND HIS ASSOCIATES—CONTINENTAL SURVEYS—IMPORTANT RESULTS OF ST. LOUIS ENTERPRISE—THE UNKNOWN GREAT MEN—JAY COOKE'S PANIC—ALMOST A MIRACLE—PERSONAL MENTION—THE LAST LEMON—A GREAT GOLD MINE—EXPERIENCE FOR SALE.

The preceding record shows what my views and works were, and how well they have been sustained by events; and it also vindicates the wisdom of those who employed me as Industrial Agent of the Kansas Pacific Railway. The novel mission was as fully successful as I had ever hoped. As the pioneer in asserting through the public journals that for arable as well as pastoral uses the great plains had a value much greater than had been conceded by the general opinion, I wrote freely, but always in good faith; and if every line published in regard to the climate, resources and possibilities of the country could be put in one book, and the world could pause to read it, the railway directors under whom I acted need not blush for the result. Taken in connection with local developments, the book would prove not only that my assumptions in 1870 were correct, but that the public interests have greatly gained by their promulgation and by my work to demonstrate their correctness. I may be forgotten in Kansas, but my marks are there.

The industrial department of the Kansas Pacific was imitated on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad by the enlistment, for a time, of Prof. S. T. Kelsey as "forester" on that line, and his energetic and judicious labors were of much service in promoting the spread of settlements in the Arkansas valley.

The Texas & Pacific Railroad has been bringing the lands along its line into use by opening farms at the cost of the company, and testing soil and climate in doubtful localities, doing on a larger scale (because with greater means) what the Kansas Pacific began in 1870. It is found that even the Staked Plain, so long regarded as a mysterious region of supposed desolation, can be made productive, and this railroad is now fast spreading population over wide districts which, a few years ago, were not expected ever to be occupied by civilized people.

The St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, already extended a long distance into the plains beyond Springfield, on its way to Albuquerque (and thence already open to the Pacific), will attract settlers to the region of the plains traversed by it, so recently occupied by the buffalo and the Comanches.

Along these and other railroads south of the Arkansas river settlements will in some degree modify the conditions on the earth's surface, and their influence on the climate can only be of beneficial tendency. A time is rapidly coming when in all parts of the vast plains to the southwest, as well as on the plains of Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, there will be farm buildings, towns, fields, orchards, and groves of forest trees, all having more or less effect on the atmospheric conditions; and, so far as climatic modification is concerned, the progress of settlements can have only ameliorating influences. Railroad builders in general probably think little of these consequences of their own action, but it is to be overruled for the redemption of a large area of the continent.

"God works in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform";

and He can make good use even of the railroad builder as an instrument in a great work to provide homes for future generations. The process is going on over a very large region, and every encroachment of the "frontier" upon the open, arid plains, whether in Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, or Dakota, is so much gained. The march is constant, and only in one direction—into the "desert," and as the march continues the desert narrows its bounds. In a few years it will have disappeared.

But the world knows little of the leaders in the work of redeeming the plains, and in truth the leaders themselves did not, in all likelihood, realize the grandeur of the work they were doing. It is, however, easy to look back from expanding results to those unpretentious citizens with whom their causes originated, and such retrospect only does justice to public benefactors and puts on record some facts that ought not to be lost.

The original Pacific Railroad Act of 1862 contemplated one main continental line, from a point in the Platte valley at the hundredth meridian to the Pacific ocean, with a fork from the Missouri river at Omaha and one from Kansas City, and the fork first reaching the point of junction was to be entitled to the continental franchise and subsidies. Vigorous men, with ample means, engaged in building the Omaha branch. Samuel Hallet and his associates undertook, with limited resources, to build the Kansas fork, but the powerful combination of the Omaha line were determined to secure the franchise and subsidies from the hundredth meridian west, and by hostile influences embarrassed the Kansas organization. The weaker line broke down, and the prostrate adventurers appealed to St. Louis for help.

Mr. John D. Perry alone responded. He was at first the only capitalist of St. Louis who appreciated the merits of the enterprise, and solitary and alone advanced a large sum of money. The vitality of the Kansas line was

preserved, and this action of Mr. Perry led to an organization to cherish and control the enterprise. His first associates were Carlos S. Greeley, Adolphus Meier, Giles F. Filley, Wm. M. McPherson, Stephen M. Edgell, Robt. E. Carr, Sylvester H. Laffin, John How, James Archer and Thomas L. Price. George D. Hall and Daniel R. Garrison also gave material aid, the former at a later date serving as director.

Such was the origin of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company. The names given are those of men to whom St. Louis and the entire West are largely indebted for the industrial development witnessed in Kansas, Colorado and elsewhere since 1865. They breathed new life into a dead enterprise, which, but for them, might have slept for years or passed into hostile hands.

The Kansas road was rapidly pushed to Fort Riley, but from that point, instead of running up the Republican valley to join the Omaha branch at the hundredth meridian—according to the original design—the directors boldly decided to strike up the Smoky Hill river to Denver, to make their connection with the main continental line at a point north of Denver, and also to bear southwest from some point on the Kansas line with a branch to San Diego and San Francisco. In lieu of a single road from Kansas City and Leavenworth to the hundredth meridian, their plan was to give the nation a direct line to Denver, with connection through to the Pacific by the Northern line, and also a second grand continental line far enough south to escape the winter asperities of the mountain region and to afford convenient branches to New Orleans and other southern cities.

In 1867 surveys were made under Gen. W. W. Wright from Fort Wallace, near the west line of Kansas, to New Mexico. In 1868 the rails reached Sheridan, 405 miles from Kansas City, and the surveys were extended, under Gen. W. J. Palmer, to the Pacific, on the 35th and also the 32d parallels of latitude. The directors—John D. Perry, Adolphus Meier, Carlos S. Greeley, Wm. M. McPherson, Stephen M. Edgell, W. J. Palmer, Thomas L. Price, H. J. Jewett, W. H. Clement, Thomas A. Scott and John McManus, with Perry, Meier, Greeley, McPherson and Edgell acting as executive committee—used all proper means to accomplish the large work projected, but the bond subsidy of the company only extended to Monument, 400 miles, and the adverse influences exerted by the Northern line were so powerful that Congress turned its deaf ear to the able arguments of the Kansas line, and could not be induced to grant further aid. The sagacious and comprehensive designs of the Kansas company, involving so much of national benefit and greatness, could not be carried out. Private capital had not yet witnessed the success of a continental railroad nor the progress of industrial development due to railroads in the plains and mountains. Hence, without government aid the work could not go on as planned. But had the grand ideas of Perry, Meier, Greeley and their associates been justly appreciated by Congress, the amount of the desired subsidies would have been almost entirely saved in reduced army expenses, Indian outrages

would have been averted, and a great Southern line would have been in operation to the Pacific ten years earlier than ultimately realized; and ten years gained in the development of New Mexico and Arizona, as well as in our overland intercourse with Old Mexico, would have been worth more than the entire cost of the road.

As events turned out, the remarkably perfect and elaborate continental surveys made by Gen. Palmer, at the cost of the Kansas Pacific, demonstrated so clearly the fitness of the routes on the 32d and 35th parallels that other combinations have since built railroads on them; the Southern Pacific on one, and the Atlantic and Pacific on the other. This result is of immense present and prospective benefit to the nation, and, as realized at this early day, is measurably due to the far-reaching enterprise of a few modest citizens of St. Louis; all of them unknown to fame, and certainly not caring to be known, but by their deeds entitled to the honors of history.

New Orleans has her southern railroad lines to the Pacific, as well as the jetties at the mouth of the river, and St. Louis scarcely remembers the work done by her own people long ago in aid of measures which have resulted so fortunately for the Mardi Gras city.

Other consequences grew out of the decision of the Kansas Pacific to strike westward from Fort Riley, instead of going up the Republican river. Gen. Palmer, after making his surveys across the continent, and in 1870 superintending the completion of the Kansas track to Denver, found himself in a position to undertake the building of that remarkable system of narrow gauge lines known as the Denver and Rio Grande, upon which work was commenced in 1871. The first passenger coaches were run a few miles in August of that year, on the first road of the kind for general business in the Western hemisphere. But little did any of us who were on that pleasant excursion foresee the amazing extension of the system to be realized in a dozen years.

Not only by reaching Denver in 1870, and thus giving to Colorado direct connection with the whole railroad system of the country and opening her resources to the world, did the Kansas Pacific prepare the way for the origin of the Denver and Rio Grande and other mountain roads, but by the fact of having built over the then desolate plains from Monument to Denver, 240 miles, without bond subsidy, it indirectly gave vitality to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, whose history since 1870 is as wonderful as a romance. St. Louis courage taught Boston capital what great results might be accomplished, even without the aid of the bonds so lavishly granted by Congress to the Northern line.

The direct branch of the Union Pacific from Julesburg to Denver, and the line of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy on the plains, are also remote consequences of the pioneer work of the Kansas Pacific, whose directors not only built their track to the mountains, and stimulated the development of their wealth, but also taught the value of the plains, having been the first to bestow attention on the industrial possibilities of the reputed "desert."

What though the gentlemen of the Kansas Pacific builded wiser than they knew? What though they have never regarded themselves as benefactors of their race and nation? Their works will live after them, not in men's thoughts or memories, perhaps, but in the changes for the good of humanity, wrought by their aid and influence in plain and mountain.

The thought of duty done—
Of acts to benefits and blessings tending,
Is sweeter than applause ignobly won;
And when their mortal term shall reach its ending,
Let them rest sure a goodly race was run.

What need have they for fame?
They nobly wrought and did their chosen labor;
Let them depart in quiet, free of blame,
Lamented briefly by a friend or neighbor,
And on each marble an unsullied name.

Theirs is no envied fate;
Unblazoned in the lines of song or story.
Their record is the welfare of the state:
A full, rich measure of the purest glory—
That of the unknown great.

When the Kansas Pacific had reached Denver in 1870, and by the Denver Pacific, as authorized by Congress, connected with the Union Pacific at Cheyenne, it was entitled to interchange continental and other traffic with the latter road as a branch, but this right was repudiated by the Union Pacific. The consequence was that the Kansas road was deprived of its rightful and expected income, and when in 1873 the failure of Jay Cooke brought panic and ruin on the country, the Kansas company was unable to meet the interest on its bonds. Its industrial department went under in the storm. No more tree planting on the plains; no more trials of grains and grasses; no more practical and instructive essays or speeches to benefit mankind. The continent must take care of itself. But, fortunately, enough had been done to start development in the wilderness, and my prediction, in a speech to the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange in 1870, that settlements in twenty-five years would be continuous from Kansas City to Denver, has been virtually realized in half the time.

The bravery of Bonaparte has not been impugned because of his flight after Waterloo; and if the directors of the Kansas Pacific were in some trepidation when the company went to protest, in 1873, who shall fault them?—especially as a large floating debt, incurred mainly in completing the track to Denver, and which would have been paid by current income, if the Union Pacific had obeyed the law, was carried by them as individuals. But they stood up bravely in the midst of perils. The president, Mr. Robert E. Carr, went to Europe, called the foreign bondholders together, and by a frank and full exposition of the whole case, gained their assent to an arrangement which rescued the property from impending sacrifice, protected the inter-

ests of the stockholders, and ultimately saved the bondholders from loss. With the effective co-operation of Mr. Greeley and other directors in St. Louis and of Mr. D. M. Edgerton, the president achieved what may well be regarded as almost a financial miracle, and those who were waiting to buy the road at a forced sale were left without their prey. Subsequently circumstances occurred which relieved the directors of the load of floating debt, and the Kansas Pacific has since been consolidated with the Union Pacific. It is a pleasant reflection that the directors, who had risked so much in sustaining a grand and beneficial public enterprise, escaped all threatened perils, but the position into which their public spirit had brought them would never have been perilous if the Union Pacific had not persistently repudiated its lawful obligations.

The old Kansas Pacific directors find their estimate of gentlemen employed by them in various capacities handsomely justified by the subsequent careers of officers, agents and clerks. Col. Adna Anderson, their first general superintendent, is chief engineer of the Northern Pacific. Col. E. S. Bowen, who succeeded Col. Anderson in the Kansas Pacific, has for several years been general superintendent of the Erie railway, and of course manages it well and makes it successful. Gen. W. J. Palmer, former chief engineer of the Kansas Pacific, is widely known in both hemispheres as the president of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, three feet gauge and 1,650 miles in operation. Col. Charles B. Lamborn, secretary of the old K. P., is land commissioner of the Northern Pacific, headquarters at St. Paul, and has charge of a greater body of lands than perhaps any one man ever before had the disposal of. Col. T. Fletcher Oakes, formerly general freight agent of the K. P., has since been general manager of the Oregon Navigation Company, and is now known from end to end of the Northern Pacific line as its efficient vice-president—equally at home dispatching business in his New York office or traversing the wilds of Montana; winning all hearts by his genial manners, gaining the confidence of all classes by justice in business transactions and by his remarkable executive ability hastening the completion of the track from sea to sea. Henry Villard, the president of the Northern Pacific, ten years ago did good service to the K. P. as financial agent. A. H. Calef, secretary of the Missouri Pacific, with office in New York, where he is known as one of the most reliable and trusted of Mr. Gould's assistants in the management of his vast interests, was cashier of the K. P. and is well known in St. Louis. Sylvester T. Smith, general superintendent of the present Kansas branches of the Union Pacific, was auditor of the old K. P., and ranks as one of the most competent and reliable railroad men in the West. John Muir, who was clerk in the freight department of the K. P., now holds the responsible position of general traffic manager of the Northern Pacific on the west coast. Lilburn G. McNair, a broker in St. Louis, entered the K. P. office as a messenger boy in 1870. Gerritt W. Vis, formerly president's secretary in the K. P. office, is a banker in Amsterdam, dealing in American securities.

The industrial agent of the Kansas Pacific, after helping, from 1875 to 1879, to get the mouth of the Mississippi opened by jetties (and since losing a possible million in the mines of Dakota), is now providing for the entertainment of the world by writing up and printing his "Notes" to circulate at par.

Capt. Hazerodt said, when Dr. Flick and Sheriff Code wanted an 'adv' compounded of the last lemon in his hotel in Custer City, Black Hills: "No, gentlemen, I cannot let you hef dat lemon. I gif you my honor as a gentleman and an officer of de Prooshin army for fifteen years and a joostice of de peace of de City of Custer, dat it is joost so ez I tell you; I must keep dat lemon for de exports coming in to-morrow to look at our mines."

It was "joost so" with the million—possible, but not to be realized. Nature, perhaps, held it back for the "exports," but even they have not secured it. Of all things in nature, nothing can look so fair and prove so false as a great gold mine. A ledge 400 feet high and 100 wide, with gold in every cubic foot, but not enough to pay! It may be rich in depth, but we did not get down in the ledge. We only got down on the surface—financially. The market is depressed now, but as soon as it looks up a little we shall have a choice lot of experience to dispose of.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MOUTHS OF THE MISSISSIPPI—LETTERS TO GRANGERS—A COG IN A BIG WHEEL—
—JETTY CONTROVERSY—CANAL BILL—JETTY ACT—BANQUET SPEECH—
WORK BEGUN—NEW ORLEANS—OGLESBY AND OTHERS—GENIUS AND EN-
ERGY OF MR. EADS—WORKS AT HEAD OF SOUTH PASS—MISSISSIPPI RIVER
TO BE IMPROVED—SOUTH PASS JETTY COMPANY—PERSONAL MENTION.

There are three principal passes or mouths to the Mississippi river—the Southwest Pass, the South Pass, and Pass-à-Loutre. The first and last discharge each about 45 per cent. of the river's volume, and South Pass 10 per cent. The depth on the bar of Pass-à-Loutre was about 12 feet, at South Pass 8 feet, and at Southwest Pass 15 feet. Near Pass-à-Loutre the old Balize village was situated a hundred and fifty years ago, and hence the mouth of the river is often spoken of as "The Balize."

In the spring of 1873 an informal convention of members of Congress met in St. Louis. Resolutions, which, at the instance of Mr. Eads, had been adopted by the Merchants' Exchange, were presented by him to the convention; one of them in favor of jetties at the mouth of the river, and another in favor of the improvement of the river generally. This was the first public declaration of any organized body in favor of jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi.

On the plains, in the summer of 1873, I wrote letters to the agricultural journals, asserting that the mouth of the Mississippi could be opened by jetties, and that such opening would be the most effective statute to regulate railroad freights to the seaboard on the products of western farms. I was unconsciously preparing the agricultural mind for the proposal of Mr. Eads to build the jetties, first made public in January, 1874. I was a cog in a big wheel, although I did not then know the fact. The letters helped to create the public sentiment in favor of jetties which ultimately carried the bill through Congress; but a great deal of other work was necessary to its success.

While in Washington on railroad business in 1874, I met Mr. Eads, and arranged to co-operate with him. So far as intellectual enjoyment was concerned, no arrangement could have been happier. I had thought that I knew him before, but I found that he had a range of intellectual resources of which I had not conceived, and that his mind seemed to expand and grow as its forces were needed to surmount obstacles. I now look back on those

labors with double satisfaction because of the great result of an open river mouth, to which they were instrumental, and of the current enjoyment of the task.

Mr. Eads had in March, 1874, addressed to Senator Windom a masterly exposition of the river's action, predicting that the problem of securing a good outlet from the Mississippi to the Gulf would never be solved except by jetties. "That they will ultimately be resorted to," he said, "is as certain as that commerce and agriculture will increase in the valley." But official opinion was against him. A board of five Army Engineers (only one, Gen. Barnard, dissenting) had reported against the jetty system, and in favor of a ship canal from the river at Fort St. Philip to the gulf at Breton Bay; and Gen. Humphreys, then Chief of the Engineer Corps, put forth an elaborate essay against jetties, insisting that, if they were put at Southwest Pass, the bar would advance into the sea so rapidly that in order to maintain a channel of 28 feet the jetties must be prolonged at the rate of twelve hundred feet a year! The entire Corps of Army Engineers was against any permission to Mr. Eads to improve the pass by jetties, even at his own risk; and many civilians were also earnestly hostile.

The controversy, in pamphlets and oral discussions before committees of Congress, was remarkably spirited, and engineering principles and assumptions were discussed with distinguished ability. The position of Mr. Eads, with his jetty project, was something like that of Stephenson and his railroads before the committees of Parliament; but every objection was met with effective argument. All, however, could not then carry the jetties, and in June, 1874, the bill appropriating \$8,000,000 to begin the canal passed the House.

Impressed by the arguments of Mr. Eads, the Senate rejected the canal bill; and finally, at his suggestion, an act was passed for a mixed commission of government and civil engineers to report on the best mode of improving the river's mouth. In January, 1875, this commission reported in favor of the jetty system, but recommended the small South Pass for improvement instead of the great Southwest Pass.

Notwithstanding this unfortunate selection of the South Pass by the commission, the friends of the jetty system in the House of Representatives adhered to the greater pass. Stanard, Stone, Wells, Clark, and other Missouri members, were unceasingly active. The committee, after hearing Mr. Eads, reported the bill for the Southwest Pass as desired. Mr. Stanard had charge of it in the House, and handled it so ably that it passed without division. But the Senate, conforming to the commission's report, changed the bill to the South Pass, and in this shape it became a law March 3d, 1875. On his return to St. Louis, Mr. Eads, at a banquet given by the citizens in his honor, said of his proposed work:

"Every atom that moves onward in the river, from the moment it leaves its home amid the crystal springs or mountain snows, throughout the fifteen

hundred leagues of its devious pathway, until it is finally lost in the gulf, is controlled by laws as fixed and certain as those which direct the majestic march of the heavenly spheres. Every phenomenon and apparent eccentricity of the river—its scouring and depositing action, its caving banks, the formation of the bars at its mouth, the effect of the waves and tides of the sea upon its currents and deposits—is controlled by laws as immutable as the Creator; and the engineer needs only to be assured that he does not ignore the existence of any of these laws, to feel positively certain of the result he aims at. I therefore undertake the work with a faith based upon the ever-constant ordinances of God himself; and, so certain as He will spare my life and faculties, I will give to the Mississippi River, through His grace and by the application of His laws, a deep, open, safe, and permanent outlet to the sea.”

The actual construction of the jetties was begun by the contractors, James Andrews & Co., in June, 1875, and continued until their completion. E. L. Corthell, Chief Assistant Engineer, in his *History of the Jetties*,* gives details of the difficulties, perils, and triumphs of the enterprise. The book has the interest of a romance combined with the solidity of truth.

Having been persuaded that the Fort St. Philip canal was their only hope as an outlet to the gulf, the people of New Orleans were at first almost unanimously opposed to the jetty project. Mr. G. W. R. Bayley, an eminent civil engineer, stood alone as an advocate of the jetty system. But when work was at length begun, New Orleans sustained it effectively. During the darkest days there was always some light in her financial circles. Joseph H. Oglesby was a conspicuous friend and supporter of the enterprise, as were also Samuel H. Kennedy, B. D. Wood, and other citizens of prominence, who gave it large material aid. New Orleans now reaps a splendid harvest from seed sown by those of her enterprising and courageous business men who participated in the work of opening her port.

It would take a volume to do even partial justice to the genius and energy displayed by Mr. Eads in the engineering discussions, in providing financial means, in the modes of executing the work, and in securing the passage of two amendatory acts of Congress. The world will only know that he built the jetties, and proved the soundness of his views. It will never know the almost miraculous ability, the patience, fortitude, and persistent labor needed and exerted to achieve success.

Looking back to 1874, we see that the intervention of Mr. Eads with his jetty project saved the nation from the costly error of a ship canal, which would scarcely have been completed yet, and whose entrance from the gulf could hardly have been reached at all during storms. Since 1876 the jetty channel has been available for vessels of larger class than ever before entered the river, and since 1879 the commerce of the Mississippi Valley has had a

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channel of thirty feet through the bar of South Pass to the sea. The only regret is that the jetty system was not applied, as proposed by Mr. Eads and his associates, at the great Southwest Pass instead of the lesser South Pass. Even through this Pass, where the natural depth was only eight feet on the bar, the jetties have given New Orleans a port entrance superior to that of New York; but the present prosperity of our great Southern city, the development of her railroad system by capital attracted even from the Pacific slope, the great lines of ocean steamers, and the projected World's Fair of 1884, are only a few of the consequences resulting, directly or indirectly, from the works of Mr. Eads and those who co-operated with him.

South Pass had not only a bar at its mouth, with only eight feet of water on it, but it had also a shoal in the main river, at its head, with only fourteen feet. To get the water out of the pass into the sea was a simple problem compared with that of cutting through this shoal and securing a channel from the main river into the pass. The river at the head of the pass is about two miles wide, but the works readily accomplished their purpose, gave a deep channel, and have taught lessons in practical river engineering worth to the nation ten times the cost of the jetties. "There is no instance in the world," says Corthell, "where such a vast volume of water is placed under such absolute and permanent control by the engineer, by methods so economic and simple as those adopted at the head of the passes of the Mississippi. The works are composed almost wholly of light willows, with a large portion of the mattresses standing on edge, simply as screens to check the current and cause deposit. They constitute a remarkable illustration of how completely the immense forces of Nature may be controlled by the wise use of the most inexpensive and unsubstantial materials, which Nature seemingly places within convenient reach of man for the very purpose."

These works of the jetty builders, unique and unprecedented as they were, have shown how readily the majestic river can be mastered. The principles relied on by the Mississippi River Commission for the improvement of the navigation below Cairo, and the lowering of the flood line, are illustrated by the works of Mr. Eads at the head of South Pass. Compared with the means used, the results are the grandest ever achieved in hydraulic engineering; and the lessons they teach will not be forgotten.

As the engineering problems come to be understood, the Mississippi river will, in time, be made to dig out its channel deep enough to carry its floods rapidly and harmlessly to the sea, commerce will have at all seasons an ample pathway, and inundations will be unknown. Thirty thousand square miles of rich soil will be redeemed from overflowing waters, and all at a cost insignificant in comparison with the grand results.

The United States will have a population of about sixty-three millions in 1890, and eighty millions in 1900. The majority will be west of the Alleghenies. To say that we shall allow the great river to remain in its present

imperfect and destructive condition, is to say that we do not understand the interests of the nation, or our own power.

The South Pass Jetty Company was a financial corporation organized in St. Louis to aid the jetty enterprise. Julius S. Walsh, Web. M. Samuel, D. P. Rowland, and John C. Maude, of St. Louis, and Jacob Thompson, of Memphis, were Directors;—Mr. Walsh, President; Mr. Samuel, Vice-President, and R. S. Elliott, Secretary. In 1878 a new Board was chosen: John Jackson, James Lupe, Mason G. Smith, Isaac Cook, and E. P. Curtis, of St. Louis;—Mr. Jackson, President; Mr. Lupe, Vice-President, and Mr. Elliott, Secretary. The company fulfilled its purpose and was dissolved in 1879, each stockholder having been repaid his investment with interest at 10 per cent. per annum, and a stipulated profit. As the record stands, this company was essential to the construction of the jetties, and its members are entitled to a place in history as aiders in the work of opening the river's mouth.

G. W. R. Bayley, of New Orleans, whose professional ability ranked him in the first class of civil engineers, was an early advocate of the jetty system, and as Resident Engineer had general charge of the works until his death, in December, 1876. E. L. Corthell, who had been Chief Assistant (and is now Chief Engineer of the Tehuantepec Ship Railway), then took entire charge. He was ably seconded by Max E. Schmidt, whose talents and acquirements found ample scope in his varied duties. W. L. Webb, W. S. Morton, H. W. Parkhurst, F. A. Gladding, A. O. Wilson, and Willard Lawes, were Assistant Engineers, and did faithful service.

Having been an early business partner of Mr. Eads, and an efficient co-worker on the gunboats and the St. Louis Bridge, Capt. William S. Nelson brought his ripe experience and peculiar fitness to the aid of the jetties. When pestilence assailed the enterprise in 1878, the ever-faithful Nelson remained on duty till stricken, and was barely able to reach his St. Louis home to die. A better man, or truer friend, who has ever known?

Mr. Corthell, in his History of the Jetties, gives some names of "employés deserving honorable mention" as connected with the jetty works: W. L. Wright, Chief Clerk and Paymaster at Port Eads; W. J. Karmer, Cashier and Agent at New Orleans; Thomas T. Rubey, Captain of Steamer Grafton; Geo. W. Adams, Captain of dredgeboat Bayley; M. C. Tully, Mate of Bayley; John Fraser, Captain of tug Brearly; F. C. Welschans, W. J. Matthews, and A. W. Wire, Telegraph Operators; and James Keefe, Chauncey Hoadley, Wm. Tinsley, John Holland, H. C. Blanchard, George L. Mitchell, Joseph Greppin, Peter McGee, John McGee, Wm. Faber, John T. Heuston, and Spencer F. Rous, master mechanics, steam engineers, or foremen, entrusted with the various departments of pile-driving, mattress-making, &c. &c. It is a roll of honor; for all were faithful—some, in the yellow fever season of 1878, even unto death.

EPILOGUE.

In the olden time it was the custom, in Theatres, to have a piece spoken before the Play and one after: the PROLOGUE and the EPILOGUE.

The old time Prologue conciliated the Audience, and my first chapter, having captivated the Reader, may serve as a Prologue. I have, therefore, only to provide an Epilogue.

The old time Epilogue was never, I believe, an apology for the Play, but rather a congratulation of the Audience upon their enjoyment of it; and hence, to be in harmony with the Old Stagers, I must congratulate the happy Readers of this Book upon their good fortune.

Never having been in a Theatre where an Epilogue was spoken, I do not know how it was received, but have a notion that the audience paid little attention to it, and probably dispersed during its delivery. Having enjoyed the Play, they may not have cared for any added pleasure. Hence, if I ever discover that any of those so lucky as to have read this Book have failed to peruse its Epilogue, I shall think of the old Play, and will rest assured that the volume afforded them a full measure of enjoyment. As pleasure is hardly ever without some alloy, I shall imagine them lamenting the sad fate of those who may not have read it; just as I have often been unhappy before a good fire in winter, because everybody else could not be as warm and comfortable.

That this Book—the best of its kind and the only one—is to have an extensive sale, I do not permit myself to doubt. Although we never brag of ourselves, it is yet well known that the American people are superior to all others, and know a good thing when they see it. Still, it may be that the Book has not enough EGOTISM in it for popularity. The few friends who have seen the manuscript, have all declared that they liked the personal details best! Nor is this so strange as it may seem. If a memoir of the private life of William Shakspeare could be discovered, we would read it with more avidity than the Plays which bear his name. David Copperfield is dearer to us when we imagine that Charles Dickens was in some degree painting his own likeness. The personal stories of your modestest neighbors might have an interest greater than that of fictitious characters doing and suffering the same things.

But, if I have failed in Egotism, I can reflect with pleasure that no man or woman will be made worse by this book. The cooing of the dove is not

more harmless than these Notes, which may raise no one up to a higher moral plane, but will certainly drag no one down.

Having in recent years been engaged in some works of general public benefit, on the Great Plains and at the mouth of the Great River, I have briefly told of them; aiming rather to magnify the importance of the works than to boast of my own agency in their execution. There are men who would claim a larger measure of credit; but the aggregate of human kind that we style the world, might not be more likely to pay. It is a self-sufficing world; accepts readily the best services rendered to it; does not like to be importuned, and only pays when it feels in the humor. Besides, it owes more than it can pay. The honest, patient, faithful toilers, of whom no record is ever kept—obscure, but great in their works—are they not legion? How can the trump of Fame sound for us all? Think of the intolerable clamor!

Soon the ebb-tide will have swept us into the unfathomed sea; but while we linger on the shore, we may know that if we have done any good work it will not all perish, even if unrecognized or forgotten. The uninscribed monuments outnumber all others, and every man builds his own; invisible to the finite vision, perhaps, but palpable to the Infinite.

In one enduring Monument I can fairly claim a share. The Commerce of an Empire bows to it every day in the year, and it will outlast the memory of some Battlefields. It is at the mouth of the Mississippi. Corthell, who has himself a share, in closing his excellent History of this Monument, says truly:

“In a score of centuries the SOUTH PASS JETTIES may be buried beneath
 “the vast deposits which the river floods will accumulate upon and even
 “beyond them as the delta advances into the gulf, and it may become ne-
 “cessary for some generation in the distant future to repeat the work of
 “this; but the JETTY PRINCIPLE has been so clearly proven to be in per-
 “fect harmony with the laws of Nature, that either at the mouth of South
 “Pass, or some pass of the Mississippi river, Jetties will be maintained for-
 “ever. So long as the husbandman tills the soil of the great valley, so long
 “shall he find for his productions a natural highway to the world through
 “AN OPEN RIVER MOUTH.”

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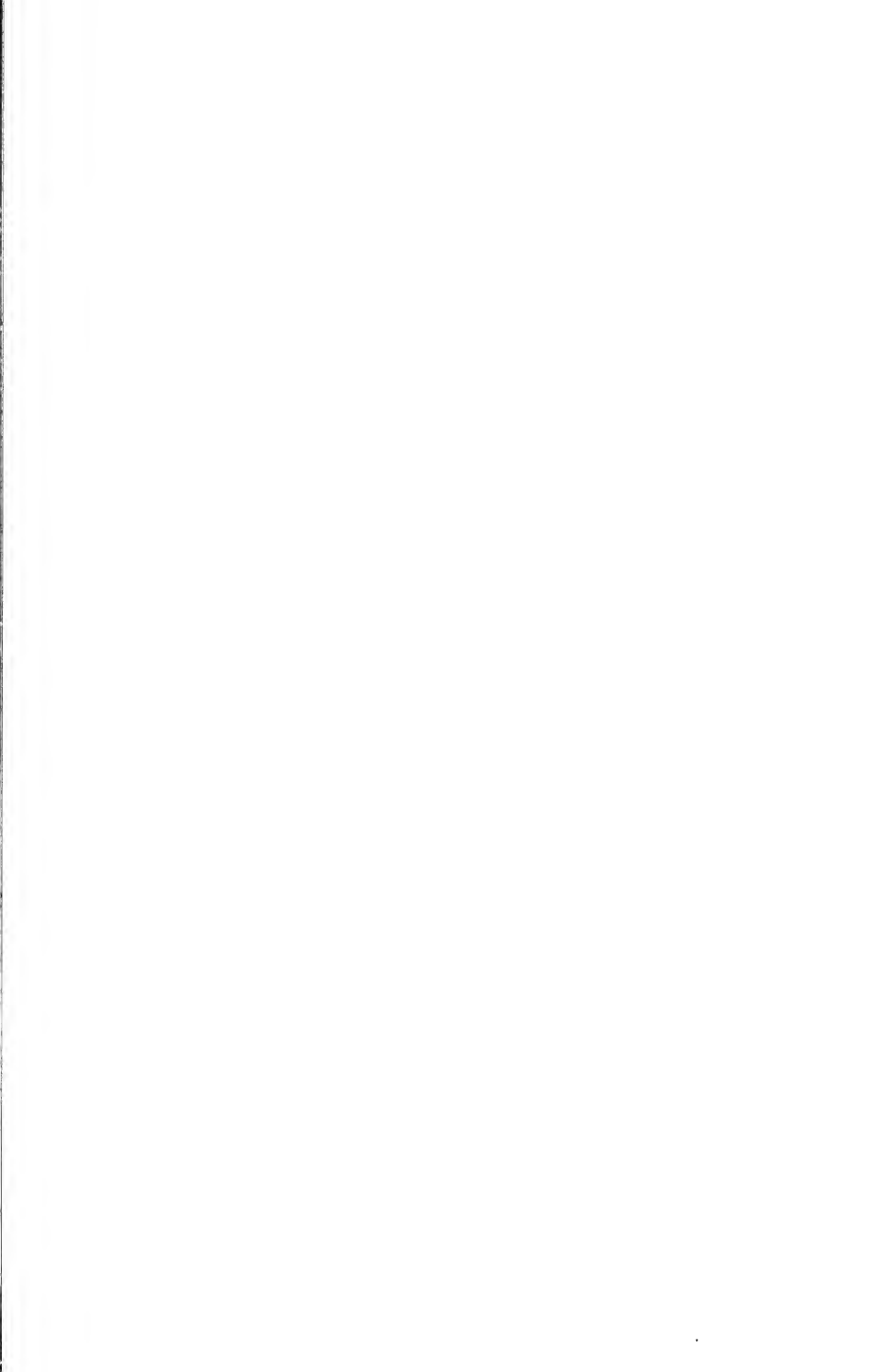
Corthell's book came to me in 1881 with this inscription:

“Presented to Col. R. S. Elliott, Secretary of the South Pass Jetty Com-
 “pany—one of my most earnest and effective co-workers in the Jetty enter-
 “prize—by his sincere friend,

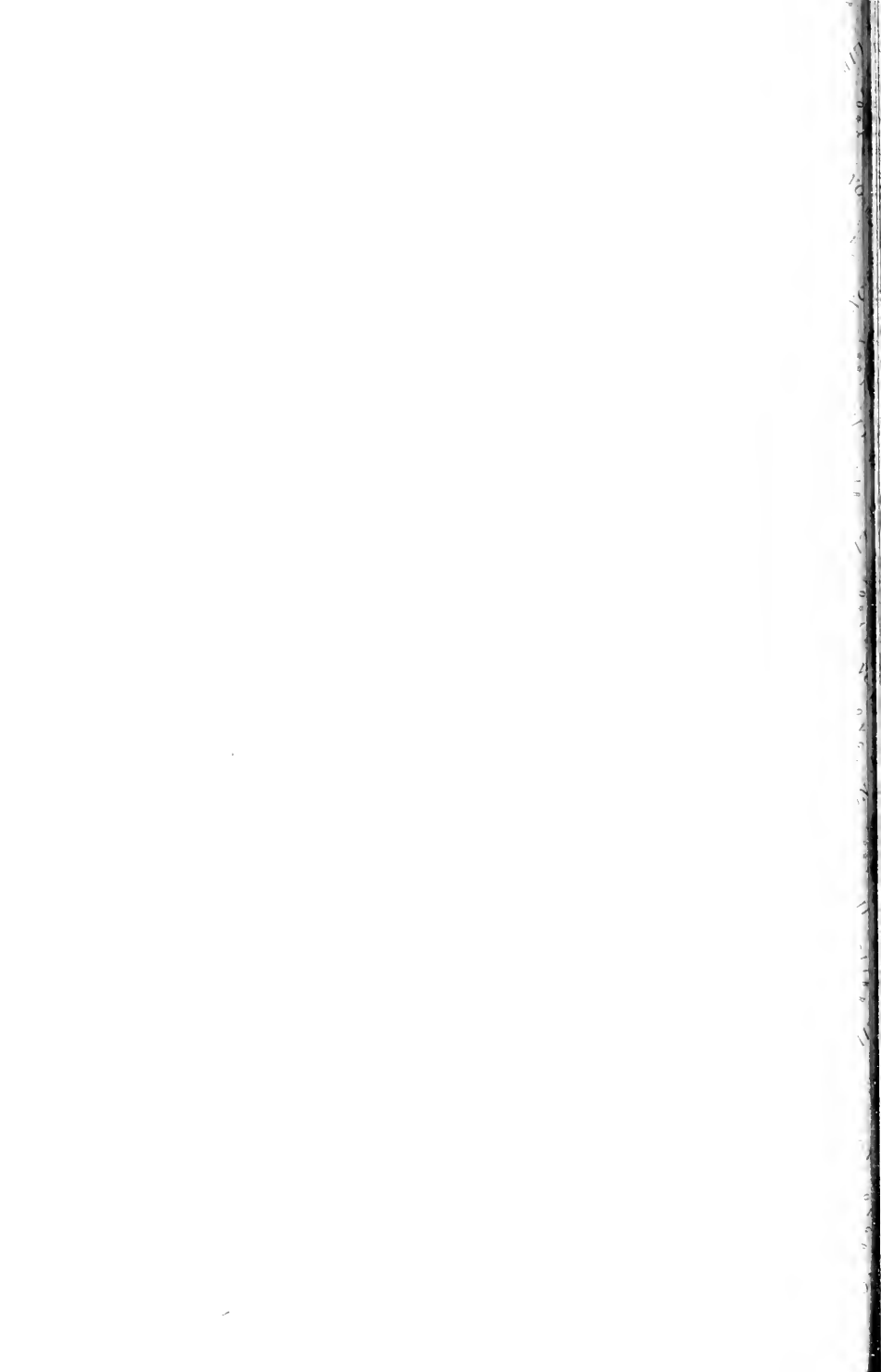
JAMES B. EADS.”

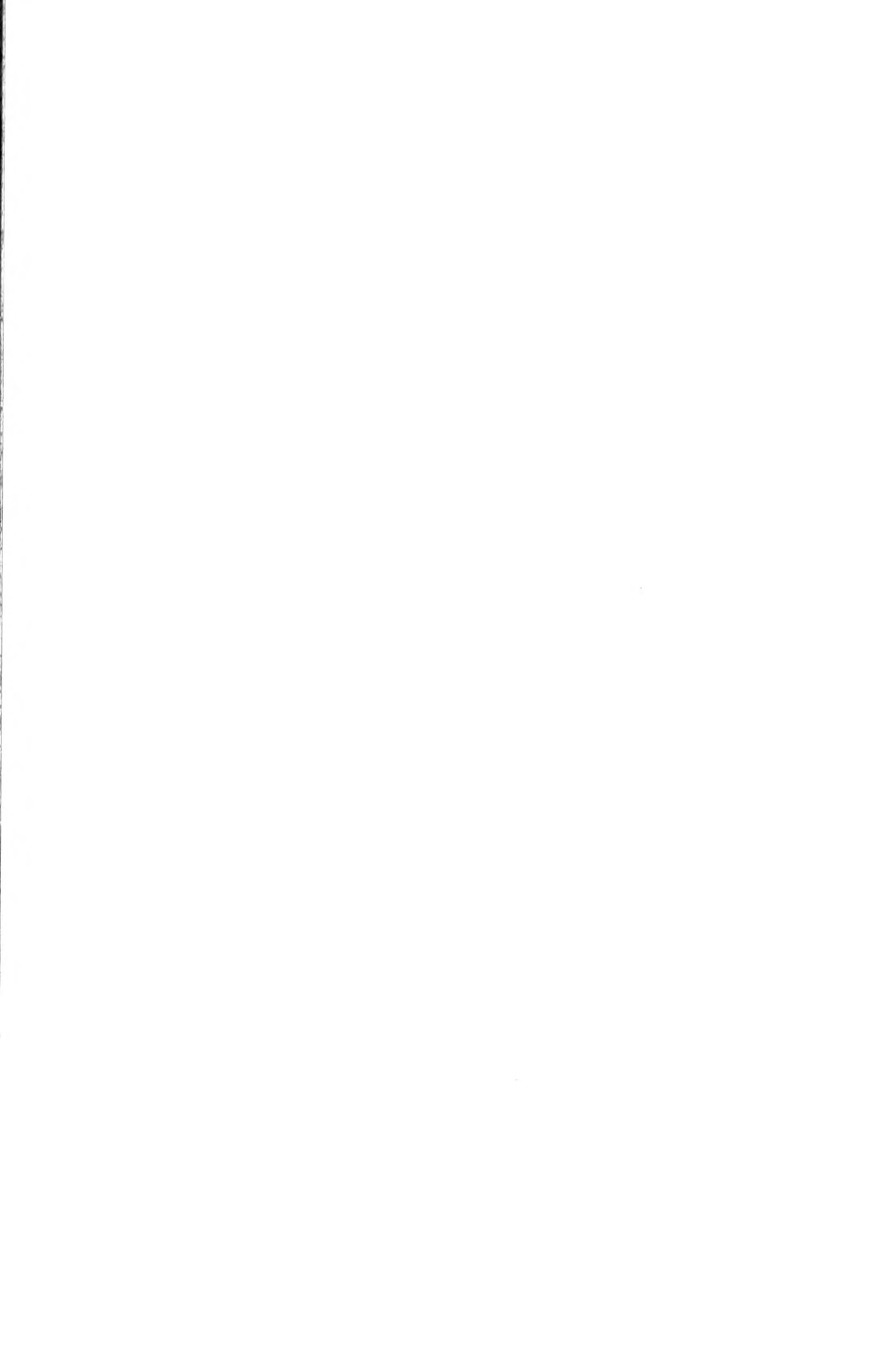
My Dear Readers, good-bye! May you all be rich enough to enjoy the bliss of giving! And may you all be as lucky as I am!—if ever unhappy, only through misfortune!

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